THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AUG. 19, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE—GEORGE WESTON—V. H. CORNELL—HUGH WILEY
H. H. KOHLSAAT—ROBERT CROZIER LONG—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Yes! You can be sure of that fine Red Salmon you like so well—

But you must know how to buy it.

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That rich, red salmon with the unsurpassed flavor you like so well, is caught in the cold, icy waters of Alaska—and the choicest of it comes from Bristol Bay in the Bering Sea. This is the kind you are always sure of getting under the DEL MONTE Brand, when you want the very best of Red Salmon from Alaska.

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San Francisco, California

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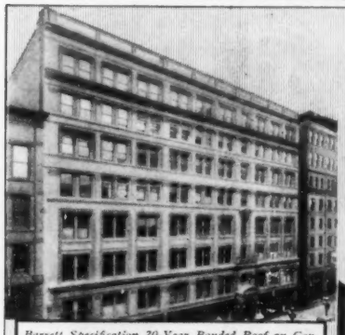
Bonded for 20 and 10 Years



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Connell Estate, Scranton, Pa. Roofer: Globe Slag Roofing Company, Scranton, Pa.

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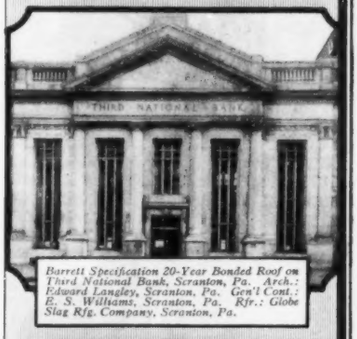
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Cleland-Simpson Co., Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: E. S. Williams, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Roofing Co., Scranton, Pa.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Third National Bank, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: E. S. Williams, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Company, Scranton, Pa.

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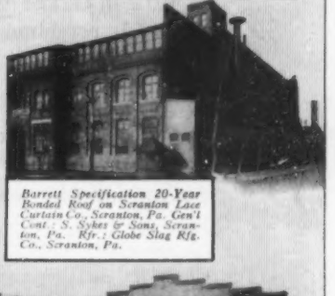
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on The Scranton Button Company, Scranton, Pa. Engs. & Conts.: Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., New York City. Rfr.: Globe Slag Roofing Co., Scranton, Pa.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Hillside Home, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: Breig Brothers, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Factory of Michael Bosak, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Davis & Lewis, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: H. Beilman & Son, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Scranton Lace Curtain Co., Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: S. Sykes & Sons, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof in Foreground—Scranton Button Co., Scranton, Pa. Background—Lackawanna Mills, Scranton, Pa. Engs. & Conts.: Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., New York City. Rfr.: Globe Slag Roofing Co., Scranton, Pa.

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It is but natural, therefore, that the principal buildings in this thriving city are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs. For no other roofs are so durable—no other roofs are guaranteed against upkeep expense by a 20-year Surety Bond.

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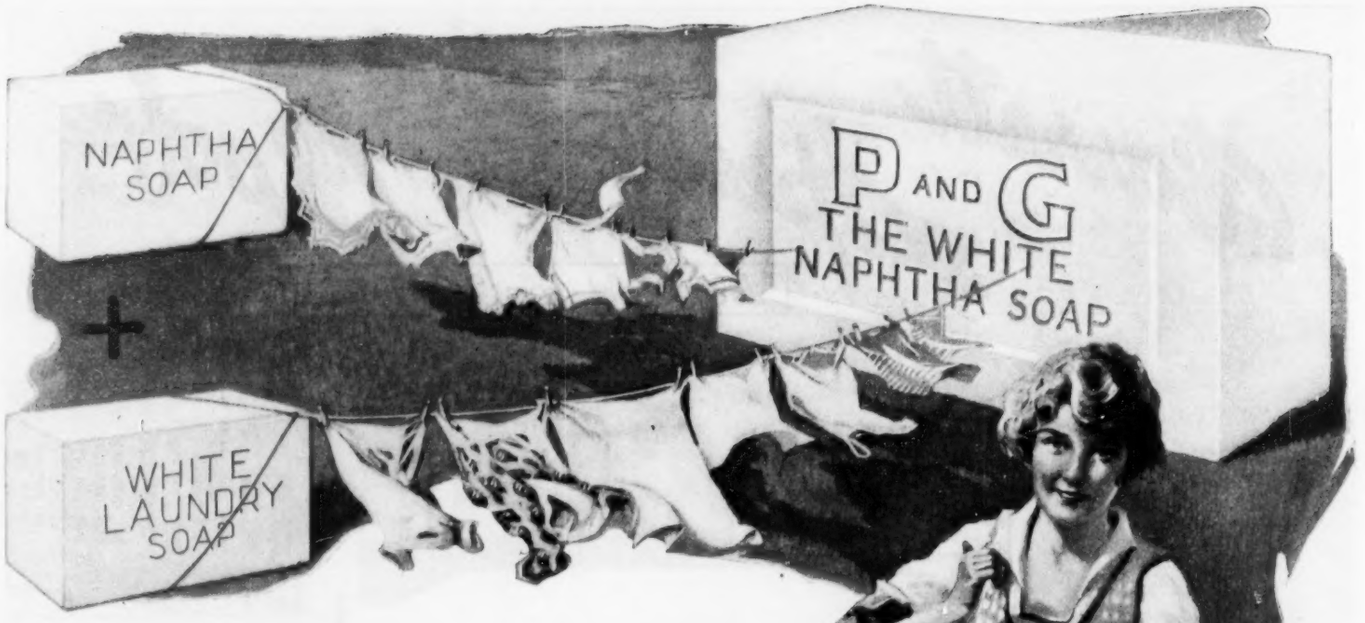

Clean clothes *every day*, with ease—what luxury!

How luxurious if you and your family could change into crisp clean clothes ***every day*** this hot weather!

What's to prevent?

Is it the ***extra*** washing, with its gruelling labor and theft of precious time? Is it the ***extra*** heat from boiling?

Let the modern washing method with P and G The White Naphtha Soap ***take out the extras.***

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, O., at Decatur, Ill., at Chicago, Ill., at Indianapolis, Ind., at Des Moines, Ia., at Galveston, Tex., and at Portland, Ore.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 19, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 8

FLUX—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

POLITICALLY the United States is no longer a country of organized operative parties. Politically the United States is a mob. In its present situation this country has neither political stability, political convictions nor political policies. Politics in this country is now guerrilla warfare. It is not even that. It may best be compared to operations by bodies of indignant and disgusted citizens, in various parts of the country, without communication or ordered plan, getting together from sense of protest and going out and shooting in the dark, hoping they may hit something; but shooting, anyhow. There is nothing coherent about our politics. There is nothing much articulate about it in its present state. The prime motive in all our demonstrations is protest. The actuating spirit is change. Everybody wants something different. Nobody knows what he wants. So the thing shifts, and changes, and writhes and wriggles, and hits a blow here and another blow there, on the broad general theory that whatever is in is wrong and with the faint hope that whatever is out may be better if it is put in.

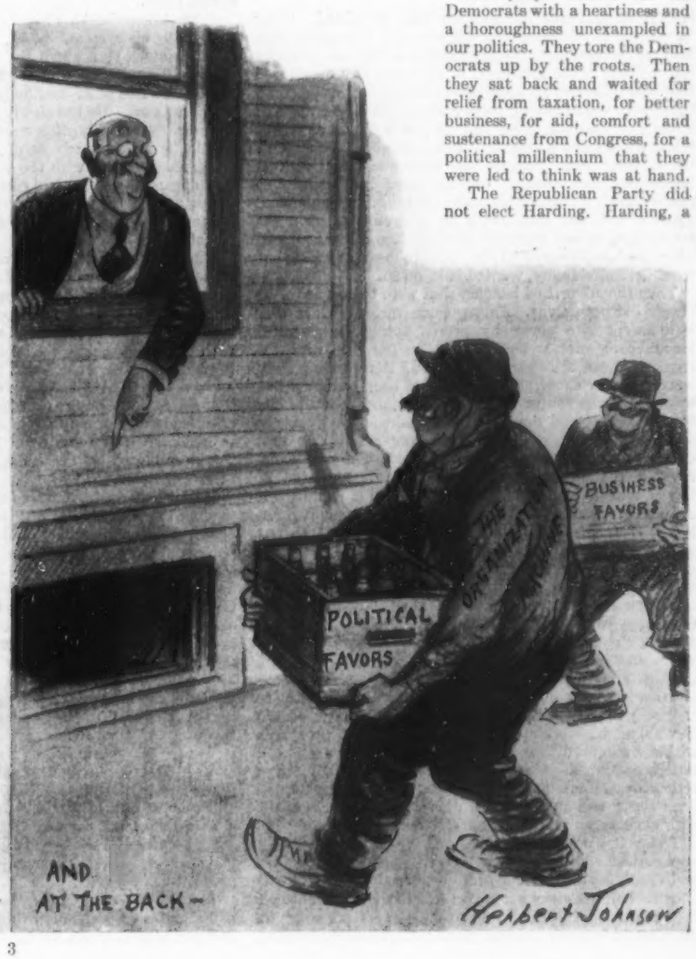
Easily impressed political prophets say that a political revolution is impending. Scared partisans say that it is merely restiveness and will compose itself into regularity at election time.

Neither is right. A mob of itself isn't revolutionary. It is merely a mob until leaders take it in hand. No leaders are in sight. And regularity doesn't mean anything to the bulk of the nominal Republicans and nominal Democrats in this country. Those days are over. A large proportion of the Republicans of the country continue, nominally, as Republicans, because there is nothing else for them to be; and it is the same with a large proportion of nominal Democrats. There is nowhere for them to go. What is happening now seems to be a swing-back from the conservative pell-mell of 1920, when Harding got his seven million plurality with a rallying cry of "Back to normalcy," which most of his supporters spelled as "Let's have a change" without any definite ideas as to whether normalcy meant good old golden days or good new golden days; but with an ardent desire to make the experiment and see what would happen. Nothing in particular has happened—that is, nothing has happened that the average voter interprets as of any especial benefit to himself.

We had the Democrats in control for eight years. They failed to satisfy. We put the Republicans in, on their promise that they would undo the disappointing works of the Democrats, and undo them under the guise of conservatism, which, it was pointed out, was the antithesis of the Wilsonian idea of things. Whether it was the Wilsonian idea of things or not, the Republicans pleaded for a return to conservatism, thus making the issue against the Democrats as radicals. The Republicans posed as conservatives. They were not very definite about it, nor did they set down the details of the sort of conservatism they would practice. Their conservatism was indefinite and all embracing. It was a combination of all the discontents, the failures, the fears and the burdens of the war and the two years after it, which were Democratic because the Democrats were in power, into an assertion that these were the results of radicalism; and a capitalization of them in a political way by the insistent claim that the Republicans, as a great conservative force of the country, would lead the people back to the old and comfortable paths of peace and prosperity through the medium of their conservatism.

The people turned out the Democrats with a heartiness and a thoroughness unexampled in our politics. They tore the Democrats up by the roots. Then they sat back and waited for relief from taxation, for better business, for aid, comfort and sustenance from Congress, for a political millennium that they were led to think was at hand.

The Republican Party did not elect Harding. Harding, a



Republican, was elected, and with him many others who also were Republicans, but who were mainly considered as instruments for making effective the protest of the people against existing conditions rather than in a partisan sense. There never was an election in this country less partisan than the election of 1920. That was a popular affair, a movement among the people, the use of the only medium of protest that was at hand. And the motive of it was not the past record of the Republican Party, the identity of the candidate or the belief in Republican policies and principles. The motive of it was this: The inference of radicalism lay against the Democrats. The professional politicians saw to it that this inference was strengthened in every possible way. Wherefore, as radicalism had brought about such discontents and dissatisfactions as existed and as, under radicalism, meant oppressive taxes, foreign entanglements and various other conditions that hit the average American voter right in his political midriff, the remedy was this conservatism the Republicans preached and promised. It wasn't the Republican Party, voting at the polls, that put the exponents of it in power, but the American people, not voting as partisans, but voting as seekers for the change implied and the benefits thereof.

It is one thing to win an election by virtue of certain promises, and quite another to run a government in accordance with those promises. Often election promises and platform pledges are forgotten by the people after the campaign is over, but not in these days; and for this reason: The insistent, personal, oppressive reason for a change in the Government in the minds of the great bulk of those who voted for Harding was the highly individual reason of taxes. Platform pledges and campaign promises are largely academic in their relations to the everyday lives of the citizens. However, taxes are as personal as poison oak, and as harassing; and though the populace might forget that ever since the days of Frémont the Republican Party has stood for this and that and intends to maintain its broad and patriotic attitude towards all these great issues of government, the populace will not and does not forget that said party put forth the statement that if its representatives were elected taxes would be reduced. The populace remembers that every tax day and every day between the tax days.

Party Coherence Shot to Pieces

THE Republicans did not see that far ahead. They wanted to win, and they did win, and they gayly took over the Government at noon on March 4, 1921, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day discovered they had inherited an impossible economic situation; and those with vision among them realized that the crape was already on the door. They had the power they sought, but it was a snare and a delusion. It was no good. It couldn't be utilized; first, because the economic situation was impossible, and, second, because what had come into power wasn't a party at all, as an organized and going and effective political unit, but a lot of groups of men, the majority of whom wore the label of Republicanism, and none of whom interpreted that label to mean anything but what he, individually, wanted it to mean.

Thus the advertised benefits that were to accrue to the people did not accrue. Among those various groups that were swept into power by people voting for so-called Republicans—not voting as, but voting for—were extremer radicals than had been ousted. Also, among them were extremer conservatives than had been contemplated by the few who contemplated anything further than relief from taxation and acted on any desire other than the desire for a change. There were conservatives in that Government, mossbacked and barnacled. The people discovered that Republicanism meant a hodgepodge of things, and that if by any extreme leniency of definition it did mean conservatism, that conservatism brought nothing to their lives so far as relief from their burdens was concerned.

Wherefore, the people stepped out in Indiana, in Pennsylvania and in Iowa, as they are likely to step out in other primaries that come after this is written, and went as far as they could with the materials at hand. A generation ago the Republican organizations in Indiana, in Pennsylvania and in Iowa would have had the power and the prestige and the discipline to prevent any such demonstrations. A generation ago New, the friend and candidate of the party President in power, would have beaten Beveridge; a generation ago Pinchot would not have come within a hundred thousand votes of primary selection in Pennsylvania; a generation ago Brookhart would have been snowed under in Iowa. A generation ago the Republican Party was an organized, disciplined, cohesive affair, with an idea, an intelligence and an incentive.

Today it has no outstanding principles. It is entirely opportunist. It is merely a title emblematical of a past and supplying a party designation to groups, blocs, cabals and lone bandits who must have a designation in order to get their names on the ballots. The people operating under its designation in governmental capacities operate sectionally, provincially, individually, to win whatever election is forthcoming. There is nothing national about the Republican Party except its political history; and the Democratic Party is in similar case. Neither has any present-day virility, present-day usefulness, save as mediums for job getters to get jobs.

As examples of the political situation the people find themselves in because of this decay and decease, of the economic consequences that entail, and as typical and outstanding reasons for the political No Man's Land this country has become, with its voters rushing in panic back and forth between tumble-down headquarters on one side that formerly housed efficient and useful organizations, and down-tumbled headquarters on the other side where equally efficient organizations were once installed, two important subjects of congressional actions may be cited: The tariff and the soldiers' bonus.

They are making a new tariff in Washington, not because it would have been impossible to amend the present tariff wherever amendments were required, but simply because the election of 1920 swept into power a collection of high protectionists who have not advanced in their ideas since 1896.

Tariff Jockeyings

FORDNEY, head of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, where tariff and all other revenue legislation must originate under the Constitution, saw embalmed in the political history of the country the names of Mills, Wilson, McKinley, Dingley, Payne, Underwood as tariff makers. What, ho! There must be a Fordney tariff. What, ho! again. The policy of high protection must be reaffirmed. Now the truth of it is this: There are in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, and of the majority, a certain number of men who by their situations are able to make this tariff, and they make their tariff mainly as a political measure, and incidentally as an economic measure. Their own political necessities, their individual, sectional, parochial political requirements, and those of the group of which they are members—not of the party as a whole—or the country—come first; their knowledge that under our fiscal scheme we must get a certain portion of our revenues from customs duties comes second; but the effect that such a tariff will have on the cost of living of the American citizen is a remote and casual third.

It has taken the American citizen a long time to get this truth into his system. Now, the signs are, he is fed up with the stock stuff about the tariff and the present tariff foray at Washington, and the sectional and parochial and political phases of it; and he has been fed up with it for a few years past. He has slowly but thoroughly assimilated the idea that if a tariff is necessary that necessary tariff should be an economic tariff and not a political tariff; and he is disgusted with the whole business, and registers that disgust in the only way he can register it, which is by voting against the party in power, regardless of whether he formerly belonged or now nominally belongs to that party or not.

His living costs did not decrease whether the tariff was made by Underwood and Simmons or by Payne and Aldrich. He has no hopes about any tariff Fordney will make. He feels that he will get the worst of it no matter who does the tariff tinkering, and puts a tariff plague on both the ramshackle political houses, Democratic and Republican. The whole tariff business leaves him cold as an incentive to continue his political support of the party that has its label on the current schedules, but warms him up considerably when he reflects that they are handing it to him in lieu of some other things that they told him would be placed before him on a silver platter soon after March 4, 1921.

It is not my contention that the tariff, of itself, has much to do with the state of political flux that exists in this country. As a partisan excitant the tariff has lost its potency. In 1888, in 1892 and in 1896 you could get into a fist fight over the tariff while arguing the merits and demerits of protection and tariff for revenue, and not half try. Now it is looked on as something that is required to raise a certain amount of money towards governmental expenses. The irritant is not the matter of the tariff, but the method of it, the petty politics of it, the lobbying that attends it. It works out this way: The jockeyings and fiddlings and interminable discussions on it call the attention of the people to the Congress that is making it, and to the party the politicians who are most intimately concerned in the work claim to represent. This, in turn, excites the people anew against that party, and the reprisal is at the polls. It isn't likely nowadays that the schedules of a tariff would change one vote in a hundred, of themselves, but the way those schedules are made have changed and will change many votes in a hundred. The people are tired of the sort of politics those methods predicate.

The public feeling about the bonus also illustrates this point, and is typical. Now the bonus plan either is a right and just plan or it is a wrong plan. It isn't half right and half wrong. It is either all right or all wrong. But—and this is the nubbin of it—if it is a right plan it is a right national plan, and if it is a wrong plan it is a wrong national plan—national. In any event, it is not and should not be a political expedient. It should be considered nationally, with the view to doing exactly what the people who must pay the bonus consider the fair and equitable thing to do, with every circumstance taken into consideration. It should be considered patriotically, economically, sympathetically.

Has it been so considered? It has not. The only basis of consideration the bonus has had in the Sixty-Seventh Congress, or ever will have, is the basis of personal, political, partisan consideration. There has been much talk, and much protestation, and much brave-boying, and all that; but right down at the rock-bottom of the business has been this debate: What will be the political effect of it? Will it bring us more votes than it will cost us to pass it or will it bring us more votes than it will cost us to defeat it? That's all there is to the bonus in a congressional sense, and that is all there ever will be. Few have asked, and few will ask: Will it be better for the nation, for the people, for the soldiers themselves, to pass it or will it be better for them not to pass it?

The statesmen who have to do with providing this bonus or with refusing to provide it have made a miserable, shystering, political expedient of it, and few of them have looked an inch beyond their own districts in considering it.

These soldiers were national soldiers—they represented America, not districts in America. Great pains were taken in brigading them to establish and maintain the national idea and concept. So far as that goes, the organization of the soldiers that is advocating the bonus is an American organization, inclusive of all the states. And the question is a nationally patriotic one and a nationally economic one, and not political at all. Yet it has had none but political consideration. Next to prohibition, there has been more political hypocrisy on this bonus than on any questions of congressional policy for many years.

These are current issues and current causes for the political unrest in this country at present. Other and similar causes made for the unrest that has been noticeable for some years, and no doubt there will be new instances of the futility of our politicians to keep that unrest alive until it can find a medium for concrete expression. One of these days a new party is coming in this country, a new party that will give an outlet for the conviction of the tens and hundreds of thousands of voters in this country who have discarded both Republicanism and Democracy, because Republicanism and Democracy no longer mean anything, save historically. However, that new party will not be a resurrection of the late Progressives, nor will it be an augmentation of any of the parties with socialistic or communistic theories.

Indiana's Example Typical

ACRES of explanations have been spread for the Indiana primaries, the Pennsylvania primaries and the Iowa primaries; reasons have been elaborated and causes analyzed, but the real cause, identical in each instance, is as simple as these explanations and speculations are involved. Take Indiana, for example: The exemplification there was perfect. The two candidates for the Republican nomination for senator were Albert J. Beveridge and Harry S. New, both of long political experience in the state, and both known to all the people. Mr. Beveridge has been a senator, and Mr. New is now a senator and asked for renomination. In politics, though both were Republican, the records of the two men were entirely dissimilar. Beveridge was a Progressive. He joined with Roosevelt in 1912 and was a great force in the movement. New is and always has been a regular organization Republican.

New typed, absolutely, what the people voted into power in 1920. He represented in the minds of the people what they received for their votes in the presidential election. He is the friend and intimate of the President, his spokesman on occasion, and stands for all that the Old Guard of the Republicans stand for, both at Washington and in Indiana. If the voters of Indiana had remained in the political frame of mind they were in in 1920 New would have been renominated by a large vote; but the voters of Indiana did not remain in that frame of mind. They came out of it about a year after President Harding's inauguration. They had formulated their own definition of normalcy and knew what they expected normalcy to mean. They discovered that their idea of normalcy and the demonstration of it by the Administration and the Congress at Washington did not jibe. And, like the voters in all other parts of the Union, they were not closely enough tied, either by party discipline or by party loyalty or by any other party considerations, to support New.

They were in just as much fluxion in highly political Indiana as elsewhere. They turned to Beveridge, who, for his part, remained steadfastly Republican, because in Beveridge they not only had material at hand for a most

(Continued on Page 85)

The Maggot of Misty Mountain

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

Jed Was on His Best Behavior, His Manner Being That Which is Generally Associated With the Enterprize of Charming the Birds Off the Trees

YOU mustn't think, from what you are about to hear, that Mrs. Jedson Mitchell was a paragon, a superwoman, one of those strange beings of whom you often read but seldom see. She wasn't.

She hated to get up in the morning, for instance, and she didn't like to go to bed at night. When she went to a show or a circus she waited till she was just about ready to retire for the night, and then she gave imitations of the various performers—Egyptian dancers, vamps, ingénues, tight-rope walkers—imitations that were often more racy than otherwise and caused Jed to sit up with a pillow behind him and wonder, with a wealth of love and admiration, how the dickens she got that way.

Once Mrs. Mitchell was laid up for a week with a lame ankle. The neighbors vaguely understood that she had twisted it on the stairs; but she knew, and Jed knew, that she had tried to stand on her head on the foot of the bed and had landed down by the side of the chiffonier in a distinctly impromptu imitation of Cheequi, the world-famed female contortionist.

And that wasn't all. She sometimes swore at the telephone, which was, of course, profanity; and without thinking she sometimes put a little nutmeg in the apple pie and then made believe it wasn't there, because Jed had always labored under the delusion that nutmeg would some day be the death of him and that the least little speck would lay him up for a week; which was, of course, deception. And she sometimes picked up choice little bits out of the frying pan and blew them and ate them from between her thumb and finger, which was, of course, atrocious. And once up town in an April shower—well, after all, that's rather private, but all the same it was a terrible thing to do.

She was thin, quick, full of pep, wore her nose turned up, and more than anything else in the world she feared that she and Jed might some day grow into one of those sad, unsmiling couples who sigh their way through a world of woe and look as though they'd been poisoned.

Perhaps by now the pendulum has swung the other way and you are beginning to think that Jed Mitchell's wife was kind of a bad egg. But she wasn't. She kept her house as neat as a pin, did most of the wash herself, papered a room now and then if the landlord wouldn't, and when she was dressed for the afternoon or the evening—now this is important—she didn't smell of perfumes and talcs enough to knock you over. She just smelled—well, say, like anemones in a teacup, or a breeze in a buttercupped meadow, or a combful of honey made in apple-blossom time, which is probably one of the sweetest scents of all.

So much for general outlines; and now, getting nearer to the moment when our story begins, Mrs. Mitchell was one of those not uncommon and yet remarkable women who somehow manage to keep in correspondence with practically all their relatives—and certainly with all who had sent her a wedding present. Jed often joshed her about this, and yet on the quiet it tickled him to hear about these funny relatives of Midge's—which was the name he called his wife—most of whom he had never seen.

There was Aunt Emma, for instance, who had had trouble with her first, and had buried her second and third. Jed called her the Iron Woman, and sometimes made Midge mad for a minute by saying that she took after her Aunt Emma. And there was Cousin Edith, who had buck teeth so badly that she lithped, and you had to look out when she was talking to you; and yet she had married a man with seventy-five thousand dollars, and he thought the sun never set upon her. And there was Uncle Benny, an old prospector, who generally had his mail go to various addresses in Nevada, and wrote to Midge ambitiously on post cards, starting with such big round letters that before he had written six words the card was half full, and then tapering down with such alarming speed that you could very well spend a pleasant evening wondering whether his last three words were "Your loving uncle," "A bad carbuncle" or "I have a bundle." There were other celebrities of course, all interesting in their way; but these three were the stars, and out of the three Midge possibly thought a little bit more of her Uncle Benny than of either of the others.

Once when she had her picture taken she sent him one; and he retaliated with a disreputable-looking snapshot showing an ancient man with overalls stuffed in his boots, and such a growth of whiskers that his head looked like a pair of wise old birds sitting on their nest. This duality of features was due to the fact that Uncle Ben had shaken his head at the crucial moment, a motion which had given him four ears, four eyes, two noses and a mouth that stretched from ear to yonder. On the back of the picture were the following sprawling words, starting with half-inch letters and then rapidly reducing: "Fly on my noze."

"Say, what's all this?" demanded Jed when Midge proudly showed him the picture. "Have you got this poor old bird picked out for your Number Two?"

She didn't answer in words, but she gave him that look which husbands know so well; that look which says, "You leave it to me; I know what I'm doing."

Every wise little woman has a hen sitting somewhere, unsuspected by the general public.

So much for Midge's relatives; and now, alas, for a confession that may lead you to take no further interest in them—a rather disgusting thing to tell about. Midge and Jed weren't like you. They didn't live in a big house with nearly as many baths as rooms; they didn't have servants to wait on them; didn't go to Florida in the winter; didn't even have a butler—imagine having no butler! To come right plump out with it, they lived in New York, on Amsterdam Avenue, in a block that wasn't as good as some; they seldom had their rent ready until the week before the first; and sometimes it was the week after; and when Jed needed a new suit or Midge a new coat they had to start about three months ahead and begin stuffing a few dollars every week into a china kangaroo which stood on the dresser in their bedroom. There was a slot in the back of the kangaroo's neck, hidden under a bow of scarlet ribbon, and when they figured that they had fed him about enough they turned him upside down and uncorked him and robbed him, and Midge would say, "It's no disgrace to be poor; it's just a little inconvenient at times"; or "We'll look back and laugh at this when we have all the money we want."

But lately the years had come and the years had gone, and every Christmas had found them a little deeper in the hole than they had been the year before. Midge had charge of the bills. She knew.

"No use worrying Jed, though, talking about it," she thoughtfully told herself in one of her rare moods of abstraction. "He's been looking bothered enough lately, without me making it worse for him." As a matter of fact, Jed had come to that time which comes in nearly every man's life, sooner or later, when he begins to compare the dreams of the past with the facts of the present, and to wonder whether hope was a bluffer, and ambition the dream of a fool.

"All the fellows at school had some sort of a sneaking idea that they were going to be Morgans or Edisons or Napoleons or something like that," he thought on his way home one night. "And what are they doing now? Plugging along like a lot of mules, with just about as much chance of getting on. Me, I'm getting sick of it—sick of grinding away, day after day, year after year, in that damned office and just as apt to get the bounce tomorrow as I was the first week I went there. If it wasn't for Midge ——"

He went in then with a cunningly cheerful "Oo-oo!" as he hung up his hat, thinking that he was fooling that bright little wife of his, and getting away with it not at all. After dinner she started him talking about the office; and although he thought he was wrapping it up in persiflage, it didn't take her long to see that old Theodore Palmer, Jed's boss, was grouchier than ever; and that Cowface Bellows, the office manager, was still up to his tricks in making nasty cracks at Jed under the incorrect impression that it was Jed who had coined the name of Cowface and had applied it where it would do the most good.

"Just because his people have a little money, he thinks he can do as he pleases," said Jed.

"I know," said Midge. "You mustn't mind it, though. Listen, honey. Let's go to a show tonight. They've got a dandy bill at the Granada, and last week I saved fifty cents out of the housekeeping money. So if you can scare up fifty cents for yourself ——"

Although they lived on one of the poorest blocks of Amsterdam—these two young keepers of the kangaroo—when they emerged from the subway at Forty-second Street and gracefully sauntered along with the theater crowd you might have thought that they had just come from Delmonico's or the Ritz.

Midge was wearing her blue silk with the fringe, and Jed's Tuxedo fitted him as well as it did the week before he was married, which was longer ago than he would have cared to tell you.

"Some fine day we'll always come in a taxi, too," said Midge, watching the apparently endless stream of cars.

"Yeh," said Jed, hunching his shoulders a little.

"Or in our own limousine—I don't care which."

"I b'lieve you," said Jed, though he more sighed than said it.

They had to stop a moment to let a gay crowd cross the sidewalk from a custom-made car that stood at the curb like a yacht at its pier. There were four in the party—a young couple and an older one; and what with their airs of unconscious superiority and the women's costumes and the manner in which one of the men looked at his watch and drawled something about "hawf awfter eight," for the

first time in her life Midge felt in her heart that she could positively hate people for being rich.

"Maybe because I'm beginning to feel that we'll never be rich ourselves," she thought, "and that's a rotten way to feel. No, sir! I'm not going to give in yet; and I'm not going to let Jed give in, either!"

She leaned on his arm, then, and hummed a few bars of Paloma, his favorite tune, and having thus performed her prelude she whispered, "Jed, I've been looking them over ever since we left home, and I haven't seen one yet that can begin to touch you for looks or smartness or anything else. Look at that man getting out of the limousine now—the one with the blond girl. He looks a little bit like you—just the least little bit—but he hasn't got half as much sense as you have, or he wouldn't be wasting his time with a blonde. Oh-ho! Did you see the look she gave you? Jedson Mitchell, I believe you know that girl! I believe that's the reason you wanted to come downtown tonight!"

Whereupon, as any student of mankind will know, Jed threw out his chest, and before he knew it he was joking Midge about a handsome old boy with a white imperial and gray spats who was strolling just ahead of them, and Midge deliberately trod on the old boy's heel, and he turned around, and she begged his pardon, and he raised his hat, and they both smiled, and you ought to have seen the way Midge looked at Jed then—a look that said, "You see? My fatal gift of beauty!" And Jed pretended to gnash his teeth and draw an imaginary sword, and by the time they entered the Granada he was feeling as he used to feel when his Tuxedo was still in the cloth, and they weren't going to move to Riverside Drive until their income was fifty thousand dollars a year, and Midge had all the diamonds she wanted, so she could spring them on the neighbors right away.

Fool's dreams, yes, but pleasant dreams for all that, as long as they had lasted. Lately, however, Jed had forgotten them, and although he caught a few slight glimpses of them again at the Granada that evening, once when he went in and once when a tenor sang "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose," and once at a stage setting of peach trees in blossom against a deep-blue sky, it took him all his time to try to keep it from Midge how dispirited he felt, how lacking of wind his sails were, how empty his boilers of steam. He didn't keep much from Midge, though.

"He'll soon be one of those sad old men if I don't look out," she told herself as she lay awake that night.

As though to confirm her judgment, Jed drew a deep sigh in his sleep.

"Sleep, honey?" she murmured.

Evidently he was, and moving with caution she turned on the light at the head of the bed and had a good look at the man who had promised to endow her with all his worldly goods; had a good look at him just as he was without any mask on. . . . No; it didn't need much of a gift of prophecy to tell the way Jed was headed.

"Things at the office must be worse than I think they are," she told herself, "and he's afraid to say anything for fear they might tell him that they don't want him any more."

She thought it over for a few minutes and then she uttered a great truth.

"Men don't have such an easy time of it as most women think they do," she told herself.

Her nose began to smart then and she knew that she had looked long enough. Whereupon she did a very old-fashioned thing. She slid out of bed and slipped down on her knees; and then she prayed—prayed with pep, as she did most everything else—and when she arose and popped back into bed again it wasn't with a look of resignation. There was more determination than submission around her saucy little nose—the look of those who say, "If now the Lord is on my side, who then shall be against me?"

II

IT WAS a week later to a day when Midge received the post card from Uncle Benny telling her that he was sick. "Been pretty sick. Am yet," read the postal. "Thanks for pappers. Better nor medsen. Good-by, if the last ——"

The last few words were microscopic, and there was a postscript that needed a lot of figuring out too. Midge deciphered it at last, though, and when she was sure that she had made no mistake she hid the card and for the rest of the day she was so thoughtful as she went around at her work that if you had been there you would soon have guessed that something was in the wind. Once she went to her bureau and took out Uncle Benny's picture, and after gazing for a long time at his duplicate features she propped it against her pincushion and said, "Thank you, Uncle Benny; you're a good old chuck," and lightly touching her finger to her lip she dabbed it just underneath Uncle Benny's nose, and cleared away an end of the dressing table and started a good long letter.

That night she said to Jed, "Uncle Benny's sick."

You could see at once that Jed considered that he was receiving important news.

"Is he?" he asked. "Very sick?"

"Pretty sick, I guess."

"Say, wouldn't it be funny if the old boy really did leave you something? We've joked about it often enough, but of course you never can tell."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he leaves us something," said Midge, looking very virtuous.

"I wouldn't either." To which he added with one of those pious airs, "Of course I hope he'll live for a good many years yet, but all the same ——"

She let it sink in for a while, and then she said, "Jed ——"

"Yes, honey?"

"Really and truly now, and all joking on one side, what do you think your chances are of getting on at the office?"

"Pretty slim, honey—pretty slim for anybody, unless he has a barrelful of money," said Jed, and such a far-away look came into his eyes that Midge knew right away that his thoughts were in Nevada. "Export business is bad," he continued, "and the banks aren't keen on lending money on foreign shipments. So, with one thing and another, the only way you could begin to get into the firm just now is to buy your way in. That's how Myers got in—and Hill—and Troutman. Unger was the clever boy, though. He didn't give them any money—just put up his note for fifty thousand, indorsed by his mother. Of course the old lady's worth a million, and her note's as good as gold; but that's the way he got in. Bellows only put up ten thousand—all he had, I guess—so they made him office manager, and he has to sit out with the rest of us little fish in the main office, thinking up mean cracks to make about yours truly."

"A Real English Butler, Jed, With Whiskers in Front of His Ears, Who'd Call Me 'Madam' and Make a Mistake Every Once in a While and Say 'Me Lord' to You"

"And you think they need more money now?"

"Need it? They're crazy for it! Why, if anybody with money went to see Mr. Palmer about buying into the company the only way you could keep the old man from getting the cash would be to chloroform him and hit him on the head with a sledge hammer—and even then I guess it would be safer to tie his hands," he added with thoughtful admiration.

It was Jed's lodge night, and after he had gone out Midge returned to that good long letter which she had already started to Uncle Ben. It took a lot of writing. Some parts had to be rewritten two or three times; some went quickly; some allegretto; some crescendo; and once or twice her pen wasn't far from describing a tremolo effect.

"There!" she said at last when the final page was finished. "Now I guess I'd better send this registered, and then I'll know he gets it."

Whereupon she picked up the kangaroo from her dresser and thoughtfully pulled the cork.

"Oh, shut up!" she said when the cork popped, and smartly slapping it where it ought to be slapped, she added, more in her old-time manner, "What do you think you are—a bottle of wine?"

III

IT WAS lucky for Jed the following month that he had a cheerful wife. Every day, every week, business fell off more and more. If a nation had money England and Germany were fighting like cat and dog for its export business; and as for that large section of the earth which was broke, it could only press its nose against the outside of Uncle Sam's show window and let its mouth water at the good things to be seen inside.

Yes, my friend, I know it's nice;
But tell me, have you got the price?

"It was a crime to take the money this week," said Jed one Saturday afternoon when he handed over his roll to Midge.

"No, sir!" said Midge promptly. "It's never a crime to take money that you've earned."

"But we've hardly had a thing to do all week."

"That's all right. It makes out for those other weeks when you've had too much to do. Your feelings are too darned delicate at times, Jed Mitchell. That's the reason that they impose upon you so down at the office."

"Do you think that people do impose upon me, Midge?"

"Of course they do. At least I know that I do."

She tickled him then till he could hold his breath no longer, and played other little tricks upon him which every brisk young wife understands. By that time Jed had forgotten to look mournful, but the next week he came home with a longer face than before.

"Lost your wife, friend?" asked Midge as soon as she saw him.

"No," said Jed, "but I wouldn't be surprised if I soon lost my job."

"Isn't that a blessing!" cried Midge. "Do you know, I haven't thought much of your job for a long time. Too much worry; not enough cash. This isn't Riverside Drive that we're living on here. These aren't diamond rings I'm wearing."

"That's all right. I'll bet there's fifty thousand clerks out of work in New York right at this minute, and when you're laid off you stay off; there aren't any other jobs waiting for you. Old Palmer's got the wrong idea of export business, anyhow."

"You mean he ought to pay his clerks more?"

"No; I mean he sticks too much to machinery and manufactured lines—things that foreign nations can buy cheaper nearly anywhere than they can buy them here. What he ought to do is to make a specialty of things that simply have to be bought in America. Then he would have a business that nobody could take away from him, and one that would stand by him in bad times almost as well as in good."

"But are there things that can't be bought anywhere but here?"

"Sure there are! I made a list last winter as long as your arm, but what good did it do? I couldn't get into the inside office with it, and when I showed it to Bellows he made that crack about the shine on my trousers. I was wearing my old serge, and he said if we could only export that shine it would practically double our foreign shipments and everybody in the country would be prosperous. You know he always thought that I was the one who started calling him Cowface."

"Did he keep the list?"

"No! Hardly looked at it!"

"Are they all that way—bosses, I mean?"

"They are not! Some bosses are just as human as you and me. Old Deke Hauptman is; and that's one reason why Hauptman & Co. is getting to be just about the biggest exporting house that there is in the United States today."

The next day Midge asked a rather peculiar question:

"How do you spell Hauptman, Jed?"

Wonderingly he told her.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Midge. "I was just wondering if he liked raisins."

There had been times in their courtship when she had taken delight in making Jed open his mouth in pure astonishment—he having a slight weakness in that direction—and it secretly pleased her to see that his trap wasn't far from opening then.

"Likes raisins?" he asked.

"Yes; in his rice pudding. But never mind, Jed. I don't suppose it makes much difference either way."

As you have already possibly told yourself, you can't do much with a wife like that, especially when she's young.

The next evening when Jed came home he was so depressed at first that he didn't notice that Midge was wearing the blue silk with the fringe, and that the dinner table was laid out as though for company, with the china that Aunt Emma had given them and the art-craft vase with a full-blown rose in it.

"Gee, Bellows was rotten today!" said Jed.

"Some day," said Midge, "I want you to blow him for me."

"Blow him?"

"Yes; they blow bellows, don't they?" asked Midge with her innocent look.

"That's all right," said Jed. "You can joke about it."

"Thank you, Jed," she said with a deep sigh of gratitude. "You're so good to me."

He caught the sniff of the meat then.

"Ah-ha!" said he. "Lamb chops!"

"No, no, my dear Watson. Kangaroo steak."

"Say, you're full of prunes tonight," said he. "Ah-ha! Best dress on too."

Midge turned to an invisible audience.

"He's so observing," said she.

"What's going on?" he asked. "Going to bone the kangaroo for the price of a show?"

"Not tonight," she said, and she shook her head rather sadly.

"Say, what's the matter, anyhow?" he suddenly asked. "You'll have me feeling groggy in a minute."

"Jed," she said, "I don't know whether to look sad about it or just feel tickled to death."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"That's it," said she, watching him closely, although she seemed to be doing it carelessly, too, to see if his mouth would open. "Listen, Jed! How would you like to have lamb chops for your dinner every night when you wanted them, or go up to the Claremont and have breast of chicken and green peas and asparagus tips—or humming birds' tongues—or corned beef and cabbage—or something really wonderful like that?"

"Say, what's the matter with you tonight, anyhow?"

"Or how would you like to have a car with windows all around it?" she asked, leaning on the table, her eyes shining, but keeping a close watch, just the same, to see if there were any signs that his mouth was going to open—"with your monogram on the door—J. G. M.—and a cute little wife to come down to the office and get you every night—dark maroon—that rich shade—with a horn like a tugboat on a foggy night—and all the traffic cops saluting as we went up and down the Avenue together!"

Jed nearly opened then.

"And how would you like to have the whole top floor of an apartment house on Riverside Drive, with a flower garden on the roof, and a butler in a dress suit to answer the bell and tell everybody you were out when you were in?—a real English butler, Jed, with whiskers in front of his ears, who'd call me 'Madam' and make a mistake every once in a while and say 'Me lord' to you."

It was only by the greatest effort then that Jed made it stay shut; and he kept his eyes glued on Midge so hard that he knew they would begin to run at any moment.

"And how would you like to stay home on Saturdays," she continued, glorying in it, "and get in that wonderful car that I've been telling you about, and take your cute little madam to play golf, with a cunning little pair of short trousers—you, I mean—and pretty little tassels hanging down from your knees, and madam wearing one of those sporty scarlet silk sweaters under a gray tweed coat, and fixing her legs like crossbones, and having her picture taken for the Sunday papers—Sock-eye-etty at Piping Rock—sitting between Mrs. Bryce and Mrs. Astor, and reading from left to right?"

Jed's mouth opened then—opened wide; but warned by the look of triumph on Midge's face he sternly shut it, and as sternly asked, "Say, now, for heaven's sake, what's this all about, anyhow?"

Midge drew a long breath that wasn't far from a sigh.

"Jed," she said, "I don't know whether to feel sorry about it, or glad; but poor old Uncle Benny's dead—and he's left us nearly all his money!"

IV

IT WAS strictly legal. There was no doubt about that. At first, when Midge went off to get the documents, Jed more than half expected her to come back with one of those sprawling post cards. Instead she brought a letter from a firm of Nevada lawyers, inclosing a certified copy of Uncle Ben's will, the latter copy bearing the signature of the clerk of the probate court, and attested by a big red seal impressed with the coat of arms of the sovereign state of Nevada—a railroad train on a Roman viaduct and a blast going off in the distance.

I, Benjamin J. Brown, of Misty Mountain, Nevada, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby give, devise and bequeath the following items to Margaret B. Mitchell, of New York:

First, the sum of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000) cash.

Second, my gold mines situated at Misty Mountain, as follows: King Emur, Nip and Tuck, Bar and Bullion, Woman, Beautiful Woman, and El Dorado.

Third, my porphyry copper mines situated at the same place, as follows: Ace in the Hole, Grand Consolidated and Prospero.

The above bequests, comprising the greater part of my estate, are made as a last grateful remembrance to one who was never too busy to write to a lonely old man.

Jed read it three times, and after he had read it the last time he and Midge arose together, and, as the novelists say, "they fell into each other's arms."

"Jed," she said, grunting just the least little bit, "Jed, you're a magnate!"

"No; you're the magnet—magnate," he said. "It's you that he's left it to. Not that I care a hang," he hastily assured her, "as long as it's in the family."

"Well," she said, "maybe I'll take the money, but it's you who'll have to look after the mines."

"Oh, I'll look after the mines all right if you want me to."

"Of course I want you to. And that's what I meant when I said you were a magnate. Let's have a good look at you now."

Truth to tell, he looked slightly feverish—respiration and pulse both probably high. "A maggot—a real live maggot!" she crowed. "The maggot of Misty Mountain!"

They made much of this. Poor things, they were both young and hadn't yet learned to take life with the proper degree of sorrow. While they were clearing off the dinner things she pounced out at him from behind the swinging door that led to the kitchen.

"Stranger, who are you?" she demanded.

"Me?" said Jed, trying to look noble. "I'm the maggot of Misty Mountain!"

"And who am I?"

"You're my little cockalorum who was never too busy to write to a lonely old man."

At that they fell into each other's arms again—an inverted V—and there was a double "Mgh!"—one in treble and one in bass. And then the doorbell rang.

"I wonder who that can be," said Jed. "You don't think it's a telegram or anything, do you?"

Midge straightened her hair and gave Jed's tie a pat.

"No," she whispered; "I think it's the reporters."

"The reporters?" gasped Jed, opening his mouth then in right good earnest.

"Yes," she nodded. "I felt so good when I read the letter that I telephoned some of the papers, and I said they could call any time after seven. I said we'd both be in then."

Again the bell rang—"R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r!"

"Shall I let 'em in?" asked Jed.

"Sure!" said Midge in slight surprise. "That's what I phoned 'em for."

"But—will you do most of the talking, Midge? I don't know what to say."

Superfluous Question Number 12,345. Every man who has married a Midge will know who did most of the talking!

V

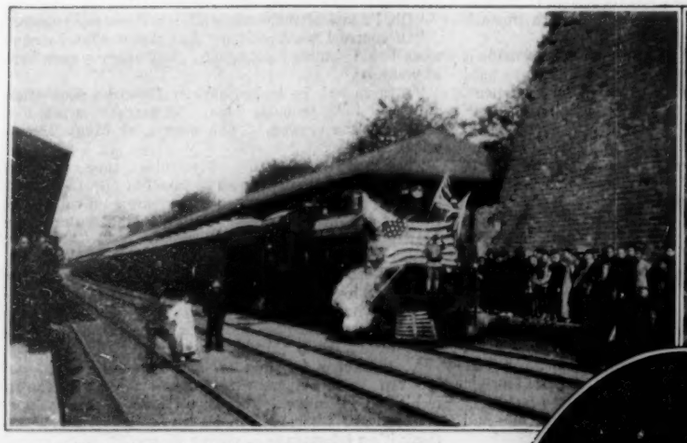
THE next morning Jed saw something which no one ever sees more than once in his life, and that is sometimes once too often—that is to say, he saw his picture in the paper for the first time.

(Continued on Page 78)

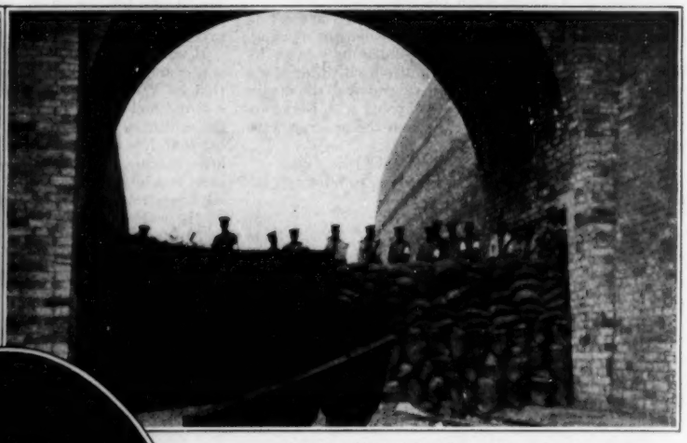
Midge Would Say, "It's No Disgrace to be Poor; it's Just a Little Inconvenient at Times"

THE CHANGING EAST

The Chinese Civil War—and After



An Allied Military Train That Went Through the Lines



A Peking Gate Bulwarked to Keep Out Looters

Li Yuan-hung, the New President of China

By Isaac F. Marcosson

AFTER nearly ten years of plot and counterplot, enlivened by almost incessant civil war, and with banditry as the eternal side issue, China at last seems to have reached the stage where something like stabilization and even unification is possible. One reason is that out of an armed conflict which attracted the attention of the whole world a man has emerged as the dominating figure. He represents that almost unprecedented Chinese phenomenon—a victorious leader who has not converted triumph into personal and pecuniary advancement. That man is General Wu Pei-fu, conqueror of Marshal Chang Tso-lin in the latest upheaval.

Since 1911 China has been a succession of crises. No other country in the world could have stood up under the disorder and disintegration that have marked public life almost from the hour that the republic was declared. The plain truth is that the Chinese have got along with practically no government at all. With twenty-two vast provinces, each one an empire in itself and some with populations as great as that of the whole United States less than half a century ago, this utter independence of centralized authority is easily explained. The country is so immense and the lines of communication so primitive that literally one half never knows what the other half is doing, and what is more, does not care.

Moreover, public office is generally regarded as a private graft and the traditional honesty of the Chinese apparently gets stage fright the moment it touches officialdom. The whole idea of government since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty has been built on the personal equation. The Chinese place self before country. This is the exact opposite of the Japanese, who put emperor and empire before everything else.

Real Chinese nationalism today exists principally in Chinese hearts abroad, in very much the same way as the fires of faith in the ultimate deliverance of Poland and Bohemia were kept alive for years in exiles overseas. The best evidence of this is the fact that Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Southern Government has been almost entirely supported by contributions from the Cantonese in America and Canada.

When I was in China the minister of finance was under indictment for embezzlement and no one had been found to take his place—that is, his late public post. During the past five years there have been more than twenty holders of the financial portfolio. Like the man who once facetiously asked the much-married Nat Goodwin, "Who is the current wife?" one could well inquire in Peking, "Who is the momentary minister of finance?"

The Fifty Million Dollar Folly

THERE is nothing new in this debauching of public office. In the imperial days the central government at Peking was merely a giant hopper into which an endless tribute in rice, bullion and silk poured. The chief chamberlain, who was always the head eunuch, handled the loot, and was almost invariably one of the richest men in the empire. The principal chamberlain of that extraordinary woman, the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi—Old Buddha, as they called her—owned fifty-seven pawnshops in Peking alone, and was worth ten million dollars. The pawnshop in China, I might add, is a national institution, utilized by the best families.

One of the prize examples of Chinese corruption was the misappropriation of fifty million dollars by Old Buddha for the construction of the famous Summer Palace just outside of Peking. This is called The Fifty Million Dollar Folly, because the money employed in its construction had been originally set aside for the building up of a Chinese navy. When the war with Japan broke out in 1894 China had no fleet and crumpled up almost at once. Chinese historians hold the Dowager Empress responsible for this humiliation.

Just as graft is the favorite indoor recreation, so is civil war the popular outdoor occupation. There has not been a time during the past ten years when you could not locate civil strife somewhere in China. It has vied with squeeze—the Chinese term for graft—as a hardy perennial. Ordinarily a Chinese civil war attracts little attention either at home or abroad, because it has been such a persistent feature of the national life. The last, however—that is, the most recent up to the time I write this article, and the one I shall try to chronicle—was the most significant of all the internecine struggles since the downfall of the empire, because it did four constructive things: One was the overthrow of President Hsu Shih-chang, whose administration was a farce; the second was the temporary elimination at least of Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war lord, as dictator of the Peking Government; third was the advent of Wu Pei-fu as unofficial steward of the nation; and fourth the collapse of the Southern Government at Canton, which may open the way for unification.

Incidentally it again put China on the front pages of the newspapers. War is such a common occurrence out there and Chinese names so difficult to learn that the average person in America and elsewhere is still asking, "What was it all about?" Having been through the mess and met most of the principal figures, I will endeavor to throw some light on the situation. I say "endeavor" advisedly, for politics in China is about as stable as quicksilver.

To get the full significance of the latest civil war we must go back for a moment to the Great War, for all troubles these days seem to have started there. Incidentally this retrospect will serve to introduce the two principal antagonists, Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, and explain the beginning of the feud between them.

Too Much Helpfulness

CHINA'S part in the world conflict, both prior to her entry and later on, cost her dearly. The Twenty-one Demands were followed by a carnival of Japanese "helpfulness." It preyed on Chinese helplessness and exacted invaluable concessions for a so-called war aid that only tightened the Nipponese economic grip on the country.

President Hsu Shih-chang was elected in 1918 by a parliament—in China the chief executive is named by the National Assembly—created by northern militarists who had deposed Li Yuan-hung, who, as vice president, had succeeded the masterful and imperialistic Yuan Shi-kai. The latter died in office. Then, as now, the militarists held the balance of power. In the two words "corruption" and "militarism" you have the keys to China's long failure to pull herself together.

From the moment he assumed authority President Hsu laid himself open to every conceivable form of influence. Not being particularly strong or resourceful, he bent to the prevailing wind, and incidentally alienated every faction. His indecision made possible the Anfu Conspiracy of 1920, when Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, aided by a General Hsu—he is not related to the former president—fostered the Japanese intrigue for economic and political control. It was a conspiracy that represented a coalition of Chinese militarism and Japanese influence. This undertaking, with various other contributory causes, led Sun Yat-sen to set up the Southern Government at Canton not long afterward. Since 1921 China has had two separate and distinct governments, one in the north and the other in the south. Sun Yat-sen has always maintained that Hsu was a bogus president, and that he himself was the constitutional chief executive, because a rump parliament that bolted to Canton from Peking with the advent of the militarists elected him. That wing of the parliament was sitting in Canton when I visited Sun Yat-sen at the end of May.

The Anfu Conspiracy, bold and brazen as it was, was its own undoing. Not only was public opinion strongly arrayed against it—despite all the plundering in public office there is a deep-seated moral conviction in China that extends even to the coolie—but certain powerful military governors known as *tuchuns*, who had personal and other

grievances against the Anfu crowd, mixed in the scrap, and trouble began.

Perhaps at this point it may be well to explain the *tuchun* system, because it not only has large bearing upon the civil war but on the destiny of China as well. A *tuchun* is the military governor of a province. Frequently he combines the duties of civil governor as well. As the central government at Peking became more and more impaired through civil war and conspiracy these *tuchuns* waxed in power and wealth. They are really replicas of the old feudal lords of Europe. They levy taxes at will, recognize no higher authority, and each has an army ranging in strength from twenty-five to seventy-five thousand men. A considerable portion of the revenues of each province must be devoted to their upkeep. This diversion, however, is purely nominal, because most of the money is diverted to the pockets of a few men higher up.

Here you have the reason why China has nearly a million men under arms and why treasuries are almost invariably empty. Since most of the soldiers receive no pay they play at soldiering during the day and at nightfall turn their coats inside out and ravage the countryside as bandits. Some do not even take the trouble to change their garments. They look upon war as license to loot in very much the same way that the *tuchuns* have made the civil struggles a series of adventures for personal prestige and plunder. The natural result is, that travel in many parts of China is one continuous terror for the natives. The bandits not only hold up trains but subject their countrymen to well-nigh incredible tortures.

The Three Leading Tuchuns

FEW Chinese soldiers know the meaning of the word "patriotism." At Tientsin I asked one of Chang Tso-lin's cavalrymen—he was merely a coolie in uniform—why he was going to war. His reply was, "I don't know, but I do know that there will be some looting at the finish." At that moment the English newspaper at Tientsin was carrying advertisements stating, "Now is the time to insure against looting and incendiarism."

When a *tuchun* retires he hangs on to a portion of his army, which becomes a mob of uniformed retainers. Every general in China who goes abroad is surrounded by a bodyguard. Special steps are built on his automobile to accommodate them. One of Wu Pei-fu's first reforms was to promulgate a rule that these flying wedges be prohibited, because it was learned that in Peking and elsewhere the generals were sending out their favorite ladies under armed escort.

You need no diagram to point out that so long as the *tuchun* system continues there is little hope that China can be delivered from the bondage of bankruptcy, banditry and belligerency.

This *tuchun* business was bad enough, but an elaborate development made it much worse. When a *tuchun* got control of more than one province he became a super *tuchun*. At the beginning of this year there were three super *tuchuns*. First in power and prestige was Chang Tso-lin, uncrowned monarch of Manchuria. As viceroy of the three eastern provinces he dominated the Peking Government although his bailiwick lay outside the Great Wall. No figure in contemporary Chinese life is so picturesque as this one-time coolie who rose from bandit chief to be the dictator of North China. The Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria ends at his front door, so to speak, and he has long been acclaimed as Japan's principal Chinese ally. Later on in this article you will meet him face to face, for I had an unusual experience with him at Mukden. At this point, however, it may be well to point out how he happened to emerge from outlawry into this overlordship of a vast territory. It will also shed further light on the morale, or lack of morale, of Chinese soldiery.

After the Russo-Japanese War, in which Chang Tso-lin's bandit band was employed by the Japanese to harass the Russians, Chang once more took to the open road. The government sent one of its so-called expeditions against him. After a comic-opera exchange of shots a truce was signed, and Chang Tso-lin was taken to the bosom of the Chinese Army as a general. I might add that this has been the usual procedure for the suppression of bandit chiefs. Hence many Chinese generals today are merely reformed bandits, but like the spots on the leopard, their real characters remain unchanged.

One of the shining exceptions to this almost universal Chinese rule is General Wu Pei-fu, who ranked second among the super *tuchuns*, for he dominated the provinces of Hu-peh, Hu-nan and Shen-si. He will also be dealt with more intimately at a later time. He is the exact opposite of Chang Tso-lin, for he is not only a splendid soldier, having graduated from a military academy, but is something of a scholar as well. In addition to these qualities, which put him in a class by himself, he has the extraordinary record of having paid his soldiers. The only troops in China with any idea of loyalty to a commander and with some degree of training are his. Wu Pei-fu is the one real strategist in the topheavy congress of Chinese generals.

General Wu Pei-fu

The third super *tuchun* is General Tsao Kun, who is boss of Chi-li—the metropolitan province in which Peking and Tientsin are located—and also Shan-tung and Ho-nan. The only other conspicuous figure in the civil war was Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian general, who was Wu Pei-fu's right-hand man and administered the final wallop to Chang Tso-lin.

You observe that President Hsu is missing from this list of effective personages. He was never more than a figurehead, and because of the power wielded by the super *tuchuns*, his authority did not extend beyond the Tartar Wall that surrounds Peking.

To get at the root of the feud between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin we must once more revert to the Anfu Conspiracy. Both of these war lords realized that it was menacing the political and economic integrity of the country. Wu Pei-fu looked upon it with patriotic eyes, but Chang, despite his reputed leaning for the Japanese, saw in it the opportunity for personal advancement. When President Hsu failed to heed their warning that he must get rid of Marshal Tuan and his pro-Japanese cohorts they started actual warfare against the Anfus, who crumpled up; and their leaders became outcasts with prices on their heads.

In this war Wu Pei-fu did all the fighting, but Chang Tso-lin got his troops in control of Peking and was master of the situation in the capital when the time for spoils and jubilation came. Naturally this was annoying to Wu Pei-fu, and there began the open rupture between these two strong men that brought on the latest civil war.

Intrenched behind immense wealth, with an army of nearly two hundred thousand men and with President Hsu under his thumb, Chang Tso-lin inaugurated the series of blunders that led to his undoing. Late last year he traveled down to Tientsin in state, peremptorily summoned the Peking Government to him and named Liang Shih-yi, an able and adventurous financier, known in China as the god of wealth, as premier. Wu Pei-fu construed this as a personal affront because he disliked Liang Shih-yi cordially, especially since the new premier immediately began to curtail his revenues for troops. Wu Pei-fu thereupon began to bombard President Hsu with telegrams demanding the removal of the new premier. The vacillating president did not want to offend Chang Tso-lin by removing Liang Shih-yi, and at the same time was afraid to turn down Wu Pei-fu. In this performance you get the full measure of the nice old gentleman who went through the motions of being president of North China for four years. To harmonize the situation Liang Shih-yi went to Tientsin on sick leave—an almost immemorial Chinese method of evading responsibility—and remained there until the downfall of Chang Tso-lin in May caused him to flee to Japan.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin

The issue now became sharply defined between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. Right here you get the reason for the civil war which has brought China to the threshold of unification. It was nothing more nor less than the personal differences between the two war lords, born of the arrogance and itch for power in Chang Tso-lin. The general impression in China all along has been that Chang Tso-lin's persistent usurpations of authority were due to his ambition to put a Manchu back on the throne at Peking—there is still a boy emperor living in the Imperial City as guest of the republic—and to declare the independence of Manchuria with the aid and consent of Japan. On the other hand, Chang Tso-lin told me at Mukden that his sole desire in opposing Wu Pei-fu was to unify China. He regarded Wu Pei-fu as an obstacle to union. Be that as it may, Chang Tso-lin was only piling up trouble for himself when he ran afoul of Wu Pei-fu, whose inflexible honesty made him a real thorn in the side of most of those who masqueraded as patriots and unifiers. Without exception they played up to Chang Tso-lin because they thought he was invincible.

Chinese Political Maneuvering

WHEN I reached Peking early in April the tension had begun. Chang Tso-lin had already flung twenty thousand troops into Chi-li, and some of them were policing the streets of the capital. Wu Pei-fu was at Low-yang, where his army headquarters were located. Everybody realized that a showdown was necessary to clear up a situation that had demoralized the central government and had begun to paralyze railway traffic through the movement of troop trains.

This reference to interference in traffic will serve to show how these Chinese super *tuchuns* put their personal ambition above all else. The Peking-Mukden Railway has been under the command of Chang Tso-lin for years. When he started his operations against Wu Pei-fu he commandeered three-quarters of the railway equipment and put such a dent in Manchurian traffic as to set commerce back fully a year. At the time I write, which is late in June, shippers have petitioned the legations at Peking to use their influence to have Chang Tso-lin return the rolling stock that he seized. Such incidents as these show why China's return to normalcy has been so long deferred.

On April tenth came a characteristic piece of Chinese political maneuvering. At the behest of Chang Tso-lin, President Hsu appointed Chow Tze-chi acting premier. At the same time, however, Liang Shih-yi continued to be what was naïvely termed nominal premier. Chow Tze-chi was known to be a trusted lieutenant of Liang Shih-yi, and the whole gesture meant that Chang Tso-lin's influence was still strong. This only widened the breach between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin.

Now began the usual prelude to civil war in China. It consisted of an offensive in what is known as the circular telegram. Before the Chinese go to war with each other they tell the world all about it. They do it through these circular telegrams, in which they state their case and

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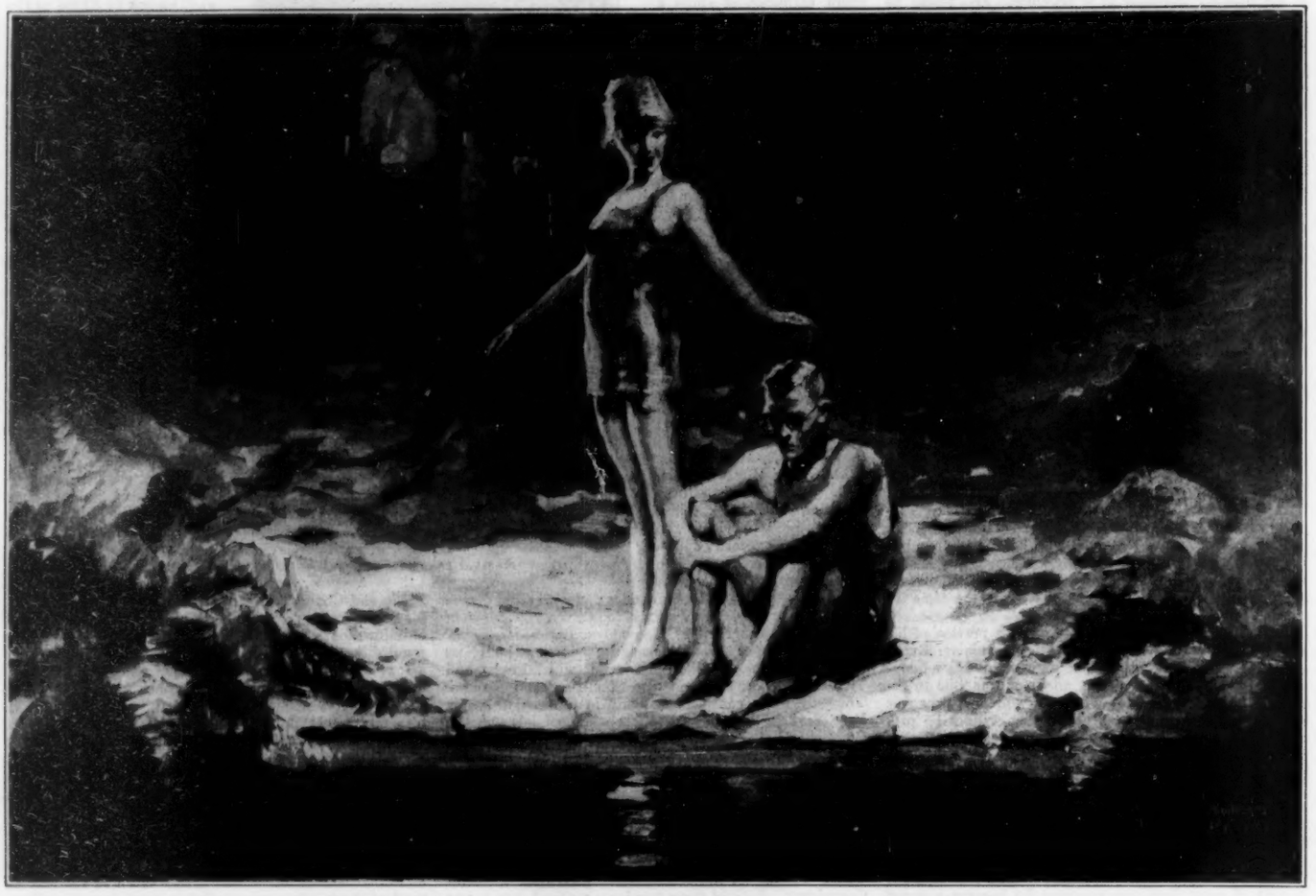
COME BACK, YOUTH



She Sprang Up. "Let's See Who Can Do That Dead Man's Float Across the Pool This Morning!"

By V. H. Cornell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IT WAS some little time after noon, as much as one or one-thirty perhaps, for looking up through the branches of the dozen different kinds of trees that clustered about her sunken swimming pool the woman down there could see that the sun was something past its zenith, though it was easy to fancy how it was beating down up yonder in the open, on top of the little bluff or ledge of rock from the foot of which the ground sloped rather sharply to the edge of the pool.

It was not fully a pool; rather a pool in the making; indeed a less rich imagination than that possessed by its builder would doubtless not have given it that name at all. Nevertheless, it had trickling through it the first requisite of a pool, water; and the second, a depression or excavation.

In shape it was an almost perfect oval; its sides or steep banks at the upper end, where the little stream flowed into it from underground, were as much as eight feet in height, and they were at least three or four at the opposite point, where it flowed out.

She figured that by damming the narrow outlet the banks would run full in a few hours. The stream although small was living water; the weather was the dry hot kind of July and August, yet it came purling strongly out of the earth at the bottom of the high upper bank, clear and just sufficiently cold.

The excavation itself had been made in the course of years by heavy rainfalls coupled with geographical situation. It was just at the head of a ravine, with the ground falling to it on three sides and making it a perfect natural reservoir. The hidden stream had undermined and softened the earth so that the surface floods which ran down into it had washed it out into the state of inviting possibilities in which the present enthusiast had discovered it.

Just at the moment she was busily engaged in setting wild ferns all around it under its slightly concave banks, above what would be the water line. She was building a shelf or rim of rocks, filling in back of them with wet sand scooped from the bottom of the excavation and transplanting the wild ferns, which grew all about the place, to it. She had not progressed far and it was rather an undertaking, for the pool when finished would have dimensions of probably thirty feet in length by fifteen or eighteen at its greatest width.

She was a woman at whose age it would have been rather hard to guess accurately. She was bareheaded and her hair was what struck the eye first. It was of that rare, almost pure bronze color hardly so frequent as once to every man—that is, comparatively few men have known and loved a bronze-haired woman. This was thick and electric, individual shining threads curling up from it. A little sprinkling of these, however, showed not bronzed but whitened.

Her eyes were so richly and deeply blue that they and the hair shot instantly at the beholder that same sense of colors seen sometimes in a painting. A quality of youth and aliveness in them, of sparkle and warm laughter, was the next vividly caught impression. It was only afterward that one saw faint lines radiating from them at the outside corners. Afterward, also, and a little wonderingly, one became aware of certain contours of face not quite youthful.

But these the mouth wholly contradicted. It was firm, full and alluring, and it was just now even ridiculously young and gay. Her arms were bare and were rounded like a girl's, the skin covering them of a dazzling blue-whiteness, faintly tinged, as were her cheeks, with the flush of exercise. Her feet also were bare, and she had made little attractive footprints all around in the sand with them. As she was quite alone in the ravine and no one, she had every reason to suppose, within dangerous distance, and as the walls of the pool and the thick green verdure at their rim protected her from any prying eyes unless the prying one actually broke through to the edge and looked over, this subject of bareness may possibly be pursued a trifle further.

To be quite simple and natural about it, most of her clothes were hanging on the limb of a little tree that the water had not succeeded in washing out of the middle of the excavation.

The piece or two that she still wore did not impede her freedom of movement or disguise the fact that her body had a slender and very remarkable grace. Frankly, as she went about her business of carrying rocks and transplanting ferns she looked more like the advertisements of beautiful lingerie seen in ladies' magazines than anything I can think of just at present; except that she had been careless and had got a splash or two of wet sand on them.

In some subtle way as she worked or stood up to regard her work, brushing the loose sand from her palms, she gave not so much an impression of young vigor as of the same carried extraordinarily past its ordinary point of cessation. Or else of a renaissance—a revival. Also, and in the same way, she gave forth a certain atmosphere as if she might be—yet only half consciously—masquerading.

Once she paused in the making of her fernery to regard the small tree on which her clothes hung, with a speculative glance.

"You've got to come out of there," she remarked, addressing it. And then, speaking whimsically, musically, with a certain joyous ebullience of tone: "I know it's going to take some digging! I'll bet your roots go clear down to Jericho!"

She did not work long after that. She began to make some rather obvious preparations—like taking down her clothes—and perhaps the discreet reader had best turn his eyes in another direction for a few minutes. She brought a smooth flat stone, which she had evidently laid aside for this very purpose when building her fernery, and placed it beside a little natural bathing place which the streamlet had hollowed out for itself just where it emerged from

underground. At first she only sat down on the smooth flat stone and dipped her feet into the water. After this she let it run clear for a moment or two, and then, with a but very casual glance around and a gay and reckless little laugh all to herself, she frankly and joyously took a bath in it before putting on her clothes.

The young man after one startled glance fled with as fearful and as conscientious a haste as Saint Anthony could possibly have done had he been he and she the temptress. It was not until she was fully dressed and some little distance from the pool's vicinity that she saw him coming toward her, looking down with apparently nearsighted eyes through round horn spectacles at the faint goat trail which he was following and which ran along the foot of the bluff at the side of the ravine.

Although she had never seen him before she immediately said in just the friendly happy fashion one would have expected: "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" he returned rather stiltedly and raised what was evidently only a second-best panama hat. He did it with a kind of shy timidity yet with a certain sophistication, and with a hand which she saw at a glance did not belong to anybody thereabouts—a long-fingered, white, indoors hand with nails that he had been careless about for only a day or two at most. He was a tall and unbelievably ugly young man at the first glance, with his wide mouth and colorless hair and, as well as one could judge, colorless eyes behind the spectacles. But in the second, and when he said with a shy trusting smile "I hope I'm not trespassing?" the initial impression seemed to vanish.

The smile not only made him easy to look at, it was extremely flattering.

It was precisely as if he had said, "Please, mayn't I like you?"

"Of course you may!" said the lady of the pool impulsively. Then: "I beg your pardon—of course you're not trespassing!"

His smile became at this fairly an effulgence; its beams fell all around her as he lifted his hand with a quick eager motion of extending it in immediate good fellowship; but an influx of embarrassment seemed to get the better of him and he started diffidently to withdraw it.

"Please don't change your mind!" she at once exclaimed, eyes and voice equally eager. "Let's shake hands and be friends—I'd love to have a playfellow!" Then, in a little rush: "Are you going to be here long? Long enough to help me make my swimming pool? And would you?"

The reference to the swimming pool brought out his ever-ready flush. "I have two weeks' vacation with pay," he stated explicitly. "I could stay two more without. Would that be long enough?"

"Oh, yes! I wanted to get it finished in two or three days! I'm so crazy to swim in it! You swim, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm a very good swimmer," he said with the simplicity that seemed to characterize him.

"I'm glad of that. I'm not. I've only just learned. Do you suppose you could teach me to dive? And float? My little daughter—she was married last month—can do the dead man's float. Can you do that?"

"Yes, I can do almost anything in the water," he replied with modesty. Then, taking a plunge, so to speak: "Where is the swimming pool? I didn't think there was water enough around here to wash your face in, even, to say nothing of swimming!"

"Come and I'll show you!" She turned to lead the way back to the spot she had just left. "It isn't—yet," she said laughingly over her shoulder, "but it's going to be!"

"I—I ought to introduce myself," he began, hurrying along to keep up with her and trying politely to clear her path of some of the retarding hazel bushes through which they were pushing their way. "My mother"—he hesitated just perceptibly—"is Mrs. Swan, a mile or so from here. I'm Peter Swan. I always spend my vacations with her. I already know who you are. At least I suppose I do. My mother told me about your having bought this place. A stranger, and particularly—well, anyone different, you know—always attracts a lot of attention." Then, after a moment: "I thought, somehow, you'd be—older."

She nodded. "I am," she admitted confidentially, "but I try not to show it. I'm glad your name's Peter. Peter Swan is almost like Peter Pan, isn't it?"

"There's an awful lot of difference in the two Peters though." His shy smile was rather wistful, even rather pathetic.

"I don't know," she said, seeming to study him. "You're not so very—grown up—are you? Anyhow, I choose to call you Peter Pan. Then I can think you're just a little boy and can play with you all I want to!"

"I'm sure—I'd—like that," said Peter, in his hesitating way.

He didn't quite know what to make of a woman like this, a woman who by her own confession had at least one married daughter, yet had a spirit so gay and so—unconventional. He had never before in actual experience had a woman—even an older woman—invite him offhand, the first time she ever saw him, to help her make a swimming pool or to teach her to do the dead man's float!

Nor did he quite know how to take his own reception of her. From his rearing perhaps, and from his natural shyness, there was something a little bit prudish about Peter; this she had blown away with an airy breath, but he was still conscious of surprise at finding it gone. Also, he still had a sense of disquietude caused by that instant's dazzling vision at the edge of the pool. Walking along with her through the hazel bushes and holding them aside where he could, he wanted to feel just the same as though it had been his mother or someone like her—and he felt oddly and deliciously different.

He kept being more and more aware of difference, and of something puzzling. She walked at his side or a little ahead of or behind him as the path might determine, with the free motion and the laughing look of a girl—yet he could plainly see that she wasn't, even aside from the fact of the daughter. The few white threads glistening in the head of wonderful bronze hair from which he could hardly keep his eyes, might have been accident of course. But those faint little lines were not; they meant one thing—years. Yet all the time it was as if her spirit said, "Pouf, what do they matter?"

When they came to the edge of the prospective pool and looked down he said at once: "You'd have to cement it. You couldn't just dig it out and dam it up, you know; your water'd always be dirty. And you couldn't hold it anyhow. It would soon make a new channel for itself."

He jumped down into the big hole, his actions and his voice becoming colored with some of her own enthusiasm. "It's really about deep enough except right here at the lower end! It wouldn't be much of a trick to finish making the excavation. But it wouldn't be any satisfaction unless it was cemented and the surface water turned out of it. It would just be a muddy torrent when it rained and not much of anything when it didn't—that underground stream would find its way out somewhere. We'd have to put a little blasting powder under this tree," he added, indicating the one on which her clothes had been hanging not long before.

"I was going to dig it out," she said.

He looked at her through the shell-rimmed glasses with the age-old look of the male on his female and smiled a smile of indulgence—almost it was of fond indulgence.

"You couldn't possibly dig it out," he told her with that hint of superiority; "those roots go clear down to China!"

As they parted, after he had taken her up the little rocky goat trail to the top of the bluff, where the sun was still shining brightly on the small, newly painted bungalow which stood there almost lost among the big trees growing all around it, she

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The Face of the Woman in the Pool Came Before Him Vividly While He Was Playing the First Hymn. Then the Kiss Itself Came Back to Him

THE SURVIVAL OF SIN

A small stone can break a large jug;
A grain of sand can hide a mountain. —Old Jim Sin

"You No Eat Much. You Rich Man—Eat All Same Lily Bit Like You Poor"

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

ONE good way to get a Chinese cook in San Francisco is to bail him out of jail after the last firecracker has popped its farewell to the final scene of the New Year Festival on Grant Avenue.

Jim Sin had been salvaged in this manner. At the hour of his salvation old Sin was half as old as an elephant and twice as wise in the wisdom of the East. When Doctor Holland bailed him out and haled him forthwith to the cook's room off the kitchen in his Green Street residence old Sin realized that life was about as unstable as an armful of poached eggs. On the morning of his rescue he limbered up his throat with a forty-cent bottle of vanilla extract and cackled an appropriate quotation from the Four Books, dabbling meanwhile at the whirling vortex of a pint of yellow batter that spun in a yellow bowl. "Heaven rewards the resourceful man," he reflected, "and the green mantle of tranquillity is held fast by the buttons of poverty."

Mrs. Holland's maid, doubling between buffet and boudoir, appeared with an edict covering breakfast. "Orange jooce an' tosht. An' make th' coffee wid whishkers f'r th' doctor. Th' missus be havin' a breakfasht tray."

"No likee hot cake?"

"Ditch them cakes. Yez feeds no athaletes here."

Sin grunted. "A blind cat starves—an ape may sit on a throne. A deaf man can hear a whisper from the gods. I make music for a fish." He turned to the maid. "I fixum. Orange coffee toast. Hai!"

The breakfast detail, thus established, persisted through long years and endured superior to every assault essayed by whims of the mistress of the household, by changing dynasties of maids and by all the multicolored lures of patent breakfast foods. "A woman's ideas change even as the reflection of a rock in a wind-swept lake, but a wise man is as steady as the rock itself."

Each year, with the first soft days of June, in Doctor Holland's house was fought the Battle of Figs. There was something about ripe figs, cold and purple, splashed with cream and frosted with powdered sugar, that lured the doctor's mind away from the unprofessional reaction which he experienced as a result of his intimate association with the ills that flesh is heir to.

"Orange coffee toast. Why you all time say fig?" Old Sin, older now, craved to know what demon of variety prompted the doctor's desertion from the standard and ordained breakfast.

"Hell!"

The doctor ate his breakfast without further comment, but on his way to the operating rooms of the several hospitals where suffering human mechanism awaited his expert hands he detoured, during June mornings, long enough to bootleg a double order of figs, free and away from the tyrant of his breakfast table.

"Why you ketchum new house? All time change. No good!"

In spite of old Sin's protests, and on the strength of two pounds of tax-free securities, a one-eighth interest in nine oil wells and a limousine practice, the doctor moved from the Green Street house to an elaborate residence crowning a rise on Jackson Street.

"You better get yourself a Number Two boy," he suggested to Sin. "Seven more rooms—too much work."

"No ketchum. One house, one man. All right."

Sin weighed all of ninety pounds, running as high as ninety-four on the last few nights of the Chinese New Year, and it wasn't all right. Doctor Holland told him so. "I tell you to get a boy to sweep and clean up. What if you bust yourself with sweeping seven more rooms? You no cook, I no eat."

"You no eat much. You rich man—eat all same lily bit like you poor." Old Sin, busy with the pine-nut ration for an ancient parrot in its cage in the sun porch of the new house, blinked his eyes obstinately at his master's suggestion that now was the time for a good young man to come to the aid of the old party.

The doctor thereupon delivered himself of one of his cast-iron orders. He looked direct at the old Chinaman and with a voice whose velvet barely covered the steel of his will he told Sin who was who. "Before night comes you get a boy to help you."

Sin surrendered. "How much I tell him you pay?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Too much. Spoil 'um. Plenty boy, fo'lly dollar, number-one good."

"Get him. Give him forty cents if you crave to. Get a boy by tonight. We're going down to the Pebble Beach house for a week and I want somebody here so we don't have to send the parrot to a boarding house while ——"

"What fo' you talk plenty too much? I ketchum boy. You say—you tell me ——"

The doctor cut the connection by ducking through the door and slamming it on Sin's indictment. He had listened to a summary of his personal failings too often for the subsequent sermon to have retained its original elements of interest.

When the doctor had gone Sin talked into space until he came to a good stopping place. Then he shuffled along on a direct course to his room, where, from beneath the bed, he hauled a sandalwood chest, covered with vermilion painted pigskin. He fumbled for a moment with the pendent brass lock, mastering it presently with a bent hairpin which he had used as a key for a period of eight years, and then from the depths of the chest he lifted a pair of fat and prosperous-looking jugs whose bulging brown sides were relieved by twin rectangles of crimson paper labels on which were inscribed, in Cantonese, testimonials from the loving friends of the contained liquids. On the cork of one jug, in black ink, was painted the ideograph meaning, as nearly as it can be expressed in English, "Phœnix Blood, the Soul Buoying Liquor of Spiritual Delight."

On the other cork the character had eleven strokes, beside a three-part radical, and its translation can be more exact, being almost literally "Good for what ails you. Good for man or beast, curing fits, aches and pains, stomach trouble, dizziness and that tired feeling. The gods' greatest gift to man."

Twin jugs—one filled nearly to the neck with a cure for the ills of the flesh; and another, nearly empty, whose contents were balm to the spirit.

Sin faced both jugs and surrendered to meditation, torn between the prospective physical wear and tear involved in the two-mile walk to the Grant Avenue hunting grounds, where the new boy might be recruited, and the stress of his troubled soul, whose tranquillity was threatened by this inescapable but undesired assistant.

Soul or body? That was the question.

He removed the corks from both jugs and into the air of the room there floated a smell not so much like turpentine that had gone wrong in its youth as it was like an unsuccessful experiment in a chemical laboratory.

The odors drifting from the jugs were alike. The liquors in the jugs were the same. Business is business and labels are cheap.

"Well," Sin began, mumbling steadily, "heaven is away in the sky, but here below is Phœnix Blood. Scholars are the nation's treasure—so here is a libation for the scholar's soul."

He poured two ounces from the first jug and drank it off, open-eyed, gazing steadily the while at an acrobatic ant that was hauling a defeated fly across the window sill.

He put the cork back into the neck of the first jug. "And now, facing three divisions of the road of conduct, I shall take the middle course—neither avoiding this other strengthening liquor nor drinking all I have of it. Let fairness guide my hand—and as much of this as of the other. Whuf!"

By the time the ant had hauled the downcast fly across the window sill, working under the interested scrutiny of old Sin, the twin liquors had commenced to react. With firmer hands this time he treated both jugs with fairness, feeling, before they were stored again in the depths of the pigskin chest, the return of the fire of youth, where in his narrow veins had flowed the ice of age.

While the kick of the inspiring fluids yet filled him he prepared lunch for the doctor's wife and three guests who had assembled to bid her farewell. The lunch, besides being food acceptable to the gods, was ordered and

arranged with a side line of art whose niceties were manifest, from the unbroken cells of grapefruit that floated in jade cocktail cups to the amber-scented alcohol in the silver lamp that was presented with the cigarettes.

At three o'clock, with the business of lunch numbered among the triumphs of the past, Sin adorned himself for his foray into the colony of his people. His white coat, stiff with starch, was changed for a disreputable golf coat that had served its sentence about the doctor's shoulders. The soft felt slippers were traded for a pair of number twelve congress gaiters in whose wide spaces old Sin's seven-sized feet found sea room. A detail in the passing business of shoes that forever troubled Sin was the wastefulness of shoe merchants who charged no more for twelves than for the smaller sizes. Clothed for the street, shod with all the traffic would bear in the matter of money's worth, and with his gray hair crowned by a black felt hat whose curves during eight years of service had suffered no change since the auctioneer had lifted it from its box, Sin voyaged down the Jackson Street hill at a three-mile pace, which lasted until he hauled up before the blank door of a house on Ross Alley.

The glass of this door was covered with a protecting panel of thick wood, fastened in two places on each of the two long sides with heavy hooks whose crusted surfaces, red with rust and pitted with the fog-born salt of years, spoke of long disuse. Beside the door, and of equal width, set directly above a diving flight of broken stone stairs whose thin iron trapdoors sagged even under the feet of children, was a window, and this window was daubed and streaked with dirty gray paint and patterns traced by dust and spider webs. These patterns of neglect were relieved only by twin characters whose vermilion was still bright with sentiment, no matter how dark had become the resultant hue of time, combined with sulphur gases and mercury.

The inscription on the window, translated, informed the observer that here was the Cavern of Wisdom and Delight. That was putting it mildly, for each vermilion character inclosed in its outline the radical of superlative degree, so that in its real sense the advertisement actually announced that here on Ross Alley was a section of the most exquisite heaven, reserved for a select few whose worldly wealth was exceeded only by their wisdom.

The interior of this corner of heaven was furnished with a large square table, ten teakwood stools, a rusty iron sink, three porcelain cuspidors, and a ponderous gas meter, whose shocking messages were veiled from the inmates of the Cavern of Wisdom by a dense ignorance of the decimal system and the erratic nature of the gas man.

Sin's fingers, beginning the complex knock which announced one whose equity in the most exquisite heaven was equal to any enjoyed by other occupants of the place, played a tattoo upon a well-worn spot, black and smooth, in the center of the right-hand panel of the door, and three seconds later, through a scratch in the paint on the nearest pane in the window, he suffered a quick inspection by a member of the exclusive circle within.

Then the door opened long enough to admit him and to permit the escape of four cubic feet of air heavy with enough combined gases to have driven a conscientious analytical chemist well along the road to suicide. Of the ten teakwood stools six were occupied by fellow emigrants from Canton, and one by a ponderous and indolent gray tomcat named Hoy Quah, whose bulging fat sides spread the full ten inches of the stool's least dimension.

A cackle in greeting came from old Sin's lips, and his salutation was answered with a round volley of grunts from his fellow occupants of the cavern. He shuffled his number-twelve-shod way over to the sink in the corner and from the narrow drain board he lifted a heavy porcelain teapot, clothed in a thick little felt overcoat for insulation against a room temperature almost as high as that of the contained liquid.

"A little tea bush shades the soul," he announced, after the fourth cupful had splashed down his throat. "It shades the soul of the traveler even as a branching willow shades his tired body." He walked over to the stool occupied by Hoy Quah and without seeming to notice the languid and insolent animal sat down as quickly as his old joints permitted.

The cat, injured only in his pride, leaped quickly to the floor, whence, looking up at old Sin, he sneered as elaborately as his equipment of long whiskers would allow.

"Hai!" Sin laughed. "Some day, Hoy Quah, some agile one of us will land on you, and shortly thereafter you will be served up with hot fat from a pig, and mushrooms. And then your quickness and your strength will belong to those who eat you!"

Hoy Quah tried to purr, but his evil nature got the best of him and a snarl was all that answered old Sin.

"I need your strength," the old man continued, more to the company than to the cat. "I need your agility to leap from the path of the arrows of trouble that have been loosed from the screaming bowstrings of evil circumstance."

The monologue of misery, punctuated only by the soft clicking of the bone-faced bamboo dominoes upon the black top of the table, continued until one of the players, drawing a double six, quitted his place with a grunt of disgust at his luck and dived into a curtained door that opened near the sink into the somber obscurity of a little back room. He returned in a moment, carrying a squat brown jug that might have been a twin to either of the two brother jugs that old Sin guarded in his pigskin chest under his bed.

"Hola!" the jug carrier cried, and his invitation was directed toward Sin alone. "A corkscrew will not pull a man out of trouble, it is true, but the Ark of Happiness, stranded on the mud flats of Life, can be floated with the Wine of Forgetfulness."

"The weight of your tongue would crush the reluctance of a million teetotalers. Ai! The horseman never gets sore feet. Pour, brother, and may the bee of emptiness never sting your jug."

With the pouring accomplished, and with the brief rites attending four hearty libations disposed of, Sin's mind returned to his burden of trouble and he was not long in accepting his jug-tipping companion's offer of sympathetic ears.

"Through the long years since the doctor began to carve suffering humanity free from its ills—or now and then from life when his knife slipped—I have served in his house. Now that I am old he wishes to replace me with some younger man, and he has ordered that I obtain one. Nominally this young man will be my assistant; in reality he will become the substance of power, while I fade into the shadow."

"Bamboo bends before a gale, and straightens when the stress is gone."

"It is hollow as the heart of a politician."

"But rooted with integrity and intimate with the honesty of earth."

"Enough. What is your plan?" In his surrender to his friend's wisdom Sin leaned heavily upon the business of passing the buck. "Ideas are the fathers of action and it is nearly four o'clock."

"At the Life Belt Mission, over here by the Young China Club, salvation is free, such as it is, including one bowl of soup and a bed. The young Chinese addicts to salvation wear pinch-back coats and brass collar buttons and walk openly with flapping girls who dance the trot of the fox. The deodorized fox, I grant you, but a broad-minded summary of the virtues and accomplishments of these young men is two tens removed from twenty—equal to, let us say, a blind man's need of a mirror. Into the doctor's house introduce one of these gilded young men from the Life Belt Mission and the rest will be according to the programs established by the gods. False coins are never worn out with use. Enough. A clever man understands a nod."

On the instant of its expression Sin voiced his approval of the plan and forthwith his counselor and friend, sensing the possibility of a cash commission from the young victim of the scheme, departed toward the Young China Club to return five minutes later from the Life Belt reservoir of hope and virtue, towing beside him a youth whose round face, wreathed in smiles, matched in form and color the tilted straw hat that surmounted it.

"Here is the candidate," Sin's friend announced. "Wing Fat, the best Number Two boy that ever paid tribute to the wet-head joss."

Sin looked at Wing Fat and a quick approximation of the latter served to tell the old man that young Wing would last, as a job holder in the doctor's house, about as long as a snow man in the Desert of Sahara.

"Follow me," Sin ordered, "and remember that the foundation of great wealth is wisdom, but that a wick is no substitute for a walking stick."

Halfway of the distance to the doctor's house old Sin again broke the silence that had settled down upon him

(Continued on Page 56)

A Day or Two Later He Retrieved a Poor Brute Who Needed Oats to Beat the Band

FELLOW SINNERS

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FOR the five years that Champion Lochinvar Bobby and Jamie Mackellar had been chums there had been one month every autumn when the two turned their backs on civilization and on duty and hiked forth into the wilderness together.

Even in the old days when he was an underpaid truckman, long before he became kennel manager for the august Rufus G. Belden, Jamie had allowed himself this annual month of hunting and fishing and forest life. Pack on shoulder and weighted down with gun and rod case and other paraphernalia, he had boarded a northbound spur-line train at Midwestburg and had fared fifty miles into the wilderness. Thence a half day's tramping brought him to the tiny lakeside hut he had built.

For four untroubledly blissful weeks thereafter he would hunt the November forests and troll over the little lake's icy surface in search of food and of surcease from mundane worries. At the end of the month he would reappear at Midwestburg, brown and hard and eager for work. When he went to Beldencroft as kennel manager it was with the understanding that this November holiday should still be his.

It was the time when he could most easily be spared from his job at the kennels. Dog shows are few in November. The collies have weathered the coat-destroying and eczematous summer and are getting into final bloom for the winter shows. If ever the manager of a big collie kennel can spare a month from his work, November is that month.

Jamie's glorious dark-brown collie, Lochinvar Bobby, went on these jaunts with his master purely as a chum. A collie's utilitarian value on a hunting-and-fishing trip is several degrees less than nothing. But at the drowsy end of a long day's shooting or trolling it was pleasant for Jamie to have the big dog loaf beside him at the camp fire and sleep at his feet on the bough-and-blanket bed. The man and the dog were inseparable comrades.

This month in the wilds meant as much to Bobby as to his master. For nearly a year, in puppyhood, Bobby had lived in the forest as best he might; growing up like any young wolf and subsisting off the country. These recurrences to his early life were a joy to him.

One late winter day, in Midwestburg, Jamie Mackellar had fallen and broken his leg. He had been carried to a hospital. Bobby, missing his master and having no interest in any other human, had reverted to the wild, taking along with him a collie mate. But Jamie, recovering, had found the dog; and Bobby had returned right blithely to house life.

That same year, as November drew close, Mackellar began to utilize his spare moments in refurbishing fish tackle and in cleaning his shotgun and loading 12-gauge shells. Bobby observed the signs of preparation, and he rejoiced loudly and friskingly at prospect of the month of wilderness life with his deity. Rufus G. Belden watched these same signs with far less approval.

"That bum leg of yours is barely well," he warned Jamie, scowling down on the little man and at the heaps of camping paraphernalia strewn around the kennel manager's veranda. "It isn't more than a month or two since you stopped favoring it every time you walked a mile. A compound fracture like that is a nasty thing to trifle with. Suppose the leg goes back on you while you're all alone off there in that God-forsaken neck of the woods, with nobody near. How do you suppose you're going to ——"

"The leg's not going back on me, sir," expostulated Jamie. "I've been walking on it for some thirty-odd years and it never failed me but the once, and that was by reason of a truck skidding over on me and knocking me down. You can't blame the good old leg for that. It's well again now. Besides, I'm not going to be all alone. I'll have Bobby along."

"Quite so!" assented Rufus G. with the elephantine sarcasm that Jamie loathed. "I'd forgotten that. To be sure, you'll have Bobby. If the leg goes back on you he can set it and save you a surgeon's fee, or he can pick you up in his teeth and trot back home with you, a matter of sixty-four miles. So you'll be perfectly safe."

"Yes, sir," said Jamie, trying to speak calmly. "Perfectly safe. Though I take it kind that you should fash yourself over my welfare. We'll be back, Bobby and I, by the first of December at latest."

"A Scot for obstinacy!" grumbled Rufus G. "And a Scot for pinning faith on a helter-skelter collie's ability to make everything all right! All you Scots are the same. Why, take that Twa Dogs jingle by your whisky-swigging poet chap, Willie Burns, and ——"

The Bird Had at Last Flown Earthward

"Willie Burns!" snapped Jamie, wonted respect failing him for the moment under this dire sacrilege to the poet who was his hero. "*Willie* Burns! Losh! Syne ye'll be havering of Isidor Shakspere or Charley the Baptist! And as for Bobby Burns being a whisky-swigger, let me tell you ——"

"All right! Oh, all right!" laughed Belden, enraptured that his trick had got a rise out of the punctilious little manager. "I take it back. And now that I've jarred you out of your smugness, will you or won't you be sensible about risking accident away off there with your new-mended leg?"

"I will, sir," answered Jamie, his respectful self once more.

"And you'll give up the fool trip for this year?" Belden pressed his advantage.

"No, sir," meekly replied Jamie; "I'll not. With all deference, sir. 'Twould disappoint Bobby, too, if we didn't go, after I'd promised him. So by your leave we'll start Monday, like we laid out to, sir. Thanking you."

The single-track railroad ended at a decrepit forest station. Debarking, and with his heavy luggage swung deftly over his back, Jamie Mackellar struck out through the trail path for the half-day-distant lake and the hut. At his side and in front and in wide circles about the man ranged Bobby, puppyishly happy in his new freedom.

Jamie did not halt until the long uphill hike ended in a view of his hut. Apart from elation at reaching the scene of his holiday, Mackellar was jubilant that his leg had given him no trouble at all during the long tramp. He had not misjudged the completeness of his cure. He was fit for all-day walking or for crag climbing. He was as good as new, and he smiled in tolerant derision at memory of Belden's warning.

Dusk was settling in. From the north crept down the early November twilight and with it the bracing chill of a November night. Jamie slung his luggage into a corner of the hut, to be put in order later on. Then he busied himself with lighting the fire and starting supper and making ready his bunk.

With a nod of self-gratulation, he noted the towering pile of firewood he had whiled away three hard-raining days in cutting and stacking at the end of his last year's sojourn. He peered inquiringly into the tiny sunk-bucket spring at the threshold of the hut and found it was as limpid and as full as of old. All was as he had left it. Except for a possible stray hunter, nobody had gone past the desolate spot for a full year.

While the kettle was boiling, Mackellar went out and cut balsam tips for his bed. Then as darkness came he lighted the one lamp in the cupboard and unpacked and arranged his luggage with the care of a true camper.

"There now, Bobby lad!" he exclaimed as he viewed his completed work. "The shack is shipshape and grand. It may not be 'as dainty as a maiden's boodore,' like the song says, but it's clean and it's ready for use. And the few maidens' boodores I ever chanced to see was more like grab bags, the way everything was higgledy-piggledied in the dresser drawers and on the floor and the tables and shelves and what not. Maybe the song chap took his daughter's word for how her room looked, Bobby. He ——"

Jamie, as he talked, had mounted a tottery three-legged stool to stow away the empty duffel bag on a top shelf. The stool succumbed to the weather and the wormholes of many seasons. It collapsed under Jamie's meager weight. To the floor crashed the man, his recently healed leg doubling under him.

Bobby had been paying only scant heed to Mackellar's disconnected talk, being actively interested only when his own name was spoken. But the tumble, the splintering of rotten wood and then the queer little sinister sound as of the muffled cracking of a twig—these brought him over to the fallen Jamie in a single bound.

Mackellar was lying very still indeed, with the rebroken leg bent under his limp body. For a minute he lay so, while the worried collie whimpered and sniffed at him and patted the moveless heap tentatively with one white paw. Then Mackellar shook from head to foot with unbearable anguish and gagged to keep himself from screaming aloud.

Bobby's worry changed to acute grief. Frantically he circled the writhing little man, whining and sobbing in an excited undertone and trying to lick the distorted white face.

Now one of the reasons why Jamie Mackellar possessed the boundless respect of his dog was because the man merited that respect. He had a cool head and a quick brain and a perfect nerve. These came to his aid, after those first few moments of impotent agony. Crippled as he was, both mind and body went into action.

At once he realized what had befallen him, as well as the more hazardous aspects of his plight. He had broken his leg again; he was many miles from aid; he had no one to rely on except himself. The desperation of his condition cleared the pain mists from his wits.

"Here, Bobby lad!" he panted, reaching up and burying his fingers in the collie's ruff. "Get me to the door, Bobby. To the door!" he repeated.

Bobby understood. Always Jamie had talked to him as to another human, and few were the simple words of everyday use whose general meaning Bobby did not know. He knew he had been bidden to go to the door, and, head down, he made for the threshold. Half relying on his hold upon the ruff, half helping himself along on the floor by means of his free hand, with every inch of the journey an unspeakable torture, Jamie reached the doorway. Gritting his teeth, he thrust an arm out to the adjacent hillock of firewood and selected two long flat slabs of hemlock, flotsam from a disused sawmill on the far side of the lake. With these and his sheath knife and strips from a spare blanket, he proceeded to set his leg.

It was a hideous task. Twice he allowed himself the luxury of interrupting it by fainting. But, recovering, he kept stubbornly on. Thrice he had set the broken legs of dogs, and once the leg of a calf, after seeing a veterinary perform a like feat. And he had seen a surgeon set the smashed knee of a fellow passenger in a railroad wreck. Thus he had a more than rudimentary idea of the process. But never had he dreamed that it or anything else could hurt so.

With splints and blanket bandage he wrought. Lochinvar Bobby, close beside him, looked on, his deep-set dark eyes abrim with misery and with futile yearning to comfort his tortured master.

After a century of locked-teeth grim effort the job was done, and for a third time Jamie swooned. He came to himself to find Bobby standing in the doorway in front of him, classic muzzle to the sky, waking the forest silences with a salvo of thunderous barks. Plainly the dog realized the situation was beyond his own poor powers, and he was seeking to summon aid.

"A—a good idea, Bobby lad!" panted Jamie. "But—but I've a better. Here!"

As Bobby turned Jamie pointed across to the gun case.

"Fetch it!" he commanded.

Bobby, in obedience, picked up the heavy canvas case and carried it to his master.

"Now—now, yon bag," gasped Jamie, pointing again. "No, no! Not that! The other one."

From the low shelf Bobby dragged the valise which held Mackellar's cartridges. As it swung off the shelf its weight tore it free from the dog's unprepared grip, loosening one of Bobby's curved eyeteeth in the wrench. Heedless of the sharp hurt, the collie picked up the fallen satchel and dragged it along the floor to the twistingly waiting Jamie. Gravely he watched the man put together the gun and slip two shells into the breech.

Pointing the weapon out through the doorway with difficulty, Jamie fired twice into the darkness. The recoil was anguish to him. Then, nimbly reloading, he fired twice more; and so on until a dozen shells had been emptied in fast succession.

"There, Bobby!" he groaned, laying down the hot gun and sinking back to the floor. "If there's a soul within two miles they'll—they'll know a man don't blaze away twelve times in the pitch dark just for the fun of it. I'll get as—as good results that way, Bobby, as if I fired every shell in the bag."

But when the waiting minutes had stretched to an hour, and when he had twice repeated his fusillade, Jamie Mackellar became sickly aware that his signal was not to meet with any response. Back a few miles to westward were five or six scattered wilderness farms. These were the only habitations, except the more-distant railroad settlement, within a radius of nearly twenty miles, and Jamie knew it. With a sigh that tried not to be a groan, he made ready to spend the night in what comfort he could.

Luckily the one-room hut was a bare ten feet in any direction. Also, the hearth and the pallet of boughs and blankets were within short rolling distance from the door. Thus by agonizing shifts of position, varied by the use of Bobby as errand boy, the stricken Jamie made shift to prepare coffee and some sort of a meal—a meal which tasted like ashes in his dry mouth—and to settle down for the sleepless night of torment.

When at last the lamp was out the man and the collie lay side by side in the smoldering fire's glow, and Bobby promptly fell asleep. More than once he woke anxiously at sound of an unchokable groan or a shudder of pain from his master. But always a reassuring word from Jamie sent him back to uneasy slumber again. Bobby was utterly unhappy. He did not know just what had befallen his god. But he knew Jamie was sore hurt and that Bobby himself could do nothing to help him. Wherefore the dog's great heart was sick with grief.

Late, very late, as Bobby was roused for perhaps the tenth time by a stifled groan from Jamie, the man patted whimsically the head pressed so solicitously against his arm and said:

"Bobby lad, the arctic nights are only six months long. Happy arcticers, Bobby! This measly night has lasted six lifetimes already, and it isn't half ended yet. Bobby, John Knox and Calvin and the rest of them missed a grand chance to save souls when they painted hell as just a trifling lake of brimstone, Bobby. If they'd said it was an all-night-long with a bust leg, Bobby, they'd have had the whole world converted before the next Sabbath Day, Bobby, just out of sheer fright. D'ye mind how pawkily I answered the boss when he told me not to risk this, Bobby boy? Oh, go to sleep again, Bobby! Ye mean well. Ye mean grand. Well I ken that. But when you try to get sympatheticlike you bunt me with that honest old head of yours and it jars me all over, mostly in the leg, Bobby. Go to sleep. I'm here, awake, if anything happens. One waker is enough."

By morning fever had set up its habitation in the broken leg. But by morning Jamie had collected enough self-control to bear it, and he greeted the dawn with another twelve-cartridge volley. Then he sought to boil water for coffee. Here he met his first seemingly insuperable difficulty.

The spring was close to the door, but it was out of reach of Jamie's arm, and he could not hoist himself over the ten-inch doorsill and around the corner of the lintel to roll to it. At best he could navigate only on the level, and then not without hanging to Bobby and worming along on his stomach, every inch a torture. As to reaching the five-foot-distant spring over the ten-inch barrier, it was impossible.

Yet he must have water, not only to bathe his fire-hot leg and to make coffee but also to assuage his intolerable fever thirst. Long he lay and planned. Then he reached for the smaller of the two pails and placed its handle between Bobby's jaws. He pointed to the spring. Instantly Bobby trotted over to the water and stood above it, the pail dangling between his teeth.

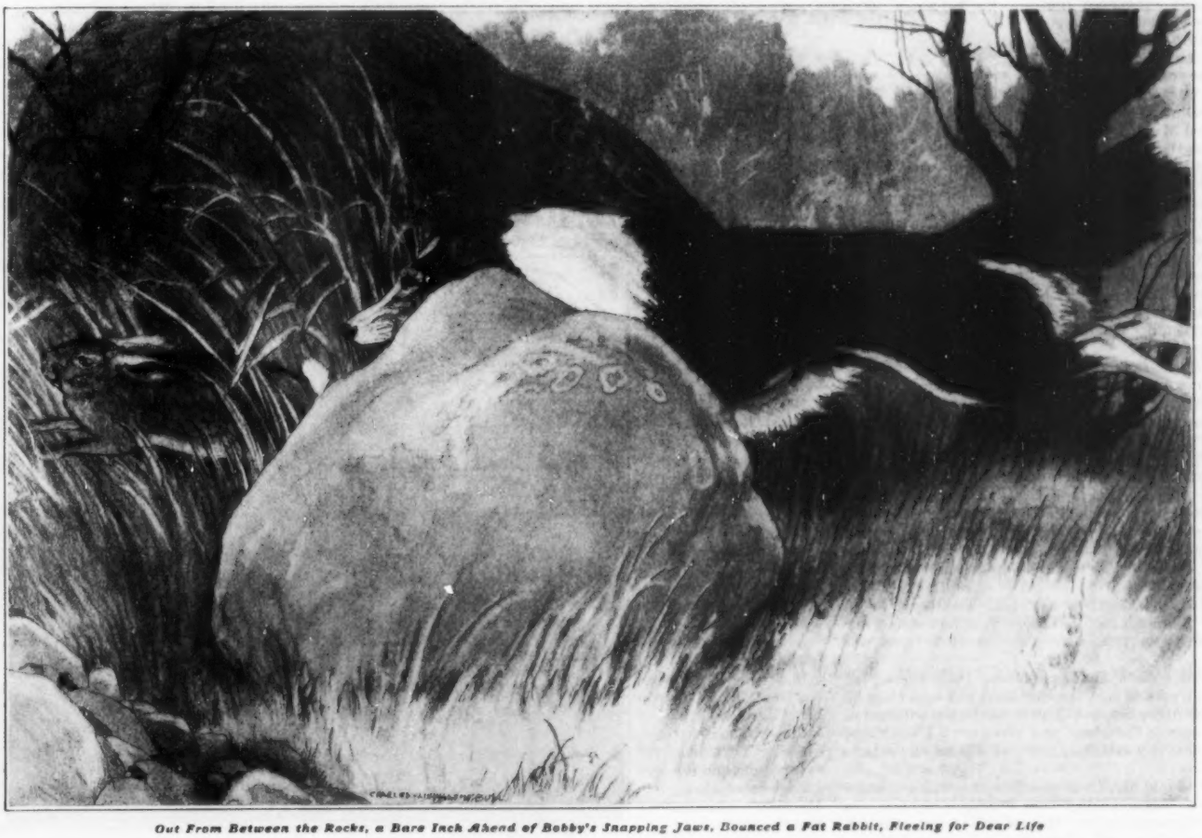
"Dip it in, Bobby!" commanded Mackellar, pantomiming the action as well as he could.

Bobby looked down at the spring, then back to his master. But a score of repetitions could not make him grasp the idea. He had no way of knowing that the dipping of a pail into a spring is one means of transporting water. His dark eyes were pathetically wistful as he sought vainly to grasp his master's meaning. He made several experimental moves in reply to Jamie's gestures. But none of them carried out Mackellar's wish. At last, with a resigned sigh, Jamie called the dog back to him.

"It's no use, Bobby lad," said he, patting his disconsolate chum. "No use, Bobby boy. I'd 'a' swore there wasn't a thing you hadn't the sense to do. But—well, the good Lord made you a dog, after all, not a human. That's why you're such good comp'ny. Wait quiet till I think of something better."

He lay still, the pain corrugations in his bald forehead reënforced by thought wrinkles. Then, chirping to Bobby, he pointed out an extra blanket rolled in a far corner. The collie brought it across to him, glad that at last there was some order he could comprehend. Jamie fished a length of stout cord from his pocket. Painfully he tied the blanket into a thick square. To one corner of this he tied what was left of the cord, knotting the cord's other end around his own wrist.

(Continued on Page 109)



Out From Between the Rocks, a Bare Inch Ahead of Bobby's Snapping Jaws, Bounced a Fat Rabbit, Fleeing for Dear Life

From McKinley to Harding

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR PRESIDENTS—By H. H. KOHLSAAT

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Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Senior, as She Appeared When Styles Differed From Those of the Present

XXIII

IN THE early summer of 1902 the papers announced that President Roosevelt was going to remove Gen. Nelson A. Miles as Lieutenant General Commander of the Army. I wrote him if the report was true he would make a great mistake—that General Miles, a volunteer himself, was the idol of the volunteer soldier of the Civil War; the veterans believed he was the victim of a clique.

Two days later I received a telegram asking me to come to Washington to talk over the Miles matter.

On my arrival at the White House, President Roosevelt was starting out for a horseback ride. He at once plunged into the subject, but I told him to take his ride and I would see him later.

He invited me to dine with the family.

After dinner we went into the old cabinet room. I again warned him he would make a mistake; that I knew General Miles' irritating qualities, as both Cleveland and McKinley had told me of them, but his record as a soldier and Indian fighter was greatly in his favor. I repeated the G. A. R. veterans' admiration for the general.

Finally I suggested, as the general had about a year to serve before his age limit expired, that he be sent around the world on an inspection tour of the world's armies, and when he returned it would take him some weeks to write his report; then his time would be up and he would drop out automatically.

Roosevelt said, "That's a bully idea! I want you to tell it to Root. I will ask him to come to your hotel tomorrow morning early, so you can catch the 10:50 train for Chicago."

About nine o'clock Sunday morning the Secretary of War rang me up and said the President had asked him to see me at the Arlington, but there would be some danger of newspaper men in the lobby, and asked me if I would not put my satchel in a cab and come to his home en route to the depot.

I did so and told him I was greatly embarrassed to make suggestions to him and asked if the President had told him of our talk the night before. He said, "Yes; in his careful, quiet way he told me the whole thing over the telephone. Although I do not feel as strongly as the President does over Miles, I think your suggestion a wise one."

Some days later the press announced General Miles was sailing from San Francisco to inspect the armies of the world and make a report to the Government on his return. On his arrival in the United States, February 1, 1903, he wrote his report and retired by age limit August 8, 1903. The general probably knows now for the first time how it happened that he went around the world.

April 14, 1902

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Mr Kohlsaat.

I should just love if Mrs Carow would give me one of the little puppies I would prefer a male

Will you tell Mr Carow that the 15th will suit us splendidly.

I think the last arithmatic example is the wonderful.

Now are your daughter's dogs.

We all look forward to seeing Borie awfully.

Yours Sincerely
Kermit Roosevelt

XXIV

ON MY return from a luncheon with the President at Oyster Bay on August 7, 1902, I received a telegram from Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, New York, asking me to dine with him that evening. I broke an engagement and telephoned acceptance. Mr. Stillman lived in East Seventy-second Street.

Mr. Stillman, his son, James A., and myself were the only people at the table. The house was in summer garb, the furniture covered with linen. The menu card was placed at Mr. Stillman's plate, and after each course he made a notation "Good," "Indifferent" or "Bad," which he told the butler to hand to the chef. The procedure amused me, as I thought it was all "Good."

After dinner Mr. Stillman took me into another room and said, "I suppose you are wondering why I invited you here to dinner on a hot August night?"

I said, "Yes, I have been puzzled ever since I came into the house."

"Well, I am going to be very frank with you. Frank Vanderlip says that you are very close to President Roosevelt; that you visited him today at Oyster Bay.

"The truth is that the country is in a very bad financial condition. There are several banks in New York City on the verge of failure. They are full of what J. P. Morgan calls undigested securities. We have had several meetings of financial men to discuss the situation. We cabled Mr. Morgan to come home from Europe. It was finally decided that if President Roosevelt would ask Secretary of the Treasury Shaw to put out twenty or twenty-five million dollars of government deposits based on New England savings banks securities, instead of government bonds, and place the money in the banks of the West, Northwest and Southwest to move the crops, and let New York stew in its own juice, we can pull through. If the President will do this and keep the country banks from drawing on New York banks for accommodations it will relieve the situation greatly. We in turn will pull the stops from under stocks and put them all on a 5 per cent basis.

"When the latter proposition was discussed Mr. Morgan roared like a bull, because it would hit his pet baby, United States Steel common, which pays no dividend, but is selling around 40. The stock will probably drop to 8 or 10. But Mr. Morgan took a sensible view of it and agreed to the plan."

I said, "Well, what has this got to do with me? Why do not you or some of the other big Wall Street men go to Oyster Bay and lay the matter before Roosevelt?"

(Continued on Page 72)

PHOTO BY VANDER WEYDE, NEW YORK CITY

General Nelson A. Miles—From an Old Photograph

LAUGHTER, LTD.

III

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I HAVE always claimed that nobody can get something for nothing in this world, but a railroad's receiving money for the upper berth in a sleeping car comes pretty close to that. Like a lot of folks who have never traveled much I thought taking one would be a economy. And maybe I did save, for I don't really know how much should a person count as overhead, meaning ruining my only good hat against the ceiling through climbing up there with it on the first night out of New York, and the engine being seized with a convulsive fit of coughing immediately after. Or how great an amount travelers are accustomed to charging off to general wear and tear. And by wear I mean acquiring a Jacob's ladder in my best silk stockings climbing down the Pullman ladder, and tear being occasioned when I saved myself from being flung bodily into the Grand Cañon of the Colored Porter by grabbing at a real filet-lace blouse which had got hung on the hook by the filet part. Well anyways, when I come to figure it up, by saving twelve dollars on the berth I was out about twenty-five in other matters.

Hastily I Looked Away and Wrote "One Boiled Egg, Glass of Milk" Like I Was Sending a Desperate Telegram

And it sure was necessary for me to go easy with my cash, for when I had bought my ticket to Los Angeles and telegraphed Stricky not to send my contract East because I was on my way, my roll looked like it had been dieting. But I forgot all that when I walked down the platform at the Grand Central Station the day after leaving Stonewall and saw the Wolverine actually waiting for me—for me! Sweet daddy, that was some sensation!

I was the first one in the car, but pretty soon people commenced arriving, and I don't suppose there is anything more interesting, hardly, than sizing up the ones you are going to take a long train trip with, and dreading which is going to share your section. I was all keyed up for the worst, but hoping that if no one showed for the lower, why maybe I could slip the porter four bits and use it myself. Every time a woman with a baby and six bags or so come in I would have a nervous chill, because although fond of children I felt I would be less so on a sleeper. But nobody came anywheres near me, although many passed by with looks which caused me to clutch at my bags politely. The car grew hot and commenced to smell of damp coats and raw apples. And then at the very last moment two really snappy people come in, a man and a girl.

The man, who was tall and good-looking and about thirty-five in a fur-lined overcoat, took three real genuine leather bags with him into the drawing-room. Something about him caught my eye and held the same. I felt I had seen him before, but I couldn't place where. He had class, all right. Big time. A millionaire, that's the way I had him figured, when he shut his drawing-room door, and I realized that the girl, who I had at first thought she was with him, was with me, instead.

She had stopped at my section, which was at once plainly more hers than mine, and stood there giving my bags and me a rancid look the way a person does when they breeze in and find that somebody else has actually dared to buy the other ticket.

This girl was also a blonde—a whiter one than me, with bobbed hair, curled with an iron, light blue eyes with beads on the white lashes, a black crêpe dress sloshing with steel beads, and a pair of stockings built on the chicken principle. I mean chicken soup. You know the kind where they pass a chicken through the kitchen to flavor it? Well, a silkworm had give one glance at her legs. Lord knows what she wore in summer!

"Boy!" says she to the porter. "Put my things here. I have the lower!" And she gave him a dollar. A bean—one entire rug—for staggering in with a ten-inch black leather dressing case, a box of candy and seven magazines!

Well, that made me feel about like a secondhand stamp, and we didn't talk for a while after she had sat down all over her seat, and the train at last begun to move. You know the way it is. A person starts on a long train journey with all the exclusiveness in the world, and about the second day out they have all the exclusiveness of the average sardine. But anyways, she and I looked quite a while before we spoke.

"Going far?" she says at last, smothering a yawn with a copy of Closeups she had with her. I put my own copy down, glad to be friendly, even if I could feel her putting price tags on every stitch I wore while she talked.

"To California!" I says impressively. But I missed fire.

"So am I," she says composedly. "Hollywood!"

I sat up in my backwards seat like a shot.

"So am I!" I echoed. "Are you in pictures?"

"Yes," says she. Then after a little pause, "In a way," she added, looking me through and through, kind of hard and cold. "What are you going out there for?"

"I am going for the pictures too," I says. "I got a contract with Silvercrown."

All at once little Crystal Icicle's manner changed. She smiled at me in the sweetest way, and even before I could qualify my remark, which I hadn't really meant it to be a lie, but it had just sprung spontaneously to my lips the way those things will with strangers, she leaned forward and put one hand on my knee.

"No!" she says. "Ain't that interesting! I wonder if you could help me to get in, dear?"

Whatter you know! I was knocked so cold that I just sat like a regular dumb-bell and let her gurgle on.

"You see, I'm not exactly in the pictures yet," she explained. "But I've got no end of talent. Everybody in our town thinks I have. So I decided to go out to Los and take a chance. There's big money in pictures."

"Yes, so I've heard!" I managed to get out, seeing at the same time that the hat was probably homemade after all.

"But I don't know a soul there," she went on. "I'm going on a gamble, but I'm going to play for big things. If a girl has got lots of jazz to her, and expensive clothes, and spends freely, she ought to get by, don't you think?"

"I can't think so quick as that!" I says.

"Well," says she, "I had over three hundred dollars saved, so I spent sixty on this dress, bought my ticket, and here I am!"

She laughed a little, nervously, crossed those gossamer legs of hers, and leaned back in her seat looking like a million dollars, but actually less well off than myself.

"So if you know anybody with influence, honey," she says, "I'd love an introduction."

Well, I suppose here is where I should of confessed just exactly how things was. But I didn't. To begin with, as I have since learned, there is something about pictures which causes pretty nearly everybody who touches them to exaggerate. I suppose because picture figures and facts are so big in reality that a person gets subconsciously to feeling why not make 'em even better? So I let sleeping dogs dream on.

"Well," I says casually, "I could introduce you to the casting director at Silvercrown."

"Say, you're a peach if you will!" says the girl. "My name is Gertie Gross. Professional name, Anita Lauber."

"I am Bonnie McFadden," I says. "Professional name unknown!"

"Oh, no! Don't say that, Miss McFadden!" says Anita so earnestly that honest, I just hated to disillusion her.

"But it is unknown," I insisted. "I'm only beginning. To tell the whole truth this is my first contract."

I could see my stock fall a little then, but I knew a casting director, and that was enough.

"Well, you're certainly in luck to be going out that way on contract!" says Miss Lauber. "Whereabouts do you come from, dear?"

I told her. Well, I made it sound just a little better than it was, perhaps. But any home seems that way, once you are far enough off from it.

"That's funny!" says she. "We seem to be starting out pretty near even. Both blondes and I'll say about the same age, although I'm a little bit younger, maybe. Both from small towns. My home is in Southington, New Jersey. Mommer owns the bakery."

"What do you think is the best way to get by in pictures?" I says.

"Pep!" she says promptly. "Pep, at any cost. And get a few men to boost you. You know how it is with a girl on her own. She's generally out of luck, don't you think?"

"Not if she can deliver the goods," I says. "Any more than a boy on his own."

"Well, here's hoping!" Miss Lauber says with a laugh. "I intend to have a big time anyways!"

I didn't say nothing against that because what was the use starting an argument with four days in the same section still ahead of us? I might have the upper berth, but I had also intuition and tact, so I switched the talk to exchanging opinions on well-known stars and what was wrong with their work, and it's a pity they couldn't of been there so's to benefit by what we said, for we was frank and merciless. Then we ate together and after that we come back to our car, which had become a swaying forest of green curtains. All this time I hadn't even got one more look at the big egg in the drawing-room but only a waiter coming out of it with a pretty well wrecked tray.

"Did you notice him?" says Anita, for by now we were of course on first-name terms. "The john in the private room?"

"I'll say I did!" I says. "Pretty soft, traveling like that!"

"We ought to make him," says Anita, "sometime tomorrow!"

Well, I didn't reply to that, either, except to say "Good night" which she could take anyways she wanted. I had even then discovered that a good way to keep friends is to pass by a number of their remarks. I just climbed the stepladder, did a Houdini out of my clothes, and lay down in a sudden awful lonesomeness. I wanted pop and Ella

and Bert and everybody. I wondered if I wasn't maybe the biggest darn fool that had ever run away from home. It seemed to me that if I couldn't see the home folks that minute I should die. And then all of a sudden I remembered that I had one of them right with me, and struggling up I reached for my bag at the foot of the berth, drew out Milton Sherrill's photo, and crawled back under the covers with it, holding it close to me and feeling comforted right away.

I don't know if you know how it is, but every girl has a dream-ideal lover, and Milt was mine. He was as real to me as anything. I had him a courteous gallant gentleman, full of high ideals, chivalry, money and love. To my mind he had everything but wings, and as the matter was entirely in my own hands I had give him golf clubs instead, because of preferring that sort of man. This image which I had made of him was what had kept me off the boys around Stonewall. They all seemed such clowns alongside of him that I could not feel real interested in any of them. So you can imagine that as soon as I had hold of Milt's picture my heart eased up considerably. I even went so far as to feel that he would O.K. my running away from Stonewall to become somebody big in the world, for he had done it himself and would understand. And thinking this I somehow went to sleep. When I woke up early next morning I did so from having made up my mind in advance that I would. You see it come to me that it might be a good idea to get ahead of the crowd and make a dash for the washroom before anybody else got started. And I'll say it turned out to be a good idea, too, because there was only seven women there ahead of me.

When I was neat but not laundered, the way a person traveling has to be, I was so hungry I just naturally couldn't wait for Anita. Her curtains was still closed, and so I beat it back to the diner alone, and the captain led me to the only empty place in the car—a seat at a table where a man was already absorbing cereal.

The waiter drew out the empty chair, shoved me into it quick, and give me a menu and pad like he was handing out examination papers. I looked at the menu first, and then I naturally looked up to see what the man opposite me was eating, and then I got a shock, because he was the one from the drawing-room in our car, and soon as I saw him face to face I knew him. It was Milton Sherrill.

Well, I suppose it's my cue to say at first I couldn't believe it, but here's where I miss again. I believed my eyes, and my memory, as well, right off the reel. His face was too familiar for there to be the slightest chance of a mistake.

Hadn't I been talking to him about all kinds of intimate things for years? Didn't he know every secret I had, and every ambition? Hadn't I been watching after his mother's things for him and asking him every so often how he'd like it done? I'll say I had! Why, I even realized that deep down in me I had known him last night when he stood in his drawing-room door, tipping the porter. And there he was, after me knowing him so well for such a long time, sitting opposite to me, a perfect stranger!

I could tell from the way he looked up at me over his oatmeal that he didn't have any idea who I was. Of course that was natural, as he had never seen me except when I was a little bit of a kid. But his eyes was friendly. As a matter of fact I guess he seemed stranger to me than I to him. Sweet daddy, it was some shock! If a person has been dreaming of floating on clouds and wakes up to a hair mattress, however good, there is a big difference. He was Milton Sherrill, all right, but more as God had made him than as I had.

Well, while I sat there like a dumb-bell Milt's expression registered "Nice-looking girl but I don't know the child," and went back to the oats, because he was no chicken hunter, anybody could see that; and no fresh drummer, either, but a high-class wealthy citizen, very dignified in made-to-order clothes. Hastily I looked away and wrote "One boiled egg, glass of milk" like I was sending a desperate telegram, and the waiter snatched it and read it out in a loud voice that mortified me, especially when he shouted "Ain't you gwine ter have no bread?" and went away while I wondered nervously what would I do.

Of course my dream had suffered, but still and all I didn't want to lose Milt, or rather Mr. Sherrill, as his actual presence instantly made him seem. If I didn't speak soon my opening would maybe be gone. So I decided to take a chance, and said "Ahem." But Mr. Sherrill only turned his newspaper and coaxed another spoonful behind it. I was desperate.

"Pardon me," I says at last, "are you Mr. Milton Sherrill?" Of all the boob questions!

"What the —— I beg your pardon. Yes, I am!" he answered, putting the paper down so prompt I could tell he had been taking more notice of me than I had thought.

"I am Bonnie McFadden, Mr. Sherrill," I says, and waited. He didn't get it.

She Stood There Giving Me a Rancid Look the Way a Person Does When They Breeze In and Find That Somebody Else Has Actually Dared to Buy the Other Ticket

"McFadden?" he says, polite and smiling, but puzzled.

"Stonewall," I says.

"Stonewall?" he repeated, a light breaking. "Why, there's an old chap on my place, but ——"

"Yeh, I know!" I said. "That's pop. I'm the kid."

"How amazing!" he says. "And how delightful!"

Well, his smile sure was pleasant! And as I looked at it I begun to feel like a quitter. For who would take care of his mother's house, now that I was gone? Gee, I hoped he'd fire pop if pop didn't brace up and do the right thing.

"I know every inch of your home, you see!" I told him. "I've dusted it often enough to, anyways!"

"You don't look it a particle!" he blurted out. "I say, that wasn't an awfully tactful remark, was it? But you've rather taken me off my feet!"

"How about me?" I says. "I'm a little jolted by this meeting myself!"

"Where are you going?" was his next question.

I told him Los Angeles, and he frowned, looking older.

"Are you a motion-picture actress?" he asked.

"Not yet," I said. "But I will be as soon as I get there."

"Well, I suppose it is natural that you should want to do it," he said. "But it seems a pity, somehow."

"My stars, why?" I asked, my eyes popping open. It would be awful if Mr. M. Sherrill turned out to be a crab!

"Oh, the life, and what not!" he says. "So artificial. You are obliged to do something for a living, though, I suppose?"

"Of course I am!" I says. "And I would anyhow!"

Well, he approved of that, for he smiled again and shot a keen, friendly look at me from under his heavy brows.

"One does, these days!" he says. "I say, if you have finished, shall we go back into the observation car? I want to hear all about Stonewall. I was disappointed at not getting a chance to run out there this trip. How did you leave your father?"

"Rather hastily," I says, getting up and following him out.

And after we had bounced down a corridor or two we came into the observation car, which was almost empty, and took seats beside each other.

"Now tell me!" says Milton.

I took my mind off my disappointment in him for having dared to grow so much older, and told him everything, from how I had repainted the iron stags last year, to how I loved the portrait of his mother over the parlor mantel. I guess I must of spoke real enthusiastic and earnest, and he got it. His face grew younger and softer as he listened to me, putting in a question now and then, and first thing you knew he was all sort of warmed up. I commenced to think he was pretty nice, though not the romantic style, of course, like Stricky.

About an hour later Anita come tripping into the observation car, looking for me or anybody. When she saw Mr. Sherrill and I she give all the signs of having found what she was after, and only very reluctantly backed off on my signal, which I had to repeat several times. But finally she did go, making a face which said "Stingy" as plain as if she had shouted it.

As for Mr. Sherrill, it just seemed as if he couldn't get enough of my description and news and so forth. But after a while he pulled out a thin gold watch and got to his feet.

"My dear child, do you know that we shall be in Chicago in twenty minutes?" says he. "What line do you go out on—the Union? That's my way too. But we don't leave until eight this evening. Will you let me take you to lunch somewhere?"

Would I? Sweet daddy! Would I like to walk around with a million dollars!

"Why, yes, thanks," I says with one and one-half ounces of hesitation.

Then I walked on air back to my section, where Anita was putting the finishing touch to her lips, through her veil.

"Well!" she says. "So you flagged him first, eh?"

"He's an old friend of pop's!" I snapped back indignantly.

"That one came out of the ark," remarked Anita. "Hustle now, dear; we are nearly in. You can tell me all about it at lunch."

"No, I can't," I says. "I'm—well, I'm lunching with him, and he really is what I say." And then the porter came looking for our tips and bags and things.

I had dinner with him, too, that night on the train, but I ducked breakfast next morning because I was ashamed of his paying all those checks. However, he come and found me at lunch time and asked Anita as well, and we ate it flying across the prairie, and after that I give up all resistance and let him feed me. My whole idea of America come to be Milton Sherrill cornfields and corn flakes through Illinois; Milton Sherrill roast lamb and roast beef through the sheep and cattle country. And in between mealtimes, Milton Sherrill and talk about everything under the sun pretty nearly. Isn't it a fact a train can make you acquainted quicker than almost any other place except maybe jail?

On the second day out I again felt I had known him as he was, all my life. Things were either right or wrong with Mr. Sherrill, and that was all there was to it. About the pictures, especially. He didn't like anything about the pictures, and he didn't care for me going into them either.

"Look here, Miss McFadden!" he says over one of our small coffees the third night out. "Look here, Miss McFadden, I've only known you for a few days, but I really am a friend, and I'm going to speak accordingly. Why do you go into the moving-picture game?"

"Why not?" I says. "It's my ambition."

"Well, but look here!" he says. "Have you any idea of the sort of thing you are going to run up against?"

"I've got an idea I can act, and that I can sell that talent for a fair price," I says. "Outside of which I guess I can take care of myself. Why do you pick on the pictures so?"

"Personally, I wouldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole," says he. "I mean for myself, and I hope none of my interests will ever become involved in the motion-picture industry!"

"But," I says, "if I get a good contract?"

"I don't know," said he, "except that the contract may not be good. Look here, now! Why not forget pictures and come to San Francisco instead, and work for me?"

"Why, Mr. Sherrill!" I says, and I'll say I really was as surprised as I looked. "Why, Mr. Sherrill, how do you know I would be any good?"

"Because it is my business to know people," he says with a confident little smile, much as Stricky had recommended his own judgment. "The head of a great banking concern has to be a judge of human nature, among other things, and I have seen enough of you to know that you have exceptional ability. You would need training, of course, but we can give you that, and the chance to go as far as you prove able."

We sat quiet for a moment before I spoke.

"Oh, I couldn't!" I said then. "A bank! No, I'd feel shut in—smothered, somehow. Thanks just the same, but I'll take my chance in the pictures."

"Well, I'm sorry!" says he. "But remember, my offer of a place in the bank stands if you should ever change your mind. You have my address and you can come to—us, at any time."

The train slowed up at some tiny station high in the Sierra Mountains, and we went and got our coats and took a demi-tasse or a walk out in the clean sweet air under a cold moon, briskly up and down for ten minutes. Arm in arm we tramped, swinging along together, our feet beating out a sort of marching tune as we went. We had done this at pretty near every station where the train had stopped, the whole ways across.

As you may of noticed, we was still on last names. Of course I was hep to the fact he must like me pretty well or he wouldn't of fed me so much. But he had never stirred a finger or an eyelash that wasn't perfectly elegantly respectful. A new experience for me, that was, because usually I have to christen them with an ax about the third visit. So I was all the more surprised when what happened, did.

We were walking, as I said, up and down the cinders by the train, along with a few scattered other passengers who had actually stayed up after nine o'clock, and Milt hadn't said a word. The whole entire U. S. A. seemed to be spread out under the moon for us, the view was that big and grand, and conversation doesn't flourish so well at such a time and place.

Up at the darkest end of the train, which happened to be right at our own car lobby, he stopped us.

"This is the last time I shall see you," he says. "I am getting off at Truckee on business. I got the wire at dinner time."

"Oh!" I says sharply. "I will miss you!"

And then all of a sudden he kissed me; actually took me fiercely in his arms and give me a long kiss on the mouth.

"You are the sweetest thing I have ever met!" he said. "And some day I am going to tell you more about it!"

I was absolutely surprised. Honest! I know that there is an idea about girls that they can always tell when a thing like that is coming, but that's only the rule and this was the exception.

I felt like the King of England or the President or somebody equally unlikely had kissed me.

Well, to save the situation, and before I could think of any remark, for nothing came instinctive, the brakeman yelled his warning, Mr. Sherrill swung me aboard the train with a strong sweep of his arm, and we were in the lobby.

That was no good, for Anita was there with a young fellow she had made that day. And so Mr. Sherrill and I said nothing excepting only a whispered "Good-by" among the evergreen curtains, and he went off to his luxurious bed while I climbed aloft and tried to sleep.

I was so excited and upset for a long while I couldn't. But when I did drop off at last it was Greg Strickland that I dreamed of. Ain't women the pink limit, though?

And it was not until next morning when we was rushing down through the colorful riot of California, with its wonderful orchards, the scattered gold of its poppies, and the flame of its scarlet geranium hedges, all of which Anita and me was taking in with our tongues hanging out, that I realized I hadn't given Milton Sherrill any address.

"What do you worry for?" she says. "Wire him one."

"But I don't know where to say," I protested.

"Give him the Laurelton Hotel," says Anita.

"A hotel like that," I says, "sounds away out of my class."

"Don't be a dumb-bell!" says Anita. "Start out big, and they will think more of you, honey! Take a suite. Put on a lot of dog, and the difference will show in the contract they give you. What do you think actorines wear big diamonds for, anyways?"

"For pleasure," says I meekly.

"For business!" says Anita firmly.

And somehow Anita's judgment won out. After all, my contract would call for not less than seventy-five a week! And so next morning at the Los Angeles depot, when the boy took my bags and says "Where to?" I says "The Laurelton Hotel," and stepped gayly into his taxicab.

IV

IF SAINT PETER was to start a thoroughly modern real-estate development in heaven it would look like Southern California.

Anyways, that's how Los Angeles seemed to me as I drove through it after vainly searching around the depot for Anita, and she not showing up. So I had to go without her, and pretty soon I forgot her altogether. There was a new world opening up right before my very eyes, and I was so afraid of missing a trick that my head turned around like a put-and-take top.

Doubtless with all the blue laws going into effect the way they are, the housing conditions in heaven will need to be hastily increased, so maybe they wouldn't stop Saint Peter on such a job as I have described. But Los Angeles had evidently been stopped in places, for there was great gaps of empty lots scattered all through every district. But it seems nothing stops that town for very long, and it just naturally burst out again a few blocks farther on.

There was no end to the place, apparently, and we rolled on and on over eleven miles of boulevard, the driver steering with the little finger of his left hand, his foot all the ways down on the gas, and every other car on the road doing the same, but nobody hitting each other very often. I could see at once why they made the streets so wide. It was on account of the reckless drivers, and the size of the machines. For it's a fact that practically all cars in Southern California are out-sized just like the fruit and flowers.

Well, after madly dashing past thousands of Italian villas, Greek bungalows and apartment houses disguised as colonial mansions or mission-style cottages grouped around courtyards literally overflowing with flowers and labeled El This or Del That—some Spanish stuff, I guess it was—the driver turned around and yelled along the wind, "This is Hollywood we are coming into now!"

I was glad he mentioned it because otherwise I couldn't of told where Los Angeles ended and the great movie center begun. There was the same gay big-windowed shops, with apartments over them and flower boxes blooming everywheres under bright awnings; the same rows of palmetto trees, the same phonograph shops, mad gardens of petunias, fuchsia, roses, bougainvillea, and every flower in the world, I guess; the same extra-special brand of sunshine, and the same general ice-cream strawberry-and-vanilla-mixed effect. But not the same people.

(Continued on Page 89)

I Went Down Feeling Like the Queen of Sheba With a Mortgage on the World

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Salvador, Spain, Panama and Peru, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 19, 1922

No Substitute

WITH the amazing material development of this country since the Civil War, and more especially perhaps in the last generation, has come a marked increase in the importance of those professions which are in a sense the adjuncts of industry and commerce. Such are the chemists, engineers of many varieties, accountants, statisticians, advertising and publicity men, lawyers, economists, and in a sense banking itself. Each group has grown in numbers and in professional standing.

At a recent convention of one of these groups a member who had become wearied of listening to speeches which made it appear as if this particular profession covered the entire business map went to the secretary at the close of the session and said, "At the next convention I suggest that you have a paper on our profession as a substitute for management."

Sad to relate, the secretary took the suggestion seriously. But there is no substitute for management or for the business man. The manager, the chief executive, the business enterpriser has many faults. Too often he acts upon flimsy and insufficient knowledge. He is poorly trained and his ideals are often deplorable. Instead of being guided by well-defined, scientific and long-headed policies he frequently acts upon impulses, and looks for his profits in the bargains of the moment instead of well-considered services to the community.

But it is difficult to see how any of the professional groups and cults or all of them could take his place. A short time ago a man in his ripe forties, who had been trained as a lawyer, was made the chief executive of a corporation which is among the four or five largest and most important in the world. The day after his promotion he told one of his assistants to make no appointments for him for some weeks to come which would in any way interfere with the work which he proposed to devote himself to—namely, the taking up of problems of internal organization. Who doubts that his ability to solve those questions, rather than any knowledge of law, will spell success for him?

It was once said that an education has no value except as it affords ability to know a good man when one sees one. But such ability is essentially an individual matter and largely independent of education, occupation and profession. In a business of any size the head of the concern must be engaged mostly with personal problems, relieving men of responsibilities, giving it to others, shifting men around, finding new ones, getting rid of a number, and still retaining the spirit of coöperation and good will. Those who know the most about it say what common observation indicates: that this is a problem the chief executive must face alone.

Now if a chemist, a cost accountant, a lawyer or any other professional man has this gift of organization and the initiative to do things with an organization when he has once got it, he will soon become a substitute for management in the sense that he will become the management. Until then he will continue to work for a business man. Even the greatest bankers and the money kings in the nation's financial center must depend upon finding executives of great outstanding ability. Vast wealth or financial preëminence bows before builders, organizers, developers, men like Hill and Harriman.

An experienced vice president of a considerable enterprise in one city was called to another city to head an even larger company in the same line, but one in dire straits. A farewell dinner was given him by more than a hundred young men from all parts of the country who called themselves his boys, because they had worked for him at various times. In his speech he said he was confident of making a success of any business, provided he could draw enough of these young men into his organization. Within a year after taking his new position he had thrown the red ink out of the window. This simply means he had the gift of organization, of getting teamwork.

Experience does not show that business enterprises can be successfully conducted without reposing final responsibilities upon one man or at most a very few men. These responsibilities in the last analysis have to do with human and personal problems, the ability to handle which some men are born with and others are not, irrespective of subsequent training and occupation. Improvements in technical and professional training will always prove valuable aids to business, but that is a far cry from being a substitute for the sheer ability which is the vital essence, the indefinable spark of business success and progress.

Changing Human Nature

ONE of the wisest and most respected of our public men, in addressing not long ago a meeting at the seventy-fifth anniversary of an organization of which he is president, raised the question of whether the highly accelerated speed of life in these later days has not affected character. In forceful, picturesque language he told how three-quarters of a century ago life was lived longhand, with time for reflection and mature judgment, due to the physical obstacles to speed of action. Poverty favored simplicity, and the spectacular and sensational could not take deep hold when news moved tardily.

But only a few weeks after the delivery of this speech a distinguished professor of medieval history was delighting his class of very up-to-date college boys with a description of the peril, some thousand years ago or thereabouts, from what corresponded to the modern flapper. Indeed it would be a dull historical scholar who could not produce instances from any period of history to parallel almost every modern problem.

The profiteers of today had their counterpart in the contractors of the Civil War period. Seventy-five years ago there were no automobile parties endangering the countryside with their bonfires and spoiling the scenery with their picnic rubbish, but there were other kinds of thoughtless, selfish, ill-bred people. Perhaps the supposedly decent women of those days did not make up in public dining rooms, but the fashion illustrations of the time show that feminine vanity and silliness manifested themselves in other ways. Crime waves were known perhaps by other names, but the cities swarmed with roving bands of hoodlums, gangsters and hooligans.

Unpleasant human traits may have stuck out less boldly in a far smaller and more homogeneous population, but an impartial historical survey does not reveal any greater unselfishness or a finer spirit of toleration in the earlier days of the republic. Strikes and other bitter manifestations of industrial conflict were less common, but political warfare was infinitely more bitter. Personal quarrels and duels were frequent, journalism was conducted on a plane of base indignity, and local and sectional prejudices were more provocative of ill feeling. If human nature has changed it has been not wholly for the worse.

The Flight of the Mark

GERMAN newspapers agree with correspondents of the foreign press and travelers that the Germans are spending paper money like water. Some Germans want to spend the income of today because the mark may be worth less tomorrow and prices rise almost daily. Other Germans have to spend all they earn to keep body and soul together, and that mostly body. Still other Germans spend all they make to keep the French from getting reparation. The real savings of Germans are being accumulated by the Teutonic plutocrats outside of the country—the flight of the mark.

In France it has finally become clear that outside of payments in kind no reparation is to be expected from the present Germany. Since the conference in Genoa this has been made generally understood in France. The new French budget contains an item for nearly four billion francs' deficit that is to be covered by a new internal loan. This is the interest on the sums that France has expended on German account for restoration of devastation in Northern France. Up to the present this has been set against amounts due from Germany. Now it is set against the French public.

In Germany a compulsory loan of thirty billion paper marks, really a capital tax, is being forced through the Reichstag under pressure of the Reparations Commission. This is five per cent of the adjudged paper-mark value of taxable German national wealth. Let us assume this is raised.

If the Germans were to cease the orgy of spending and save thirty billion paper marks and add this to the same sum to be raised by the forced loan, this would equal sixty billion paper marks, or about two hundred million dollars gold. If this could be converted into gold, how far would it go in reparation? And if the sixty billion paper marks were to be handed to the Reparations Commission, what would, what could be done with it?

British Coal Business

WHEN the coal strike in Great Britain was settled last year the basis of settlement was a sliding scale of returns to workers and operators. Workers were to receive a minimum wage; owners a minimum rate of profit. Beyond this the earnings of the mines were to be divided, 83 per cent to the workers, 17 per cent to the mine owners. At the bottom of the agreement was the idea that conditions in the industry would soon return to prewar conditions.

These expectations have not been fulfilled. The mine workers have recovered their efficiency, and the output per man per day is nearly back to the level of 1913. Prices at home have fallen because of the slump in industry. In order to recover the coal trade in foreign fields price cutting was necessary. Transport from mine to boat has cost more than before the war. The volume of export has now risen to nearly 80 per cent of the prewar level. This is probably as high as it can go until the industries of the world are more actively at work. With the low state of shipping bunker demand is low. At the current prices and volume, coal mining is not profitable. The result is that miners are receiving only the minimal wage and mine owners as a whole are not receiving the fixed rate of profit.

The exports of British coal to Germany are rising and promise soon to equal the prewar volume of some eight million tons a year. This is merely a return to normal conditions. The Germans point to this import of coal as the result of the deliveries of coal to France under the terms of reparation. This is not the truth; it is merely the return of British coal to the prewar position of competitive advantage. It does Germany good, but brings in little profit to the producers. In one way or another coal seems disorganized nearly everywhere.

Europe's Hard-Work Way Back to Solvency—By Robert Crozier Long

EUROPE will have to try hard work as a cure for her debts and her poverty, and to forswear her faith in the sweeter cures of international-conference resolutions and borrowed American cash. Marks at 500 to the dollar is an unpromising starting point for restoration; but all Europe has inexhaustible time currency, and it is a duty to turn this time currency into fructifying work. The conviction that work, not pious resolutions and easy borrowings, is the right, the only and the inevitable remedy has long been spreading; and it has taken concrete shape in criticism of, partly in open revolt against, the eight-hour day, as an expedient enabling time currency to be hoarded unproductively in the stocking of idleness, while the family larder stares ever more emptily. David Lloyd George called the eight-hour day the prize of victory, and as incentive to faithful soldiering it had its value. But in a platform of reconstruction easy work has no right to be a plank. The Versailles Treaty, which ignored a great many plain truths in politics, national psychology and political economy, ignored one unchallengeable truth when it proclaimed for the eight-hours limitation. As a rule, Europeans hold that the framers of the Versailles Treaty were dreadfully and even diabolically clever; but few Europeans have comprehended the framers' reasoning that five years of no work and of destruction of work would be best made good in an indefinite future of reduced work; and there are cynical economists to whom the reasoning seems proof that the World War, though extinguishing 6,000,000 useful existences, managed to leave some airy optimists alive.

The principle of easy work, proclaimed by Article 427 of the Versailles Peace Treaty, and sanctioned by the Washington conference of November, 1919, is on its trial. Its chance of acquittal, which means its chance of perpetuation, is small. Countries that adopted it are getting rid of it piecemeal, and countries that shrank from adopting it continue to shrink. The eight-hour day is not assailed because of its proved impracticability. No one can assert that a successfully working eight—or indeed six—hour day will never be attained. It is assailed on the ground that Europe, as a reckless spendthrift of work in the past eight years, cannot afford the supreme luxury of ease in the next ten. Only through the fruits of productive labor, hoarded with sleepless thrift, does the individual citizen win ease; and when Europe's bellicose Adams and Eves ate in 1914–18 the forbidden fruit of destruction, their fate was not to be rewarded with pensioned idleness but with punishment and regeneration by extra hard work, done in the sweat of the brow.

Individual Europeans realize this. Merely because the cost of living and the tax burden are twice as high as in 1913, they know that they must earn more; and they feel compelled to work more. They act accordingly. When France's demobilized soldiers returned to their shell-torn countryside they came to a common agreement to ignore the eight-hour law, put through in their supposed interest by the French Government in the spring of 1919. In the conviction that more roads could be relaid and more houses rebuilt in ten hours than in eight, they resolved to break the law. They left to unsophisticated statesmen, timid parties and factious labor organizations the argument that as prosperous prewar Europe could not afford the luxury of a mere eight hours' work, the same luxury was within reach of the postwar Europe of devastation, impoverishment and debt.

Were the eight-hour day as Europe knows it literally on its trial an unfriendly lawyer would submit some hard arguments for its condemnation. He would plead:

Europe cannot afford to work less than before the war until it has at least replaced the products of work destroyed by the war;

The economical and social benefits expected from the eight-hour day have not been realized;

Production—in other words, the creation of wealth—which is the only remedy for war impoverishment, has declined under the eight-hour system;

Labor has not been satisfied; the capital-labor opposition is as strong as ever; some workmen clamor for a still shorter day, and some demand back the old freedom to work as long as they like;

The eight-hour day is rejected by leaders of European economic thought, and among them most of all by certain exceptional labor and socialist leaders;

The eight-hour system is breaking down by itself, if

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IMPORTED FASHIONS OR AMERICAN?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Here I am Full of Ice Cream and the Steam's Turned Off"

From The Salome Sun

SIXTY years ago the Indians chased an old prospector from the Colorado River to where Phœnix now is. He hit some of the high places and dodged around through the brush something like a spring chicken after a grasshopper, like a cricket on a hot stove, or the lady on the back seat. This old prospector made the trail you are now hitting—the natural and shortest route to the coast—the scenic highway—scenery high and in the way. He knew the Indians were following him but he never expected you to—and he didn't know the Yuma County Democratic Board of Supervisors were going to relocate his trail and call it a county road—a Yuma County Arizona road—just because they are Democrats and this isn't a road. They come up here every two years full of Democratic promises, after our votes; and every year, after our taxes to help build roads through the sand down around Yuma—our county seat, which is so far from here it costs $17 to send a postal card to find out who is sheriff again this year. They are so busy saving the rest of the world and trying to make it safer for Democrats that they forget all about us up here on the old Indian trail, as 137,556 tourists can go and swear to and swear at and then swear some. Go to it—keep right on swearing and maybe some day Henry Ford himself will come bump chuckin' along this way and shake a few $$$$$$$ out of his system and help remove some of the scenery and cuss words and corkscrews out of the old Indian trail so that Lizzie can go 100 yards without getting curvature of the spine shimmying through the cactus and jumping greasewood like a jack rabbit—trying to find the tracks the old prospector left here sixty-odd years ago. Never mind, Henry, you can dodge the bumps like they dodged the Indians and have a hell of a time—he did—and maybe if you hurry you can beat his record from the Colorado River to Phœnix—no one has yet—but with a Republican Administration everything is going to move faster now. Step on her, Bill. Let's go!

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

Grandfather Said It

WHEN I was but a little thing of two, or maybe three,
My granddad—on my mother's side—would lift me on his knee;
He'd take my thumb from out my mouth and say to me: "My dear,
Remember what I tell you when you're choosing a career:

"Take in laundry work; cart off dust;
Drive a moving van if you must;
Shovel off the pavement when the snow lies white;
But think of your family, and please don't write."

When I was two I cannot say his counsel knocked me cold,
But now it all returns—for, darling, I am growing old,
And when I read the writings of the authors of today
I echo all those golden words that grandpa used to say:

"Clean out ferryboats; peddle fish;
Go be chorus men if you wish;
Rob your neighbors' houses in the dark midnight;
But think of your families, and please don't write."

—Dorothy Parker.

Our Idols

ONE develops a great pity for the poor national idols. As soon as some unfortunate devil does something conspicuous enough—and it needn't be so darned conspicuous either—to let himself in for a little popular worship, then you button your last year's blue serge coat tightly around your great childlike heart and begin to place bets on the whereabouts of his next abode. You can usually pick up quite a little ready money by betting three to one on Potter's Field.

The career of Woodrow Wilson is too well known to need citation. So let's get into more mundane paths. When Dempsey challenged Willard 85 per cent of the population of God's country seemed to feel that if the champion won the Government would collapse. He didn't, and so we still have the same old Government to kick about. Then as soon as Dempsey became champion everybody began to pray for rain, so there'd be plenty of mud to throw at him. And the same 85 per cent of God's citizens that had acclaimed him before all burned incense at the feet of Carpentier when the well-known July second hove in sight. Oh, well, it is better to be incensed against than incensing. Anyhow Jack is still champ, and vaudeville is still seventy-five cents or some such nominal amount.

At the present moment take Babe Ruth. Last year they gave him a silver crown. This year he can't even seem to rate a silver star on his deportment card. And all the local vultures are imploring heaven to send them someone who will make Ruth's record look so flat that you could play it on your phonograph.

The worst of it is that the poor downtrodden champs have no redress. If they retire at the height of their glory they are called quitters—and in no ladylike terms either. They are doomed from the start. As soon as they've established themselves they know that they are in for a tidal wave of hate, and finally for a welcome defeat. It seems to be true in every line of idoldom. You'd think they'd realize it and go in for something safe, like missionary work in Central Africa.

It all proves us to be a pitiless people. We quickly find that our idols have clay feet. And then, confound it, we haven't even the decency to offer them corn plasters.

—James Dyrenforth.

"I've a Friend in the Business"

"LISTEN!" said Blumenfeld. "Don't be a sucker! What's the use of your going and spending a lot of money for furniture when I can get it for you wholesale for practically nothing? What's life for if we can't do something for our friends once in a while? Why should you go and pay big prices for furniture ——"

"But you see I just want a couple of beds ——"

"Fine! We deal with the best furniture houses in the country. No trouble—our salesman goes around to all the places every day. And you'll save thirty-three and a third per cent."

Somehow it's always thirty-three and a third per cent that people save. I never could understand how they figure it out so fine.

"Now I'll tell you what you do," he went on. "I'll tell Prentiss you're coming. Now you be at the office at a quarter to nine—those places open up around nine o'clock. All you do is to let him introduce you ——"

I fell. What could I do in the face of such friendship? I got there at a quarter to nine promptly, and Prentiss came in promptly at 9:12. After about ten minutes, during which he failed to notice me, I decided to introduce myself.

"Ah—Kaufman?" I muttered.

"Huh?"

"Mr. Blumenfeld said ——"

"Oh, yes!" We shook hands enthusiastically. "Now, let's see—you wanted to buy some furniture, didn't you?"

"Well, yes. Mr. Blumenfeld said ——"

"Sure—that's fine! Ah—porch swing, wasn't it?"

"Beds."

"Oh, really?" It seemed to put him out a good deal. "You can't use nothing in the way of porch furniture, eh?"

I explained that we were moving into an apartment the following month, and that we had decided that beds would be just the thing for the bedroom. More homelike, I said.

"Yes—yes, I see your point. That's too bad. As a matter of fact I was just going around to some wicker-furniture places today. I don't suppose you could come tomorrow? No? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—as a special favor I'll go around to some other places first."

"I don't want to put you out if ——"

"Oh, that's all right. Only I'm sorta sorry you came today ——"

We found the first place on the eleventh floor of a loft building, just seventeen short blocks from the office.

"They don't make no finer bedroom stuff than these people," said Prentiss during the week that it took to go up in the elevator. "Of course they ain't supposed to sell retail, but you can pretend to be a buyer. And let me do the talking."

"Mr. Schwartz in?" he inquired as the door was opened for us. "Oh, hello, Schwartz! How's the boy? What

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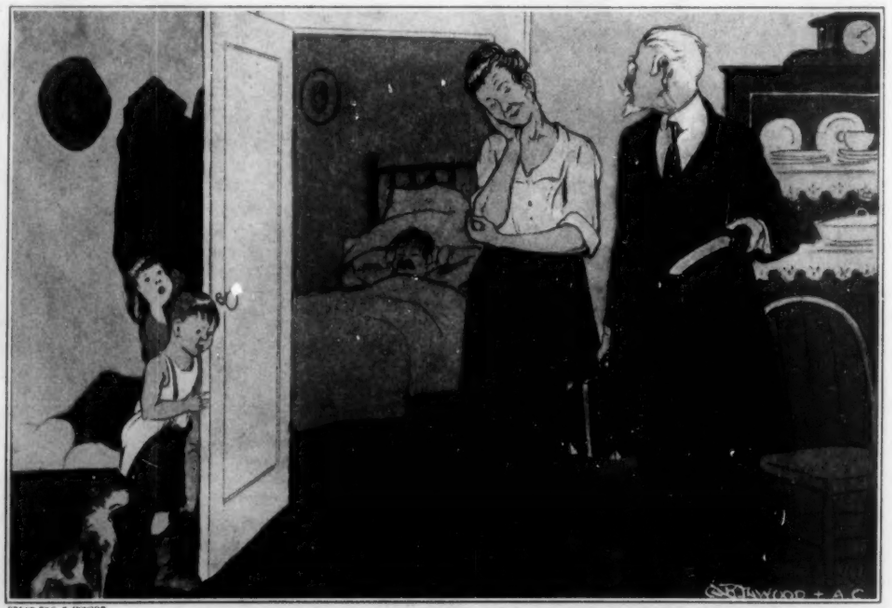

Doctor—"Remember, Mrs. Peet, You Must Not Let Anything Worry Your Husband."
"Would it be All Right, Doctor, to Ast Him for a Dollar Direckly Afther He Has His Tonic?"

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

"Some appetite" is surely right!
Here's Campbell's Soup to greet it.
And with this spoon we'll show you soon
The proper way to eat it!

Some appetite!

You'll know you have it when a fragrant, tempting plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup is placed before you! Your appetite may have been indifferent before, but it will sparkle at the very sight and the taste of this delicious blend of all that is tonic and tasty in luscious Jersey tomatoes.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is made from the finest fruit that grows—sun-ripened aristocrats of the vines, laden with juiciness. We use only the pure tomato juices and the fruity parts strained to a rich, smooth puree, made richer still by butter such as you serve on your own table. A soup so appetizing and refreshing that you never tire of it!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Wonderful tomato sauce all ready to serve!

Campbell's Tomato Soup is used by thousands of dainty housewives as an appetizing and delightful sauce for meats, fish and salads and to give extra tastiness to spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

THE VAN ROON

By J. C. Snaith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"The Picture is Not Mine," She Sobbed. "It Doesn't Belong to Me"

LII

THE old man, contrary to his practice, was a little late for the midday meal, and he had a poor appetite for it. As he tried to eat the cold mutton and the potato William had baked for him his thoughts seemed a long way from his plate. William himself, who was too full of trouble to give much attention to food, now saw that the old man's earlier ferocity, which had hurt him even more than it had puzzled him, had yielded to a depth of melancholy that was hardly less disturbing. But the master's manner on his return from the visit to Mr. Thornton was far more in accordance with his nature, at least as William understood that nature; indeed his voice had recaptured the note of pathos which seemed natural to it whenever the Van Roon was mentioned.

"I ought to tell you, boy," he said in a husky tone towards the end of the meal, "that it looks as if there'll be the dickens to pay over this job. A French detective from Paris has been here, and he's coming again this afternoon to have a word with you."

"With me, sir?"

The old man, whose eyes were furtively devouring the face of William, was quick to observe its startled look.

"Yes, boy, you're the one he wants to see. The Loov authorities have managed to get wind of this Van Roon of ours, and they say it's the feller they've been looking for since 1898."

Easy to gull, William in some respects was; yet he could not help thinking that the French Government took a little too much for granted. "I think so too; but there it is," said the old man. "They have to prove the Van Roon is theirs, and that won't be easy, as I told the detective this morning. But I understand that the question of identity turns upon certain marks, as well as upon similarity of subject."

William allowed that the subject had an undoubted similarity to that of the picture stolen from the Louvre; but then, as he explained, every known Van Roon had a strong family likeness. In size they varied little, and they always depicted trees, water, clouds, and in some cases a windmill.

"Ours, I believe, had no windmill."

"No, sir; only water and trees, and a wonderful bit of cloud."

"I understand," said the old man mournfully, "that the one that was stolen from the Loov had no windmill."

"The other one in the Louvre has no windmill; there are two at Amsterdam that have no windmill; and there's one at The Hague, I believe, that hasn't a windmill."

"Maybe. These are all points in our favor. But, as I say, the whole question will turn upon certain identification marks, and this French detective is coming here this afternoon to examine it. So it seems to me the best thing you can do is to go off at once and get it back from that hussy; because you can take it from me, boy, that we are going to be held responsible for the picture's safety by the French police; and if when the detective calls again all we have to say is that it has vanished like magic, and we are unable to produce it, we may easily find ourselves in the lockup."

This speech, worded with care and uttered with weight, had the effect of increasing William's distress.

"If only I knew where Miss June was, sir," he said miserably.

The old man, with the fragment of caution still left to him, was able to refrain from giving William the lie. Effort was needed to forbear, since he was quite unable to accept the open and palpable fact that his assistant was in complete ignorance of June's whereabouts.

S. Gedge, Antiques, was in the toils of a powerful and dangerous obsession. He was sure that William was lying. Just as in the first instance the young man had given the picture to the hussy, he was now in collusion with her in an audacious attempt to dispose of it. S. Gedge, Antiques, was not in a frame of mind to sift, to analyze, to ask questions; it seemed natural and convenient to embrace such a theory and, urged by the demon within, he was now building blindly upon it.

About three o'clock William was engaged in the lumber room putting derelict pieces of furniture to rights, when his master came with a long and serious face and said that the French detective wanted to see him. William put on his coat and followed the old man into the shop, where he found two persons awaiting him. With only one of these was William acquainted. Mr. Thornton was well known to him by sight, but he had not seen before the French dealer, M. Duponnet.

With a nice sense of drama on the part of S. Gedge, Antiques, the Frenchman was now made known to William as M. Duplay, of the Paris police.

Midway between a snuffle and a groan the old man, raising his eyes in the direction of heaven, besought his assistant to tell mussewer all that he knew as to the picture's whereabouts.

William, alas, knew no more than his master, and he found no difficulty in saying so. He was not believed, since the old man had had no scruples in the blackening of his character, and the Frenchman, with a skillful assumption of the manner of an official, which the others solemnly played up to, proceeded to threaten the assistant with the terrors of the law.

The French Government was convinced, from the description which had been given of the Van Roon by those who had seen it, that there could be little doubt it was their long-missing property. Such being the case, the police were willing to allow the young man only another twenty-four hours in which to produce it for examination. If he failed to do that within the time specified a warrant would be applied for, and he might find himself in prison.

In the face of this intimidation William stuck to his story. He knew no more than the dead where the picture was; Miss June, to whom it had been given, had suddenly disappeared with it the previous night.

"Who is Mees June?" said the Frenchman sharply.

Miss June was the niece of Mr. Gedge.

"And he gave the picture to her?"

The disappointed buyer, who felt that his suspicions in the matter were being confirmed, looked keenly from the young man to the old.

"No, sir," said William with the utmost simplicity; "I gave it to her myself."

There was a pause, in which astonishment played its part, and then Mr. Thornton gravely interposed:

"How do you mean, you gave her the picture? It isn't yours to give. It is the property of your master."

"You are forgetting, boy," said the old man in a voice in which oil and vinegar were wonderfully mingled, "that I would not allow my niece to have such a valuable thing, and that you then made it over to me to dispose of to the best advantage."

"I gave it to Miss June," persisted the young man simply, "but I told her that, as you had set your heart upon it, I hoped very much she would be willing to let you have it."

While this odd conversation went on the two dealers exchanged glances. Both were greatly puzzled. They were at one in being a little suspicious of the absolute bona fides of S. Gedge, Antiques. Either this was a very clumsy method of establishing them or there was more behind the picture's disappearance than met the eye.

S. Gedge, Antiques, whose brain was working at high pressure, was not slow to read their minds. He closed the discussion with a brevity that yet was not lacking altogether in persuasion. "There's no time, boy, to go into all that," he said. "The girl's gone off with the picture, and wherever she's to be found you must go right away and get it back from her, and bring it here to me, or we may both find ourselves in the lockup. That is so, Mussewer Duplay—what?" And with a lively gesture the old fox turned to the Frenchman.

Puzzled that gentleman certainly was, yet he heartily agreed. If the Van Roon was not produced within the next four and twenty hours a warrant would be issued. Impatience was just beginning to show itself in the bearing of Messrs. Duponnet and Thornton when the affair took a new and remarkable turn.

LIII

A TALL man, quietly dressed, wearing a silk hat and an eyeglass, with a pleasant air of authority, came into the shop.

For a moment he stood by the door, a rather cool gaze fixed upon the group of four; and then, an odd mingling of alertness and caution in his manner, he advanced to the proprietor.

"May I have a word with you?" said the visitor with an air of apology for the benefit of the others, whom he included in a smile that expressed little.

"Certainly you may, Sir Arthur," said S. Gedge, Antiques, an odd change coming into his tone.

Taken by surprise the old man had been slow to reckon up the situation; he was not able to detach himself from the group and lead the rather unwelcome visitor out of earshot before that gentleman had divulged the business that had brought him there.

"You must be anxious about your niece, Mr. Gedge," said Sir Arthur, who saw no need for secrecy.

The old man was very anxious indeed.

"You've heard from the hospital, of course?"

It seemed that the old man had heard nothing; and Sir Arthur was proceeding to deplore this oversight when William, whose ear had caught the sinister word "hospital," came forward.

"Oh, sir, what has happened to Miss June?" he cried. "Tell me—please!"

Sir Arthur, his mission concrete in his mind, brought a cool eye to bear upon the young man before he slowly replied, "She has had a mental breakdown, and we were able to arrange for her to be taken late last night to St. Jude's Hospital." He then turned to the old man, who had either grasped the news more slowly or was less affected by it, and said: "It's a case for careful treatment, in the opinion of the doctor who saw her soon after she arrived at my house, and upon his advice she was sent to the hospital. I am very sorry now that I did not communicate with you myself!"

It was the young man, however, as Sir Arthur did not fail to notice, who seemed really to be troubled as to what

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Holland Matches America's High Regard for the Hupmobile

HOLLAND and America are as far apart as the poles in temperament and general attitude of mind.

Yet they are as one where the Hupmobile is concerned.

Conservative, cautious—Holland has learned to have the same appreciation and regard for the Hupmobile that America has.

Sometimes we are inclined to believe that our characteristic American impulsiveness tends to color and heighten our enthusiasms.

But our mail from Holland reveals a Hupmobile enthusiasm as deep and fervent as you will find anywhere in America.

There is in Holland the same companionship of Hupmobile ownership that you encounter in Texas or Nebraska, Maine or Minnesota.

Our domestic mail is continually bringing us evidence of owner-satisfaction, and the same story keeps coming in from Holland.

These Dutch owners are not favored as we are. They must leave their own country for extended touring.

They drive in France and Italy. They cross the high passes of the Alps.

Thus they put the Hupmobile to all the tests of endurance and reliability and sheer power that it meets here at home.

And their verdict is the same.

The Hupmobile is a splendid climber. It rarely gives trouble. Long trips are made with the speed and regularity of railroad travel. It seldom needs more than ordinary care. Its costs are low. And it gives satisfaction.

So we learn anew, by way of Holland, the things we are familiar with through our own experiences.

It should be a matter of pride and a cause for satisfaction to Hupmobile owners in America to know that Hupmobile owners across the ocean think of their car in the same terms of admiration and regard that they do.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

The Hupmobile Serves in Holland as Efficiently as in America

I have now driven my Hupmobile exactly 20,625 miles, without ever having had any trouble on the road. My chauffeur told me when I asked him about it, "The Hupmobile is a car which I would strongly recommend to families who do not have a chauffeur, as it is absolutely dependable. It has proved to be a good mountain climber. Changing of gears is very seldom necessary. The running expenses are very low."

Baron Tafts van Amerongen van Woudenberg,
Villa Landeck.

During the year and a half I have had my Hupmobile, it has never refused service and I have had absolutely no repair costs. Dr. A. Both, Amsterdam.

There may be more expensive cars than the Hupmobile, but it would be hard to find a more dependable and handier car. The car is always satisfied with a little gas, oil and water. In 6,875 miles, my repair costs, including tires, are not worth mentioning.

H. A. G. Bensman, Hilversum.

Though I am not familiar with the construction and treatment of motors, I have driven my Hupmobile almost 6,250 miles; also over heavy mountain roads (Ardennes); have never had the slightest trouble, and never needed repairs.

H. P. van Heukelon, Amsterdam.

A long time ago I told you the admiration I had for the Hupmobile in comparison with other makes I have driven. Now that many more kilometers have been driven, I can tell you that my enthusiasm for the car is greater yet. I hope to keep my car many years longer under the motto: "Point a better one out to me."

F. Prins, Hilversum.

For six years I have daily used the Hupmobile, as country physician, and the car is as good as in the beginning. I have driven her more than 31,250 miles over the worst roads in Brabant, roads which are absolutely impossible in winter for many other cars. But my car goes over the worst roads in the worst weather.

Dr. J. L. Lobach, Udenhout.

The Hupmobile has been run now twenty-one months and 14,291 miles. The tire mileage is very high. She still takes every hill in this neighborhood on high. The motor is absolutely dependable.

J. Frower, Oorsprong-Oosterbeek.

I am absolutely content with the Hupmobile. The capacities are exceptional, and in the two years that I have had this automobile, I have never been stuck on the road. The car runs smoothly and the wear is minimum.

J. De Wit, Utrecht.

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 24)

had befallen this unfortunate girl. S. Gedge, Antiques, for his part, soon showed that his inmost thoughts were centered upon something else.

"Can you tell me, sir," he said with an excitement he made no effort to conceal, "whether the picture she took away with her is quite safe?"

Sir Arthur looked hard at the old man before he answered, "Quite, Mr. Gedge. The picture is perfectly safe."

"Thank God!" The exclamation of S. Gedge, Antiques, was not the less heartfelt for being involuntary.

"And Miss June?" interposed William huskily. "Is she—is she ——" He was too upset to frame his question.

"She is very ill indeed, I'm afraid," said Sir Arthur in a kind tone, "but she is in the best possible hands. Anything that can be done for her will be done—I am sure you can count upon that."

"Is she going to die?"

Sir Arthur shook his head. "When I last rang up the hospital I asked that question, but they will not give an opinion. They prefer not to commit themselves."

Tears gathered slowly in William's eyes. Conscience was pricking him sharply. Had he not brought this unlucky picture into the house, such a terrible thing would not have occurred.

William's brief talk with the visitor, whose unheralded appearance upon the scene was by no means welcome to S. Gedge, Antiques, gave his master a much-needed opportunity to decide upon the course of action. The two dealers knew now that the Van Roon was safe, but as far as William and Sir Arthur were concerned the situation was full of complexity. Much cunning would be needed to smooth out the tangle; and to this end, as the old man promptly realized, the first thing to be done was to induce the Frenchman and his agent to quit the shop.

"You hear, mussewer, that the picture is safe," he said to the buyer soapily. "I will go at once and get it from this gentleman. If you will come in again tomorrow morning it shall be ready for you."

M. Duponnet seemed inclined to await further developments, but S. Gedge, Antiques, had no scruples about giving his fellow conspirators their congé. Without more ado he ushered both dealers gently but firmly to the door. This new turn in the game had made them keenly curious to learn more of the affair, yet they realized that they were on thin ice themselves, and the peremptory manner of S. Gedge, Antiques, enforced that view.

"Tomorrow morning, gentlemen—come and see me then!" he said, opening the shop door determinedly and waiting for these inconvenient visitors to pass out.

This task accomplished, the old man had to deal with one more delicate: the removal from the minds of William and Sir Arthur Babraham of all suspicion in regard to himself. He came to them with his most sanctimonious air.

"I can't tell you, sir," he assured Sir Arthur, "what a relief it is to know that my niece is in good hands. But I am afraid she is a very wicked girl."

Then he turned abruptly to William and said in a low tone that he wished to have a private conversation with Sir Arthur.

For once, however, the young man showed less than his usual docility. He was most eager to learn all that had happened to June, and to gain a clew, if possible, to her strange conduct; besides, the painful change in his master now filled him with distrust.

Sir Arthur was quick to note the reluctance of the younger man; and even if the nature of the case would compel him in the end to take the word of the proprietor against that of the servant, he was influenced already, in spite of himself, by that open simplicity of manner which had had such an effect upon his daughter.

"Is there anything, Mr. Gedge, we have to say to one another which this young man may not hear?" he said quietly; and then, as the old dealer did not immediately reply, he added coolly, "I think not." Turning to William he said, "Please stay with us. There are one or two questions I have to put which I hope you will be good enough to answer."

This did not suit the book of S. Gedge, Antiques, but he decided to play a bold game.

"I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness in taking care of the picture," he said with a smirk to his visitor. "As you know, it is a thing of great value. Had anything happened to it the loss would have been terrible. Perhaps you will allow me to go at once and fetch it, for I don't mind telling you, sir, that until I get it back again my mind will not be easy."

Sir Arthur looked narrowly at the face of unpleasant cunning before him, and then he said very quietly, "I am sorry to have to tell you, Mr. Gedge, that your niece claims the picture as her property."

The old man was prepared for a development which he had been able to foresee.

"I am afraid she is a very wicked girl," he said in the tone of a known good man whose feelings are deeply wounded. "I ask you, sir, is it likely that a thing of such immense value would belong to her?"

Sir Arthur had to agree that it was not, yet remembering his daughter's deep conviction on the subject he was careful to assert June's claim.

"Moonshine, I assure you, sir."

Sir Arthur, however, did not regard this as conclusive. In the light of what had happened he felt it to be his duty to seek a clear proof of the picture's ownership; therefore he now turned to William and told him that the girl in the hospital declared that he had given her the Van Roon. A plain statement of fact was demanded, and in the face of so direct an appeal the young man did not hesitate to give one. Originally the picture was his property, but a week ago he had given it to his master's niece.

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Gedge?" asked Sir Arthur.

The heart of William seemed to miss a beat while he waited painfully for the answer to this question. To one of his primitive nature his whole life seemed to turn upon the old man's next words; and a kind of slow agony overcame him as he realized what these words were in all their cynical wickedness.

"The Van Roon is mine, sir," said S. Gedge, Antiques, in a calm voice. "It was bought with my money."

Sir Arthur fixed upon the stupefied William an interrogating eye. In his own mind he felt sure that this must be the fact of the matter, yet it was hard to believe that a young man who seemed to be openness itself was deliberately lying. "What do you say?" he asked.

William was too shocked to say anything. His master took a full advantage of the pause that followed.

"Come, boy," he said in a tone of kindly expostulation, "you know as well as I do that you were given the money to buy a few things down in Suffolk in the ordinary way of business on your week's holiday, and that this little thing was one of your purchases."

Sadly the young man shook his head. The cold falsehood was heavier upon him than a blow from the old man's fist would have been; yet it roused him to the point of blunt denial. Quite simply he set forth the true facts:

"The master gave me twenty pounds to attend a sale by auction at Loseby Grange, Saxmundham, and I bought things to the value of twenty pounds one and ninepence."

In a voice which was a nice mingling of humor and pathos the old man interposed: "This picture, which I admit was bought for a song, as the saying is, was among them."

"No, sir," said William. "I bought this picture with my own money from an old woman in a shop at Crowdham Market."

So much for the issue, which now was quite clearly defined. Sir Arthur, however, could only regret that the supremely difficult task of keeping the scales of justice true had devolved upon him.

"What did you pay for the picture, may I ask?"

"Five shillings," said William unhesitatingly.

"Five shillings?"

"It was as black as night when I bought it, sir, with a still life, which must have been at least two hundred years old, daubed over it."

"Black enough, I allow," said the old man, "but it can't alter the fact that the picture's mine."

"Let me be quite clear on one point," said Sir Arthur. "You maintain, Mr. Gedge, that the picture was bought at a sale with your money, and this young man declares it was bought at a shop with his."

"That is so," said the old man.

"Do you happen to have kept a list of the things that were bought at the sale?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid I haven't one."

Here, however, the old man's memory was at fault, and this material fact William went on to prove. Under the counter was a file containing a mass of receipted bills, and from among these the young man was able to produce a document which told heavily in his favor. It was a list of his purchases at Loseby Grange, carefully written out, with the sum paid opposite each item, and at the foot of it, immediately beneath the figures "£20.1.9," was written in a rather shaky but businesslike hand, "Audited and found correct. S. Gedge."

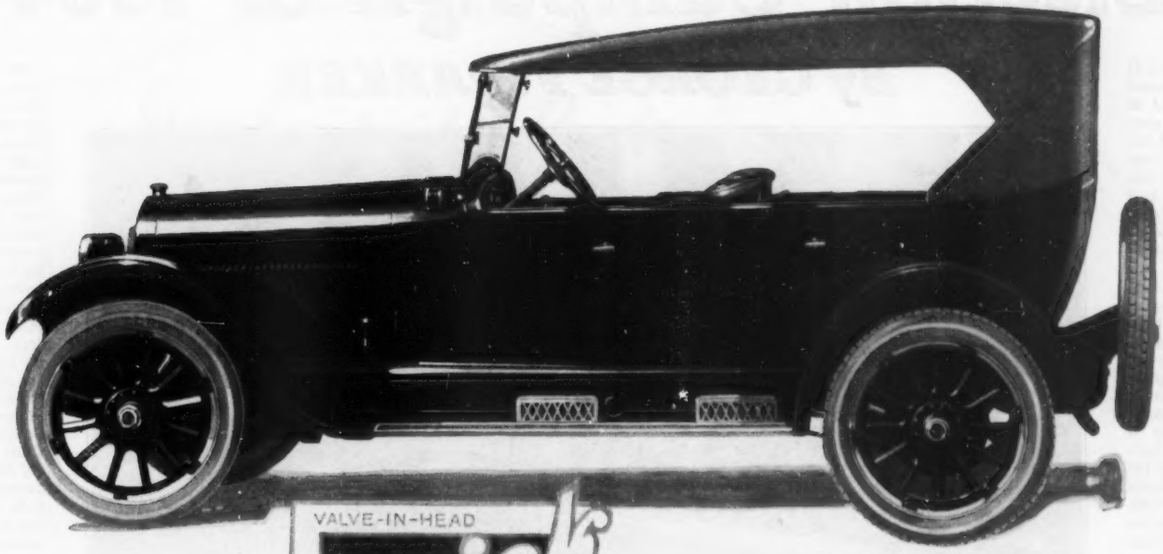
This lucky discovery went some way towards establishing William's case. The paper contained no mention of a picture, other than a print after Bartolozzi, which William took at once from the shop window. Finished dissembler as he was, the old man could not conceal the fact that he was shaken, but like a gambler with a fortune at stake he hastily changed his tactics. He began now to pooh-pooh the receipt and declared that even if his unfortunate memory had played him a trick as to where the picture had been actually bought it did not affect the contention that it had been purchased with his money.

Sir Arthur Babraham in his search for the truth could not help contrasting the bearing of the claimants. Avarice was engraved deeply upon the yellow-parchment countenance of S. Gedge, Antiques, whereas so open was the face

(Continued on Page 60)

She Found All Too Soon, However, That It Was Vain to Argue With Him. What He Had Given, He Had Given. As Far as He Was Concerned That Was the End of the Whole Matter

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Standard of Comparison

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS for 1923

A New Model of a Famous Car

The new Buick is the finest car that has ever borne this famous name. The new six-cylinder five-passenger touring car, like its predecessors, brings new features of superiority consistent with Buick progress.

First glance reveals its new beauty—the low graceful lines of body and top, the heavy one-piece crowned fenders, the drum headlamps and parking lamps, the nickeled beading where cowl meets hood.

The front compartment with its low tilted seat and extra leg room offers greater comfort and driving convenience. The steering wheel is placed at the proper angle for effortless steering, the control levers are longer, the handsomely equipped instrument board is within easy reach.

In the rear compartment, as in the front, the low luxurious seat invites relaxation and the passenger finds himself surrounded with every provision for his comfort.

More important still, the new Buick is superior in performance. It is perhaps the easiest-riding car of the day, due to a distinctive development in spring construction. In speed, power and flexibility, it reflects important changes and far-reaching improvements in motor, clutch, body and frame construction.

The 1923 six-cylinder five-passenger Buick has all the traditional Buick merit with the added excellencies of another year's progress. It is a greater model of a famous car.

Other items of equipment are the transmission lock, cowl ventilator, windshield wiper, nickeled scuff plates on running boards, curtain compartment in back of rear seat, nickeled footrest brackets, beveled plate glass in rear curtain, new type side curtains with signal pocket, leather-covered robe rail with nickeled brackets, etc.

Fourteen models, both Fours and Sixes, comprise the new Buick line for 1923.

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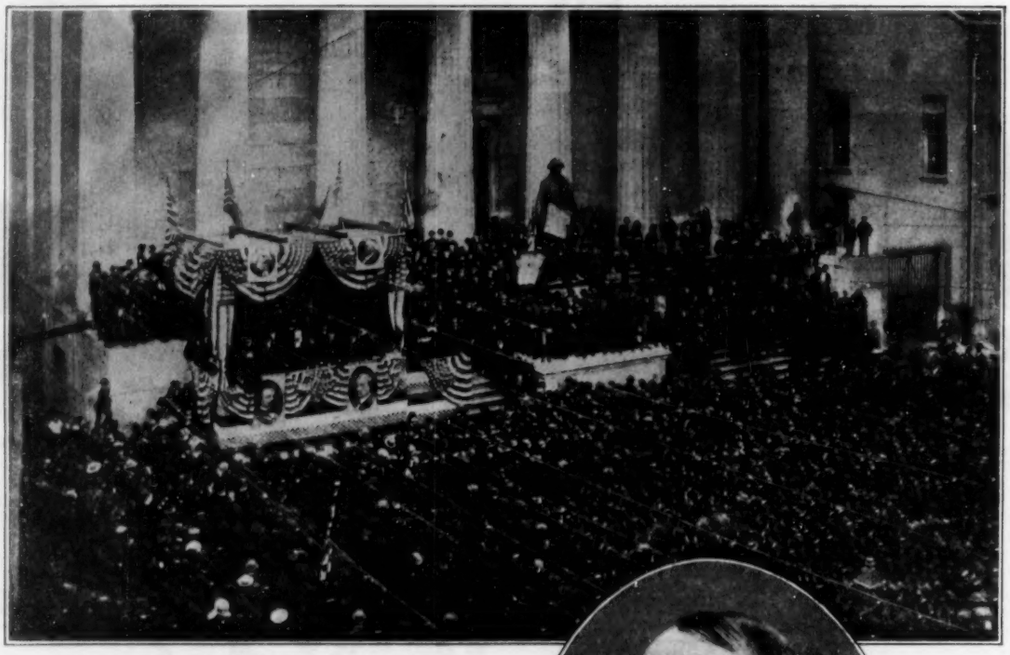
The Cleveland Nomination and Election Campaign of 1884

By GEORGE F. PARKER

IT WOULD have seemed logical so to combine the governorship and the next step in Cleveland's career—the nomination and election for President in 1884—as to make one story in two parts. But when tried this was found impossible, because they did not really fit together. The one was a great executive place in which he found himself without design on his part or serious thought of his future. He thus persisted in his work as governor, as he did in everything else, with only a remote thought about what he was to do afterwards. It is true that if he had not made his way into the one place his friends could not have hopefully entered upon the contest for the other, which in point of time was to run parallel with part of it; but that the governorship was closely related to the presidency did not trouble him.



A Meeting of Business Men in Wall Street for Cleveland and Hendricks, October 9, 1884

Thus when his friends undertook to urge his claims upon his party by putting him before the country it was not an easy task. Here was a man who neither could nor would, in the accepted way, do anything for himself—that is, by giving in here or there, by courting or favoring some man, interest or class; by avowing new purposes; by vaunting his own claims himself or permitting others to do so; or by promising to do or even to consider anything outside the line of duty. In these matters he was wholly incorrigible. He was even more. He was all the time doing things which under ordinary considerations would react against himself and the claims of his friends. If he was desired to pay special attention to this or that man purely for political reasons, to promote his own ambitions or those of his friends, he was absolutely sure, often in positive terms, to decline to deal with it. He would not meet this or that man, editors or others, unless he had business with them.

Magnificent, But Not Politics

HE WENT out of his way, with apparent deliberation, to make an enemy of one great editor by refusing to nominate a suggested worthy man to a purely honorary place in the militia, and aroused in another editor a suspicion which hardened into jealousy by declining to pay him certain social courtesies. He gave no reason except that back of the familiar quatrain about Doctor Fell. This was magnificent and evinced great independence but, looked at in the ordinary way, it was not politics. His friends and supporters, however, were forced to take him at his own measurement; but that it made their work hard was something he never thought of, because he could not be induced to interest himself in what they wanted him to do.

As an example of how little he would do to help, Mr. Peter B. Olney, then district attorney of New York County, tells how one day in May, 1884, when in Albany on official business, he called at the executive office to pay his respects to the governor, to whom he said, "It looks to me very much as if it was going to be almost impossible for you to escape the nomination for the presidency."

The governor's reply was:

"I do not see that there is any likelihood of this. In the first place, I have here my work, which I like. You and my friends know how I am absorbed in it. I have not the least power for helping myself in politics and, I am thankful to say, almost less than no gift. Besides, I do not agree with either you or them, as I do not think I am prepared for the presidency. A great many questions are to be considered there to which I have given almost no study, in which I have had no experience and thus no opportunity to acquire real knowledge. Now, for instance, there is the tariff question, about which I know next to nothing. Though I have kept myself in touch in a general way with the principles and policies of my party, I do not feel that I should be asked to deal with such a great and complicated problem, especially as it is likely to be the most vital that will come up for consideration.

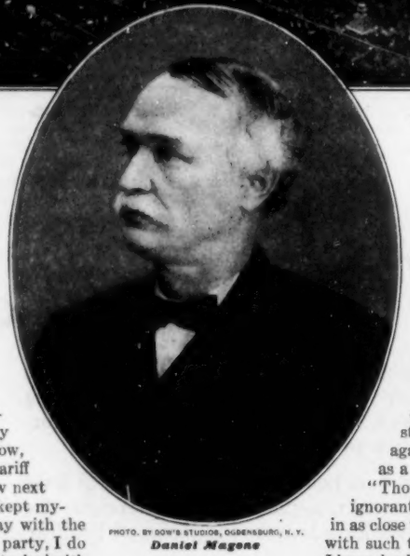


PHOTO. BY DOW'S STUDIOS, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

Daniel Magone

"No, I do not think lightning will strike me. From what I can see and know, I still believe, and that very strongly, as I have for a long time, that Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware is the ideal candidate both for the party and the country. Having this feeling, and being deeply impressed with its correctness, I shall make no effort whatever, so far as I am personally concerned, to become a candidate before the coming convention to be held in Chicago."

As late as June twenty-eighth the governor wrote to a friend in the South:

"I feel that I now occupy in my own state a position high enough for all my ambitions, and one in which I have hoped that I could do some good for the people and to my own party. I am seeking no other office and think that above all things the people should have their way in this matter."

This declaration was made only ten days before the meeting of the nominating convention.

This was the position that he uniformly assumed. No man, however close to him, could make him think that he was a candidate for President, while all the party forces in the country would have found themselves powerless to arouse him from this political lethargy. He was simply built that way, and his friends had to adjust themselves to conditions as they found them. Not only did Mr. Cleveland assume this attitude at the time, but during the remainder of his life he emphasized his feelings about it in many conversations.

Modesty

"I WAS absolutely and wholly indifferent in the matter of the nomination for the presidency. There was no affectation on my part in the position that I took, as I did not feel that I had the training and experience to fit me for this great task. My knowledge of the men in my own party, even in the state, to say nothing of the country, was meager, and, though I regretted the fact, I never pretended to anything else. It seemed to me nearly inexcusable that I should aspire to such a place. The presence in my party of men like Bayard, Thurman, Hendricks, Randall, Carlisle, Hoadley and other well-trained and experienced statesmen seemed to me assurance against my being seriously considered as a candidate.

"Though I did not look upon myself as ignorant of conditions, because I had kept in as close touch as a private individual could with such things, still I did not assume that I knew leading men and the details of national questions of such vital importance. I had never been accustomed to take on any responsibilities for which I did not feel myself fairly competent, and so far as the presidency was concerned I had no such feeling because I never thought of it. Coming up quickly, as I had, out of the ordinary work and duties of citizenship, it seemed to me little less than presumptuous that, after I had been only a year or two in public life, I should be thought of for such a lofty place.

"I may, however, say that the loftiness of the place did not stagger me so much as the enormous responsibilities that went with it. Even in later years, after I have passed through four years of these duties, I have the same feeling. I wondered, and I still wonder, how I could have been induced, even with the pressure that was brought to bear, to assume them. I never looked upon myself as fated to such a place. That is an idea which never appealed to me. Though I am a Presbyterian and am thus pretty well grounded in my Calvinism, I certainly do not believe that men are predestined to be Presidents or governors or the holders of other important places in which the interests of many human beings must be considered."

(Continued on Page 31)

Milk at its Best

In Pet Milk you get all the richness of the finest sweet milk concentrated into a form which is convenient and economical to use. Undiluted Pet is fine as cream. Diluted, one pint of Pet equals two pints of extra rich milk or three pints of ordinary cooking milk.

For all cooking, Pet Milk is excellent. Try it today and be convinced. The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry), General Offices, St. Louis, Mo.

TRY THIS APPLE COTTAGE PUDDING

4 or 5 tart apples
1/4 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1/3 cup Pet Milk diluted with 2/3 cup water
2 1/4 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder

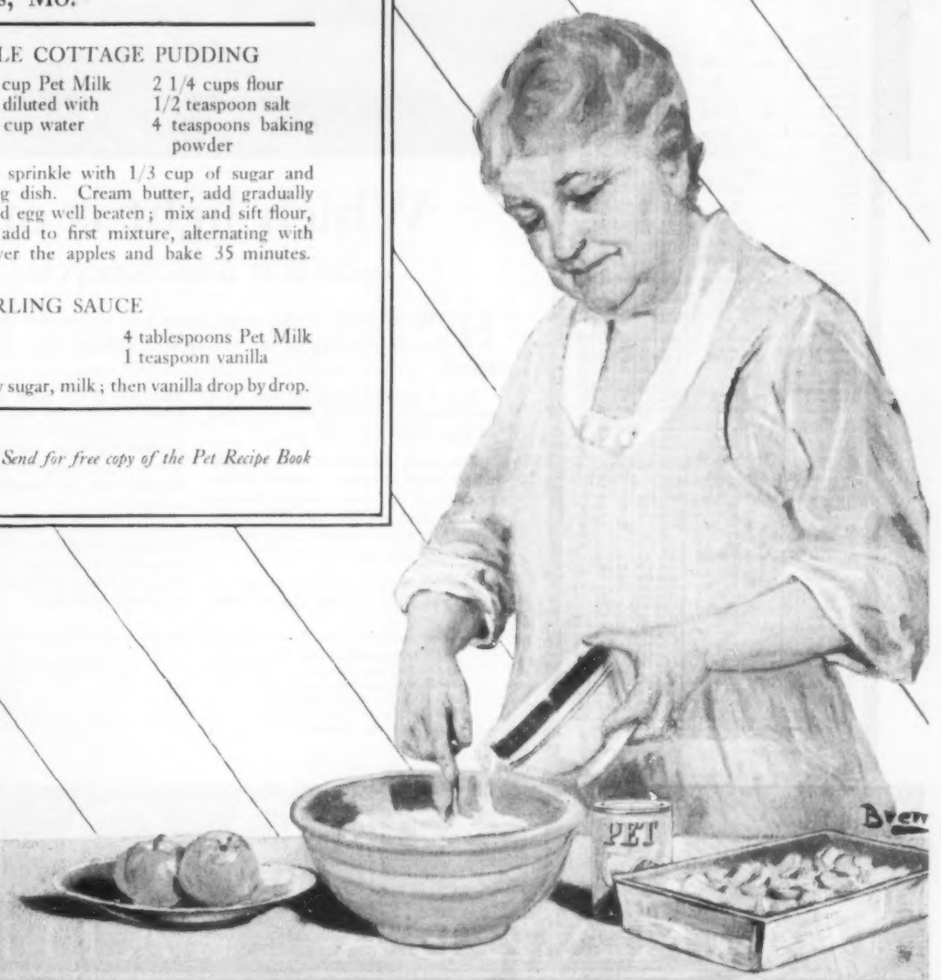
Cut apples in thin slices, sprinkle with 1/3 cup of sugar and arrange in buttered baking dish. Cream butter, add gradually 2/3 cup of sugar, then add egg well beaten; mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; add to first mixture, alternating with the milk, then pour it over the apples and bake 35 minutes. Serve with Sterling Sauce.

STERLING SAUCE

1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
4 tablespoons Pet Milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add gradually sugar, milk; then vanilla drop by drop.

Send for free copy of the Pet Recipe Book



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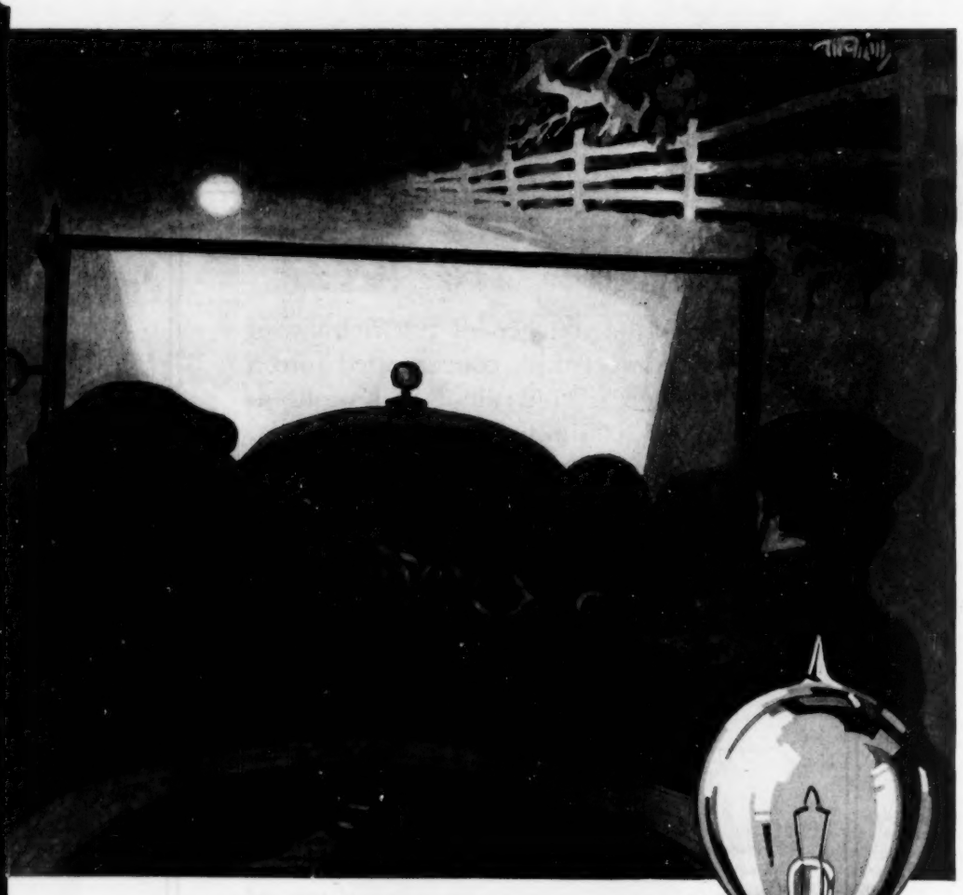
Ask for them by name and MAZDA Lamp number: look on the base to make sure that you have been given a genuine Edison MAZDA Lamp, and the number you asked for.

EDISON MAZDA LAMP NUMBERS

Car	Year Model	Head Lights	Aux. Motor	Tail	Dash
Apperson	all	1129	63	63	63
Auburn	'18, '19	1129	..	63	63
Auburn	'20	1129	85	..	63
Auburn	'21, '22	1129	85	..	63
Bour Davis	all	1129	63	..	63
Buick	all	1129	63	63	63
Cadillac	all	1129	..	63	61
Chalmers	all	1129	63	..	63
Chandler	all	1129	63	63	63
	'18 (FA & FB)				
Chevrolet	'19, '20	1129	..	63	63
Chevrolet	all other '18 models	1130	..	63	63
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129	..	..	63
Cleveland	all	1129	..	63	63
Cole	'18	1129	..	63	61
Cole	'19, '20	1129	63	..	63
Cole	'20	1129	63	..	63
Cole	'21	1129	85	..	63
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63
Cunningham	'22	1129	..	64	64
Dodge	all	1141	..	..	67
Dort	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63
Dort	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Elgin	all	1129	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	63	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Ford	'18, '19	1130	..	..	..
Ford	'20	1129	63	..	63
Ford	'21 models with coil for dimming	1129	..	..	63
Ford	'21 models without coil for dimming	1158	..	..	63
Ford	'22 models equipped with starter	1158	..	..	63
Ford	'22 models not equipped with starter	1126	..	..	..
Franklin	all	1142	66	..	64
Gardner	all	1129	..	..	63
Grant	all	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20, '21 (except 47 and 48)	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'21 (47 and 48) '22	1129	85	63	63
Hoinos	'19	1142	66	..	64
Holmes	'20, '21	1142	66	..	66
Holmes	'22	1141	67	..	67
Hudson	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	61
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Hupmobile	all	1129	63	63	63
Jordan	all	1129	63	63	63
King	all	1129	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19, '20	1130	..	..	64
Kissel	'21	1129	63	..	63
Kline Kar	'18, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63
Kline Kar	'19, '22	1129	..	..	63
Lexington	all	1129	66	..	63
Liberty	all	1129	66	..	63
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	..	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21	1129	63	..	63
Locomobile	'22	1129	85	..	63
McFarlan Six	'18, '19, '20, '23	1129	63	63	64
McFarlan Six	'21	1129	63	64	63
Marmon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63
Marmon	'21, '22	1129	85	..	63
Maxwell	'18, '19, '20 (12V)	1141	67	..	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 Volt)	1129	63	..	63
Mercer	'18	1141	..	67	67
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Mitchell	'18 (E 40) '19	1130	..	..	63
Mitchell	other 18 models	1130	..	..	64
Mitchell	'20	1129	..	..	63
Mitchell	'21, '22	1129	..	64	63
Moon	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	..	63
Moon	'22	1129	63	..	63
Nash	all	1129	63	63	63
National	'19	1129	63	..	63
National	'18, '20	1129	63	..	63
National	'21, '22	1129	85	..	63
Noma	'21, '23	1129	..	63	63
Oakland	all	1129	63	..	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	..	63
Oldsmobile	'22	1129	63	..	63
Overland	'18 touring cars	1129	..	63	61
Overland	'18 other models	1130	..	64	..
Overland	'19 (80)	1130	..	..	61
Overland	'19 (80ST) '21, '23	1129	..	..	61
Overland	'20 (4)	1129	..	..	64
Packard	'19, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Packard	'21, '22 (116)	1129	85	63	63
Packard	'21 (335)	1129	85	63	63
Packard	'22 (Twin Six)	1129	85	63	63
Paige	all	1129	63	63	64
Peerless	all	1129	63	..	63
Pierce-Arrow	all	1129	63	63	63
Premier	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63
Premier	'21	1129	85	64	63
Premier	'22	1129	85	..	63
Reo	'18, '19	1130	..	..	63
Reo	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	..	63
Roamer	'18	1129	..	63	63
Roamer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Saxon	all	1129	63	63	63
Scripps Booth	'19, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63
Scripps Booth	'21	1129	..	63	64
Standard	'18, '19	1130	64	64	64
Standard	'20	1129	63	63	63
Standard	'21	1129	85	..	63
Stearns-Knight	'18, '19, '20	1141	..	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'21	1141	67	..	67
Stearns-Knight	'22	1141	67	..	67
Stephens	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63
Stephens	'22	1129	64	63	63
Studebaker	all	1129	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Stutz	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	63	63
Velie	'20	1129	63	..	63
Velie	'21, '22	1129	85	..	63
Westcott	'18, '19, '20, '21 Sedan	1129	63	..	61
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	85	..	63
Willys-Knight	'18, '19, '20	Same as Overland			
Willys-Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	..	61
Winton	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63
Winton	'21, '22	1129	85	..	63

YOUR DEALER or garage man has a book which specifies the proper Edison MAZDA Lamps for other cars in addition to those listed above.



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MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1129, 1130	40 cents each
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MAZDA Lamp Number 1126	40 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1158	45 cents each

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(Continued from Page 28)

This declaration, in line with everything he said or did before the nomination, accounts for the constant repetition by him between terms when friends would say to him: "Oh, you must be our candidate again. We must have you back in Washington." He was accustomed then to draw himself up to his full height and to answer with the question: "Do you realize, sir, that it is a solemn thing to be President of the United States?"

However, the fact that here was an available candidate who showed no interest in himself was not permitted to interfere with what—considering the task ahead of it—was perhaps the most efficient work ever done prior to the meeting of a national convention held for putting into the field a candidate for President. Everything hinged upon the result in New York. Whatever any other state might do or think of doing, whatever its people or its partisans might have a mind to do, there was not much opportunity for progress until the attitude of the great state of New York, with its seventy-two delegates, was known. The matter of first importance, then, concerned the traditional policy under which New York was treated as a state and not as a mere congeries of congressional districts. Upon this depended the renewed efficacy of the unit rule, which had always governed and fixed the influence that the Empire State was to exercise in other states.

In order to maintain this policy the state convention, held at Saratoga on the eighteenth of June in that year, was so chosen as to minimize the opposition and to reduce it to practical impotence. There was a good deal of this opposition—it was even greater than in the Tilden days—especially in New York and Kings County, now included with other areas in Greater New York. In the city the Democratic Party was divided into two clashing elements, one being Tammany, which had always posed as the only regular party organization entitled to control the delegates from every city district at both state and national conventions, and then there was the County Democracy, with which were allied various other independent bodies. The first named had weakened itself by suspected treachery in the presidential elections of 1876 and 1880, but most by its defeat of the regular Democratic candidate for governor in 1879.

By humiliating itself it had gradually worked back so that it was accorded a certain representation in the state convention, but practically all the various forces and elements in both state and nation still looked at it askance.

Out for Victory

WHEN 1884 came along division continued. Practically every friendly county and district upstate had been solidified in favor of the nomination of Cleveland, not as a balance of power, but as controlling an absolute majority of the districts and binding every delegate from the whole state. Nor was it wholly a matter of delegates either to the state convention or the national convention which hung upon the result. The state organization had been as completely mobilized as if it had been an army just ordered into action. It not only controlled nearly every upstate county, and that, too, in spite of some curious diversions in favor of Roswell P. Flower, but it brought into action every potent element and force that could be utilized. Each man had his place in the scheme.

It is true that prudence was consulted at every turn. Care was taken that opposition should be left fairly free; that no man or organization should suffer more humiliation than what was the incident of assured and overwhelming defeat. Nothing else was considered except honest victory. Anything that threatened to interfere with this was kept in the background. No extravagant claims of strength or power were made even for the smallest areas, but still these were as fully assured as numbers, organization and unyielding force could make them.

In this way, under such conditions, a united force like that of an army confident of victory was at hand when the convention met. No delegates or friends flocked in to tell the governor about this, that or any other condition in a given district or county. He was not managing his own campaign. In fact so far as he was concerned there was no campaign, no announced candidacy. It was not only politic, but it was his firm determination to keep in the background. All this, however, was taken care of in the most effective way by his friends and supporters. It had not been necessary to raise any large amount of money, so rich men did not count for more than anybody else. All paid their own expenses and in addition the necessary cost wherever a contest ensued in a county or in an assembly or congressional district. When such men were behind it the outlay for headquarters, badges, printing, the paid secretarial and clerical work that was necessary, was taken care of automatically. The weight of the pressure behind the sentiment upstate was so heavy as practically to crush opposition, and yet there was freedom of hearing and of speech. No points were lost, and though sentiment was permitted to have its proper place, it did not count for much where it conflicted with the determined force and power behind it.

When the choice of delegates to the national convention was announced some curious features appeared in it. Down in the city of New York Abram S. Hewitt, for Cleveland, was balanced in one district against August Belmont, whose position was either unknown or unfavorable; Thomas F. Grady, whom we have met before and shall meet again, went from another district, set over against a firm Cleveland supporter as a foil; Hubert O. Thompson, the leader of the County Democracy, not only a personal friend but perhaps the most enthusiastic city supporter of Cleveland, was coupled with William R. Travers; John Kelly, leader of Tammany, had as his colleague Col. John R. Fellows, who was to show himself in many ways the most important floor leader at the national convention; while William C. Whitney, whose position and power everybody knew, was bracketed with Bourke Cockran, who as alternate took the place of a delegate unfriendly or indifferent to the Cleveland interests.

Such incongruous elements could not be mixed in the upstate districts. There, when the Cleveland men had the power, like Sarah Battle at whist, they played "the rigor of the game," and when they lost a district they won through the working of the unit rule. In these counties a few Flower delegates were allowed to slip through, but it was by grace and not by power. This was for the reason that the sentiment in the upper part of the state, and that in the city itself, was so strong that a few men of that kind holding places in the delegation to Chicago could be easily controlled, and it was thus good policy to permit them to go.

The final choice of the seventy-two delegates, instructed to vote as a unit on all questions that might arise, though not for any designated candidate or on any specific issue, was estimated at the end of the convention as being about forty-four for Cleveland. The average actual number, when the voting was under way in Chicago, was more than fifty. All this showed a perfection of management, an attention to detail, and yet a still larger attention to the great issues involved than has perhaps been seen in almost any state convention held since the selection of these bodies was thrown into the hopper of the popular vote.

In like manner the same care was shown in the selection of a new state committee, which, though less vital, was still an important feature. It would not serve to have an unfriendly result in any part of the proceedings—the key which was to open so many doors at the next step within the immediate future. In like manner contentious questions were eliminated from the platform upon the theory that it was the function of a national convention rather than that of the state to declare the principles upon which a party should go to the whole country.

The nominations for electors were in many cases thrown as a sop to men known to be opposed to the action to which the convention had committed itself. These, however, under modern conditions of politics, were wholly impotent, because such men, if elected, could not betray the party that had chosen them.

As the net result of this Saratoga convention the delegation went to Chicago not only rigidly bound as a unit but so chosen as to make it a solid mass and so controlled that nothing less than a miracle could have broken their power. They thus presented themselves before their fellow Democrats from other states as representing a force which the convention could not in any way disturb.

In the old Tilden days every man who wanted to be a delegate either to the state or the national convention was thoroughly amenable to direction by the candidate himself. When he was governor he left an open door. No chances were taken. This was not from a lack of confidence in his supporters, but for the reason that he had long been in politics; had been known to the forces of his party in the country at large, so that he had more enemies and more bitter ones to deal with. In Mr. Cleveland's case he had had only a year or so to make enemies, but his friends had established such control over party action in the state that this personal supervision had become unnecessary; but even if it had been thought either proper or necessary Mr. Cleveland could not have done it; so his friends carried out for him the policy which I have described.

The Big Four in Control

IT HAS thus been seen how this was done in 1884. In outward form it was mild compared with the resolution on the unit rule passed by the state convention held at Utica on June 24, 1876, when Mr. Tilden was a candidate and in personal command:

RESOLVED: That the delegates to the Democratic National Convention to be appointed are hereby instructed to enter that Convention as a unit; and act and vote as a unit, in accordance with the will of the majority of the members thereon; and in case any of its members shall be appointed a delegate thereof by another organization, and should not forthwith in writing decline such appointment, his seat shall be regarded as vacant, and the delegates shall proceed to fill the same; and it is hereby also empowered to supply all vacancies by death, absence, resignation, or otherwise.

Never in our history here before or since has a political contest been waged so distinctly upon the issues and the men or rather the man of a state as that carried on by the Democrats of New York in 1884. No sooner was the battle over at home than it was transferred almost bodily, along with the men to personify it, to the nation. In one month it was raging on the Hudson, absorbing the attention of the whole country in the result of what under ordinary circumstances would have been looked upon as a local political skirmish. Within the next three weeks, the vital, important issues being the same, and the men behind them the same, the contest for what was really the control of a nation was raging on the banks of Lake Michigan. So when the New York delegation of seventy-two moved on to Chicago it carried with it the hopes of a party representing power and success at home, and, as it was to turn out, the possibilities of national activity or movement both for the party and the country during the succeeding four years.

The one problem then was for these seventy-two men to overcome internal opposition and inertia and so to impress themselves by argument, position and actual force upon the other seven hundred and forty-eight members of their party and of the people of the United States that they could dominate the larger body and maintain public sentiment at a high pitch. The nominal representative of New York could neither go upon the scene himself nor manage his campaign in the background. Thus personal leadership was impossible. It was therefore only by the use of one of those abstract things, an imponderable in the shape of an idea, so influential throughout history, that the hope of success could be predicated.

When this delegation moved it carried with it two sets of opposing leaders, one representing the majority, numbering around fifty on most questions, and the other only about twenty. The first group was marshaled under four leaders, who in this day would probably be given what has become a sort of common name—the Big Four.

Some attention has already been given to Daniel Manning, the natural and chosen chairman. He not only held this position, but had for some years been at the head of the

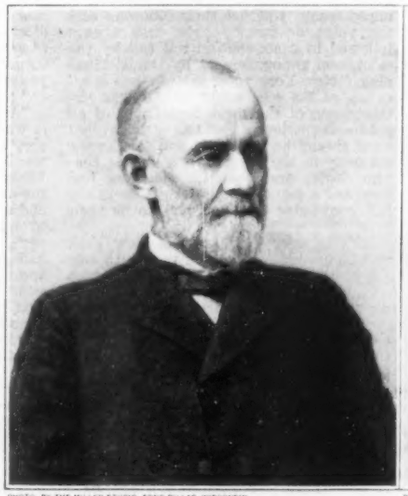

PHOTO BY THE MILLER STUDIO, FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN

General Edward S. Bragg

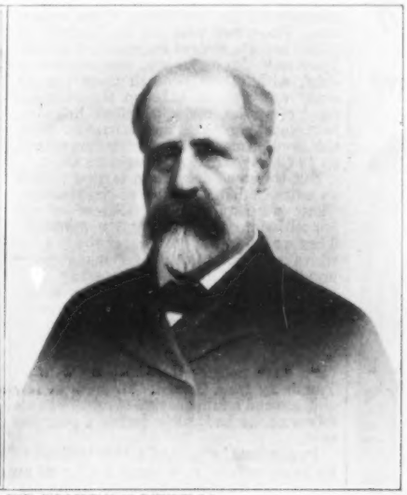

PHOTO BY THE BRUSH STUDIO, PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

Smith W. Weed

Democratic state organization. He was a man peculiarly fitted for this particular work. He was still relatively young; a man who never made speeches and always kept his word; maintained the most exacting discipline, but knew the weak points of his own following as well as of his opponents; and was clear-headed, direct and wholly intelligent in whatever work he undertook to do. Comparatively late in life he was to become a real leader, and to the end he never lost either his head, his influence or his position. It was inevitable that this man, who had directed the choice of the delegation in the state convention, had played off one element against another where this was necessary, used his power mildly when he could and ruthlessly when he must, whose whole purpose was to make a body that would be absolutely faithful and impregnable, should now become its recognized leader.

Associated with him, perhaps next in rank, was Daniel Magone of St. Lawrence County, the most impregnable Republican community in the state. He was a lawyer of high standing who had taken an interest in politics for many years, having been the chairman of his delegation at St. Louis in 1876 when Mr. Tilden was nominated. By reason of these connections, as well as by his own inclination and character, he naturally attached himself to Mr. Cleveland. In fact he was one of his trusted advisers from the day that he went to Albany. Clear, cool-headed, nothing could confuse or rattle him.

He was both an adviser and a supporter, the right hand of the chairman.

The third trusted manager was Smith M. Weed of Plattsburg, thus a near neighbor of his associate, Magone. He was the oldest member of the Big Four. He, too, had been a trusted manager in St. Louis in 1876. Even long before this he had been recognized as one of the strong men in his party. He in like manner had attached himself to Mr. Cleveland the moment he came to live in Albany as governor. He was, perhaps, in many respects the most experienced man in the delegation. He had been a candidate for senator and other offices at various times when there was no possibility of election, but the thought of office was about the last thing in his mind. He was a successful, outstanding lawyer, perhaps among the ablest in his section of the state.

The fourth member of the Big Four was William C. Whitney, the youngest of the men to whom was intrusted this great work. He had come less into contact with Mr. Cleveland than any of these responsible associates, but during many years of trial and difficulty, of division and contest, he had made himself one of the real managers of his party in New York. This was practically his first important venture in state politics, although he had at one time been nominal chairman of the resolutions committee.

Thorough Organization

These men were the leaders, but they were only the leaders of leaders. Perhaps one-half of the majority on the delegation was made up of men any one of whom could have taken the leadership and have commanded the confidence of his associates. These men were not the heads of an indiscriminate mob of unorganized people. They were the designated commanders in chief, with others beneath them equally ready and able to take up the management of armies, corps, divisions, brigades, battalions, regiments or companies. With this kind of material the delegation moved on to Chicago, ready to begin its work.

But the same delegation carried with it an entirely different kind of combination. These were the chosen leaders of the opposition to the Cleveland nomination. They were three in number, at the head of which was John Kelly, for many years previously the head of Tammany Hall and the man who only five years before had made himself a candidate for governor in order to defeat the regular nominee. Kelly, sprung from humble surroundings, had so grown up in the environment of New York politics that he had inherited Tammany from Tweed. In spite of fair abilities and a full measure of loyalty to his followers, he had made rather a poor fist of it.

Pugnacious by nature, rather inclined to be heavy mentally, without ability as an orator, yet an effective speaker along narrow lines, he could command the support of those who found it to their interest to follow him. It was inevitable that he could not understand his neighbors. He did not speak the same language as they, but he could and would and did fight to the very end. He never hit below the belt, but knew the rules of the game and conformed to them in his own way.

With his short figure, his square jaw, his bulldog face, his ability to take as well as to give blows, his appearance always suggested the boxer and the incipient prize fighter. His mettle had been tried in Cincinnati four years before when he occupied the same general position that he was to assume at Chicago. Especially well fitted for his difficult task, he was entitled to the respect of those opposed to him, and he had it.

The second man of the trio was Thomas F. Grady, of whom we have heard before in his contest with the governor of New York, who had taken such drastic methods to force him out of public life. This was done not by act, not by a refusal to associate with him, but by a half dozen words. By the grace of his enemies he was permitted to go to the national convention as a delegate, but he entered upon his task not only humiliated but ruined. He knew, and his friends knew, that he was crushed. He had not been hit, as is sometimes the case, in the ordinary course of politics by a sledge hammer, but a pile driver had come down upon his head and practically nothing was left of him but his tongue.

Reckless in himself and in his associations, he could not forget or forgive the blow of the year before or look forward with anything resembling charity upon the years of exclusion from public life that lay ahead of him. He was glib and ready of speech, with fair abilities, and also had a gift for fighting that was almost equal to that of his leader, but entirely different from it. As it was his business to hit where he could, without much regard to rules, methods or anything else, he was almost impossible of restraint.

An Exciting Contest

The trio was completed by the inclusion of William Bourke Cockran, then young, this marking his entrance into the national field. His silvery voice was heard by state delegations, in the three debates on the unit rule, in reply to the Cleveland nominating speeches, always with the same attractive, eloquent utterance, never virulent, never ill-tempered, always welcomed by opponents as well as by friends. Both then and later he was perhaps the most interesting oratorical figure ever seen in an unending series of national conventions, without making at any time even the smallest headway so far as influencing a result was concerned.

These men could have no help from their own state. The few scattering sympathizers came from large upstate cities—the remnants of old-time discredited canal and other rings, few in number, meager in ability and not overgifted with courage. It was curious to see how, when either one or all of them indulged in the national convention in some impassioned protest on any given suggestion, it was followed by a ballot of the delegation, which, however it might result, whether their followers cast ten votes or twenty-three, was always followed in a convention roll call by the calm, cool announcement by Daniel Manning, "New York votes seventy-two aye," or no, as the case might be. It was certainly one of the most tantalizing of all political experiences that this little devoted band should be tied hand and foot to the majority in the delegation from the Empire State, and that its members had accepted a place on the delegation in the full knowledge that this was to be their fate.

This transfer to Chicago of New York and its ideas, interests and men both narrowed and broadened the contest, which became from that time forward, next to the convention held at Charleston in 1860, the most grim, concentrated and exciting known to our politics, even more intense in feeling than its predecessor, the Grant, or so-called third-term convention held in the same city four years earlier.

As a result it was not limited in its interest to the formal meeting of the body itself. Nearly a week before the eighth of July, the day fixed for its assembling, the contest was carried by the New Yorkers into each state headquarters as the separate delegations arrived. With the exception of Daniel Magone—and he only to delegations—the Big Four made no speeches. Their business was to direct, not to talk, but they had assistance in plenty from their own followers, and as things warmed up drew from other states.

David B. Hill was active everywhere, as were his colleagues, E. K. Apgar, besides Alton B. Parker, John Lansing, Augustus Van Wyck and others with the gift of speech; but the one effective man, always ready, never at a loss for an answer, nearly omnipresent, was Col. John R. Fellows. Having served in the Confederate Army, the heartiness of his welcome from the Southern delegates was only exceeded by that from the Northern states. If he discovered that the regular Cleveland opponents were likely to appear before any delegation he would manage in some way to meet them, answer on the spot all charges, meet any issue that might arise and add the solid arguments that might be needed in support of Cleveland. His attractive personality in dealing with delegates as individuals was also a powerful aid to his cause. He had a graciousness seldom equaled, a good humor that nothing could ruffle, a wit never at a loss, united with a readiness in attack that made him an opponent dangerous and tantalizing to meet on the varied scenes to which he adapted himself so perfectly. He was a very Rupert in debate, whether on these preparatory forums or in the convention itself.

All these men were reënforced by members of the delegations from New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and many from the South. While these outer or public methods were in use, others still more effective in their appeal to outside sentiment were also in use. From perhaps twenty-five state delegations the young men in the party, silent and determined, were flocking into all state headquarters enforcing their demand for Cleveland's nomination. Whencesoever drawn, they were in constant communication with the commanders of their forces, meeting perhaps with protest from the older and more timid men in their own delegations, but firm, resolute, insistent that they were at last entitled to have their own way. They were reënforced with like men, the quiet, steady workers from every county in New York and by many others equally earnest from other states.

Many of this class were entirely new to national politics, the solid, substantial citizens, firmly rooted in their party attachments, working not because they had been mobilized for the purpose but for the better reason that they could not resist the call to what they deemed a duty.

Mr. Lincoln's Bible Story

Nor was this peripatetic canvassing limited to the Cleveland side. The opposition also made its rounds of the delegations, the New York trio, Messrs. Kelly, Grady and Cockran, being especially active by returning again and again to the charge. If any of the men from the outside states had thought of it they might have repeated the Lincoln story, so dear to Dr. Andrew D. White, in which the President, explaining how he was run down by one contingent after another, each insisting upon some line of action on the slavery problem, finally turned on one of them and asked, "Did you ever go to a prairie school?"

"No," said the visitor, "I never did."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I did, and it was a very poor school, and we were very poor folks—too poor to have regular reading books, and so we brought our Bibles and read from them. One morning the chapter was from the Book of Daniel, and a little boy who sat next me went all wrong in pronouncing the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. The teacher had great difficulty in setting him right, and before he succeeded was obliged to scold the boy and cuff him for his stupidity. The next verse came to me, and so the chapter went down the class. Presently it started on its way back, and soon after I noticed that the little fellow began crying. On this I asked him 'What's the matter with you?' and he answered, 'Don't you see them three miserable cusses are coming back to me again?'"

Perhaps no element was more influential in this preliminary canvass than the younger of the representative Independent Republicans, who had already taken up arms

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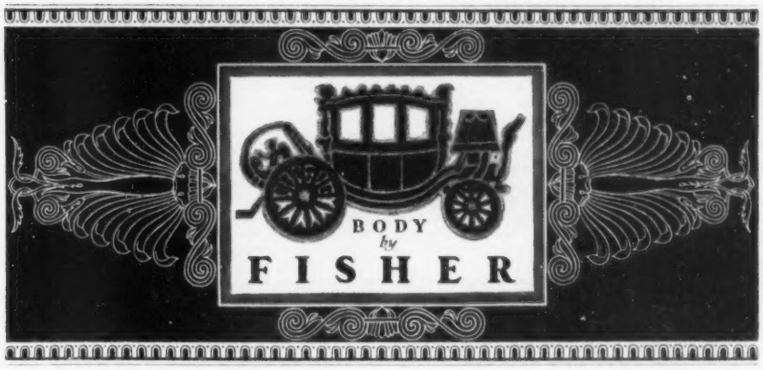

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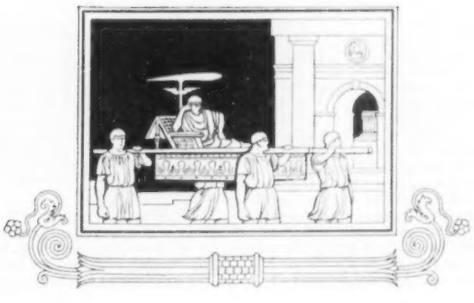

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against the Blaine nomination. They were of the same general type as their new associates, the young and vigorous Democrats already described. Their leaders, like Curtis, Schurz, Codman and others, could not of course thus early come into the open, but they were hardly less active at home; so letters to be read to delegates and statements and interviews for publication were ready always and everywhere. The effect of these efforts, added to what the regulars were doing, was perhaps never surpassed at any national gathering; as a result by the time the convention met, so strong a sentiment had been created that nothing could resist it.

The national committee recognized this in its choice of temporary officers; so on the first day, after the usual speeches had been made and the committees named, the convention plunged into the discussion of the unit rule. Some encouragement had been aroused, because even with the united support of the valiant three hundred and six, under the masterly lead of Roscoe Conkling, the Republicans had broken this policy in 1880. Here, as before, nobody cared anything about the unit rule except as it applied to New York, still not only the key to the situation but the whole situation in and of itself.

Unit Rule Attacked

The organization of the Chicago convention was soon perfected. No effort had been made to suppress sentiment supporting any candidate. No favoritism was indulged, no jealousies were fed, no ground was afforded for suspicion. It became a straightforward, businesslike body, but it was undeniably Cleveland throughout. As the proceedings went on both the temporary and permanent presiding officers showed themselves fair, made no effort at suppression, and almost none was demanded from the floor even by the most earnest Cleveland advocates. As a result there was no ground for complaint, and even far less than usual was it indulged in.

The question of the unit rule was precipitated on the first day by a resolution submitted by Thomas F. Grady, fully debated by him with the aid of John Kelly, Bourke Cockran and a few friendly scouts recruited from other states, and answered by Colonel Fellows, who always spoke from his chair, and Gen. Edward S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, of whom, in reviewing the events of that time, a few words may be necessary. He had left his native New York when very young, and, though never forgetting his early surroundings, had thoroughly adjusted himself in sympathy, traits and character to the life of Wisconsin while it was still a pioneer community. He had entered the Union Army as a captain, come out of it as a brigadier general, commanding the Iron Brigade of his adopted state, only to go into the legislature and then into Congress from a district hostile to him politically. Here he was active, always ready for a fight on any great question, and had thus made himself into a most uncomfortable thorn in the side of his opponents.

A small, intense, wiry man, about five feet five in height, weighing in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty pounds, then just past fifty-seven, grizzled beyond his years, he was in the prime of life as he was also in the very pink of condition. Not afraid of anything, almost audacious, his heart was thrown into the Cleveland cause, and that for a man he had never seen or heard from directly or indirectly. From this very first day he clashed with Tammany, and especially with Grady, as he had done before the separate delegations. He seemed to care nothing for Kelly or Cockran or their fugitive outside supporters, reserving from the first moment his bitterness and energy for the man whom his leader had met and vanquished in his own state with so much ferocity. During the whole of the proceedings he was always ready as he was always welcomed by the convention, which soon came to look upon him as the natural protagonist of his cause.

The motion to destroy the unit rule was voted down on the first, the second and the third day by always growing majorities, as were all the various devices for delay, and yet the convention went on its way transacting its regular business, choosing its permanent officials, considering and adopting its platform, but always giving the opposition even more rope than it wanted. No gag rules were adopted or applied, but whenever any question came up for vote the New York delegation was polled, the teller for the majority being Alton B. Parker, then just entering national politics for the first time, and whatever the result, it was followed by the awful, relentless answer of Daniel Manning casting seventy-two votes as his majority directed. Other states, like Ohio or Illinois, also instructed to vote as a unit, might divide along lines of preference, but New York was so bound by its orders, which were carried out so relentlessly, and by its unswerving traditions, that the result resembled more than anything else the petrified, unchangeable laws of the Medes and Persians, fixed by these people in Western Asia some thousands of years before. The state convention had tied the hands of its minority, and the national convention gradually and surely so tightened the knots that resistance was worse than hopeless.

The nominating speeches of this convention had been on the whole a little more distinguished than usual as to names. Three men who had seen recognized service in the Senate took an active part. Thomas A. Hendricks, smothering his own ambitions, consented to put McDonald in nomination; but while it was done with the expected grace as well as with reasonable acceptance to the convention, it was apparent all the time that, like Garfield in the Republican convention of 1880, he had raised his own lightning rod. It was also clear that the Cleveland element saw this, because they themselves were extremely friendly to McDonald.

William A. Wallace, after half a generation of jealousy and feud with Samuel J. Randall, consented to present the latter's name to the convention. The same lack of sincerity and attachment was apparent in this case as in the other, so that neither of these oratorical flights made strong appeal to the imagination of either the convention or the country. James R. Doolittle, formerly a senator from Wisconsin, one of the seven Republicans who had saved Andrew Johnson from impeachment, came forward with a seconding speech for Cleveland, but he had passed the meridian of his influence and did not move the convention.

In the midst of this routine, dull and commonplace in itself as well as in description, these nominating speeches went on and on. One veteran after another was formally presented and seconded until the names of Bayard, Thurman, Randall, Carlisle, Hoadley and McDonald had been placed before the convention, with those of Tilden and Hendricks in the background—one of the speeches, as noted, being made by the latter.

General Bragg's Famous Speech

In the meantime, as the roll of states was called, all this display of oratory, which could neither be heard nor enjoyed, was varied with still other efforts to push the name of Cleveland until three men of character and repute had spoken. Then in a lull a delegate from Wisconsin, whose leader, Col. William F. Vilas, was imprisoned in the chair, announced that its choice would be presented by Gen. Edward S. Bragg. In that surcharged air no further introduction was needed to arouse interest. Every person, whether delegate or visitor, felt and knew that the time for the historic fifth act was at hand. Facing not only his own fate but what he believed to be that of both his party and his country, he went to the platform and plunged at once into his theme. There was none of the usual half-deceptive concealment of a name until, reaching a place for a climax, he should finish all his rounded sentences. He said:

Gentlemen of the convention, it is with feelings of no ordinary pride that I fill the post that has been assigned to me. Grim and gray personally, fighting the battles of the Democratic Party, I stand today to voice the sentiment of the young men of my state when I speak for Governor Cleveland. His name is upon their lips; his name is in their hearts; and he is the choice not only of that band of young men but he is the choice of all those who desire for the first time as young men to cast their votes in November for the candidate nominated by this convention. They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies that he has made.

Proceeding in these few tense minutes with only the greatest difficulty, the utterance of these last words was the signal for pandemonium. It was no longer confined to the galleries or to thousands of standing visitors in every part of the Wigwam. Of the eight hundred and twenty delegates nearly fifty had been, were or were to become governors, United States senators or judges of the highest courts of their states, while from their respective armies were drawn nearly a hundred who only a few years before had either supported or faced each other in battle after having risen to the rank of colonel or higher. Perhaps four hundred more of the younger men—quite one-half the membership—were fated, within the succeeding twenty years, to obey the call to high service in their states or in the Federal Government, while practically all had been chosen because they were the best and most promising among the citizens of their faith. But in this hurly-burly all dignity was lost.

As this little orator faced his crowd with these terrible words all restraint was lost or dismissed. Ordinary enthusiasm, in the form of applause, no longer counted; within a minute every friendly man was standing on his chair yelling like a madman, casting his hat in the air and indulging in antics that would have appalled a set of schoolboys at a great game, while the beaten were sulking in their chairs. All semblance of control was lost for many minutes.

When something like order had been restored Thomas F. Grady was seen slipping round below the platform and in front of the speaker, at whom, before he could be called to order, he hurled this defiance:

"Mr. Chairman, on behalf of his enemies I reciprocate that sentiment, and we are proud of the compliment."

This interjected sentence was met by the chairman with the instant decision—"The gentleman is entirely out of order, and he will take his seat."

Grady's Defiance Answered

The small grim orator, standing statuelike during all this disturbance, had been oblivious to the noise and hubbub, calmly awaiting his chance to go on. The thread of his speech had been broken, less by the interruptions of the crowd than by these few unexpected words from his opponent. He had gathered his wits and beginning over, almost like a flash, but with a new text and inspiration, he dropped his prepared address and went on:

I thank the emissary, who represents a respectable name, at least, for calling himself again to my attention. This broad nation witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of a senator of the United States trading his proud position for gain. Mahone and Riddleberger would scarcely be allowed to stand upon this platform to teach you, gentlemen, democracy and whom you should nominate. Go to the senate of the State of New York since Governor Cleveland has been governor, and there you will find two worthy confreres playing in a small theater—Mahone and Riddleberger over again. And why? Because the governor of the State of New York had more nerve than the machine. They may speak of him—aye, the vilest of the species may defile a splendid statue—but they only disgrace themselves. Wherever the thin disguise can be reached you will find it covering nothing but personal grievances, disappointed ambition or the cutting off of access to the fleshpots of those who desired to fatten upon them.

This very readiness to meet a charge was the signal for another outbreak, so that his anticipated ten minutes had run well beyond a half hour. When he had finished, though other orators remained to be heard, the opportunity for effective speaking had passed and the time for real voting had come. When the next day it was finally over, with all its changes and with the usual delays in such bodies, Grover Cleveland had been nominated with six hundred and eighty-three votes, a hundred and thirty-seven more than the two-thirds necessary. Then upon the motion of a Hendricks delegate from Indiana the nomination was made unanimous and the great contest entered upon its concluding phase.

During the sessions of the convention and before, while the opposing elements watched each other very closely, they could not forget their indebtedness to good nature and the amenities. Rather restricted invitations had been issued by the Chicago Club to various delegates and visitors from New York. One morning when two Cleveland supporters, at breakfast in one corner of the club, looked across the room they saw the elder August Belmont and William R. Travers, the well-known wit, similarly engaged. The fame of Belmont, who had

(Continued on Page 36)

Glancing Back to the Days of "My Merry Oldsmobile"

A Story of the Building and Development of the First Commercially Successful Automotive Vehicle Written upon Oldsmobile's Twenty-Fifth Birthday


1897

BACK in the summer of 1897, two Lansing boys, each destined for a permanent niche in industrial history, slipped secretly into a workshop in the rear of a local factory.

In the corner of this shop, and almost finished, stood the creation that had been their constant dream—a carriage propelled by a gasoline engine.

Sensitive to the laughter and skepticism that had greeted their project, and mindful of parental objections that had forbidden to them the use of the workshop, these boys, Ransom E. Olds and Frank Clark, worked at odd times and in secret to achieve the goal of their ambition.


1901

Theirs was a propitious partnership, however. Olds' father manufactured stationary gasoline engines; Clark's father operated a small carriage works. Though necessary to employ them clandestinely, the facilities for their work were available, and, despite the obstacles imposed, they at last attained their objective. In 1897 they produced the first Oldsmobile—now permanently housed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Run, this first Oldsmobile would—but without sufficient continuity to warrant any glowing expectations as to the future of gas driven vehicles. Olds' enthusiasm, however, remained undimmed. Purchasing Clark's interests in the venture, he went to Detroit in search of capital, and succeeded in interesting a Michigan copper king and his two sons.


1904

These men had imagination, daring and faith. They plunged at once into an extensive production and sales program, and in 1900, almost the first year of their manufacturing existence, produced 1400 cars. Even in these early days the Olds Motor Works blazed the trail, sending its cars to the four corners of the globe, where they were eagerly sought by kings, princes and merchants.

This commercial success of Oldsmobile had a marked influence on the growth of the industry. It indicated, for one thing, the market possibilities offered by the automobile. In the Olds plant, too, were being inaugurated methods of production so sound that they are in vogue today throughout the automotive industry.


1906

Due to a fire in the Detroit plant in 1902, a second factory was built at Lansing, which ultimately became Oldsmobile's permanent home.

In 1905 Oldsmobile changed its curved dash model to a runabout with straight dash, and inaugurated the two-cylinder automobile. In 1906 it exhibited the first medium priced four-cylinder car at the New York Auto Show. Oldsmobile had now become a household word, commemorated in song and painting. The song "My Merry Oldsmobile," composed by Gus Edwards, is still sung today.

At this time experiments were begun on the six-cylinder automobile, which was brought out in 1908.


1908

The next year this company sold more six-cylinder cars than any other concern, clearly establishing itself as leader in the quality field of fours and sixes.

During these years Oldsmobile not only furnished inspiration to the whole automobile industry but leaders as well. No fewer than a dozen of the most flourishing automobile companies of today were founded by men trained in the Oldsmobile plants. Surely, no company more worthily deserves the title of "father of the automobile industry."

Up to 1913 the Olds Motor Works had been devoted exclusively to the manufacture of expensive quality cars designed for the rich.


1914

Then it was that a plan was inaugurated to produce a light weight car—its quality to continue at the same high standard which made the name Oldsmobile a synonym for automobile value and perfection. Size and weight only were to be sacrificed.

This policy, adhered to since, has resulted in production that has practically doubled each year, until in normal times 50,000 of these cars are needed annually to fill Oldsmobile demand.

Today, in its class, Oldsmobile is still blazing the way—just as Oldsmobile in 1897 and those early years blazed the trail for an industry in its infancy.


1922

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Oldsmobile

A special "Silver Jubilee" edition of Gus Edwards' famous song, **"My Merry Oldsmobile,"** *is now off the press. A copy will be sent you free upon request to the Olds Motor Works.*

(Continued from Page 34)

been chairman of the national committee from 1860 to 1872, was scarcely greater than that of Travers, who was not only known as a persistent and incurable stutterer, but as a wit who combined the two gifts in a degree that made him one of the characters of New York. It was he who, when reproached for stuttering worse in New York than in Philadelphia or Baltimore, explained by saying, "W-w-w-well, t-t-t-that is easy t-t-to und-d-d-derstand. It is b-b-be-cause it is a b-b-b-bigger t-t-t-town."

When the four gentlemen mentioned met in the hall, in spite of their differing attachments, they assumed a friendly attitude. When they fell into conversation it became Travers' turn to comment upon conditions, and this is what he tried to say: "W-w-w-what a g-g-g-great b-b-b-blessing it w-w-w-would b-b-b-be to all of us if w-w-w-when w-w-w-we c-c-c-come to these c-c-c-conventions B-B-B-Bourke Cockran c-c-c-could only h-h-h-have my impediment."

In spite of the contests, verbal and other, which had divided the convention during its four days, its adjournment left no jealousies and rancors among the rival candidates or their followers. The nomination had been made openly and aboveboard under the working of traditions long established and of rules which had never been open to serious question. Both candidates and followers were ready to go into the resulting campaign as speakers or workers—a rule which applied from the highest to the lowest. There was naturally disappointment on the part of many, but there were no wrangles, no quarrels, nothing that really interfered with constant activity or with party harmony. It was thus possible to begin at once the work in a practical way in every state. The enthusiasm among the rank and file was satisfactory, and did not wane, while the independent elements attracted to the ticket were quite as well satisfied and even more active than as if they had been regular partisans.

College Political Clubs

The resulting campaign, so far as management was concerned, was different from any predecessor. There was comparatively little that a national committee could do. The brunt of the nomination campaign had fallen upon New York; so did that for the election. Here there was an effective committee, a body which took in every part of the state with equal fervor and interest. Nothing was neglected. New methods of interesting the people of the city were devised. The upstate machine was strengthened rather than weakened. The farmers of the state were looked after in a way that was perhaps never surpassed in the older Tilden days. The laboring elements did not have to be appeased, but organization was necessary. The divisions in the Republican Party, which had assured Cleveland's election two years before, were used to greater advantage than before. The independents were solidified in a new way, doing their work, raising their funds, contributing their votes openly in support of the regular Democratic ticket.

Attention was concentrated upon the recognized doubtful states. New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana were still the vital elements in Democratic success. In none of them was any point overlooked or forgotten. When the election was over it was easy to see that some outlying states had been somewhat neglected. For instance, in Michigan, where Garfield had had a plurality of nearly fifty-four thousand, Blaine had received only 3308 votes more than his opponent, making it clear that with a pushing campaign its electoral vote might have been carried.

In Massachusetts the Garfield plurality of more than fifty-three thousand fell to less than twenty-five thousand for Blaine; but the very recognition of these things, after the fact, only showed how unnecessary or futile the national committee had been.

The great organization that had nominated Cleveland started out with a determined purpose to carry the vital states. It was perhaps shortsighted that it did not look a little further, but its aim was victory and it would not risk the dissipation of this force and influence lest it might put them in peril.

From the time of the Civil War the Democrats in New York, as everywhere else, had found it hard to reach young men. The first sign of success came in the Greeley campaign of 1872, but here so many other conditions intervened that the difficulty was exaggerated rather than eased. Further progress was made during the Tilden activities in New York in 1874 and in the country in 1876. In 1880 perhaps some of this small progress made had been lost, but by 1884 the movement had attained such importance that progress was more regular, and during this year a systematic effort was made to reach students in colleges and universities.

So far as I can learn, this formal movement began in Princeton. At that time an able and positive young man, Joseph D. Baucus, son of a former state senator in New York, still a minor, was a student there. He concluded that, though he was only a junior, he would get together the students of that university who had inherited Democracy in order to add them to the Republican converts to Cleveland. So he and his friends organized what was known as the Cleveland-Hendricks Campaign Club, of which he took the presidency himself. This action was rather widely spread in the newspapers, and the example was followed by like clubs in other colleges and universities, especially in the East.

This is claimed to have been the first organized campaign ever made by the college men of the country in behalf of a Democratic candidate. The club was active, made personal canvasses in Princeton and in the homes of the members, and held a meeting at which Daniel Dougherty was the chief speaker and in which Baucus and other students also came to the front as what by this time had come to be known in the West as spellbinders.

In addition to this enlistment of educated young men, another new element was created by the participation of business men in favor of Democratic candidates. This, too, had not been seen within recent years, no little effort having been made to command this formal support. The tariff question had been kept to the front so sedulously that it was next to impossible to enlist the open support of such men in the Democratic interest. But the campaigns of 1876 and 1880 had tended to break this one-party solidarity, especially among the younger men who had succeeded in business. There was a feature of this, the city parade, that had never been effectively used in the East. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and all the states where politics became more or less of a business every four years, this sort of competition between parties had become a matter to be taken into account in every county. There the rival parades, gathering from every rural township and from town and village into the county seat, would go, and each party vied with the other.

The Business Men's Parade

These methods have become important features in our later days, but they were too theatrical and perhaps a bit too new or raw for adoption in the older sections of the country. Towards the close of the campaign of 1884 the Republicans had organized a great business parade with the usual exciting show. It was arranged by the local committee, mainly under the inspiration of William C. Whitney, who was just then beginning to develop his larger gifts for organization, that the Democrats should also demonstrate to the eye what they could do. The ordinary marching organizations which had been current everywhere from 1860 were to be excluded. None was to take part in it except those who were actually engaged in business or those in their employ in responsible capacities. It was thus planned that it should be something entirely new.

It was fixed for October ninth, when its constituent bodies assembled early, concentrating themselves on Fifth Avenue and Broadway. It really was a large affair, and being unexpected from that source, it appealed to the popular imagination as perhaps no other such display had done in New York. This was due less to the number taking part than to their character and to the fact that the Democrats could carry out such a plan.

They were assisted at every point by the independent element, then known as Mugwumps. If an analysis could have been made of the vast numbers that streamed down to the lower part of the city it would probably have been discovered that a large proportion, perhaps amounting to a quarter or a third, were made up of these recalcitrant and Independent Republicans, all combining to make it a conspicuous success. Mr. Cleveland himself made a short speech of perhaps not more than two or three minutes in front of the Subtreasury, standing within a few feet of the Washington statue.

This business men's parade was effective in New York City, but still more so in the state at large, where, as well as beyond the limits of the state, it struck the public imagination as something entirely novel in the politics of the time. Its success showed that the conditions which had surrounded the Civil War period were finally over. It not only marked the unity of interest among great classes of people, but it indicated that whatever the result of the election might be, the era of the bloody shirt was over; whatever was to happen, this was to be a country without the old-time artificial distinction between North and South; to be a citizen of either was to be part and parcel of the whole.

The Great Cartoonists

This campaign also developed to a degree hitherto unknown the art of the cartoonist, to which both the character and appearance of the candidate lent themselves. Joseph Keppler of Puck, then almost the earliest of the successful reproducers of colored pictures, was perhaps both the most savage and the most effective of these artists, and perhaps did more than any other to fix the character of the pictorial representations. His cartoon of the Tattooed Man has never been equaled in ferocity and, in a large measure, in coarseness. Thomas Nast, in Harper's Weekly, coming down from his earlier successes in driving Tweed into exile, arrest, prison and on to death, was enlisted just at a time when his imagination, his artistic excellence and his zeal were at the highest. The excitement as well as the influence incident to a new issue of both these weekly papers has perhaps never been excelled by any like publication and was not successfully offset by a new rival, Judge. The daily newspapers, after the failure a few years earlier of a purely picture daily paper, had gradually adjusted themselves to the demand, which was perhaps met most effectually by McDougall, a cartoonist for the World, then only recently taken over by Joseph Pulitzer. Though now forgotten, he was perhaps the leader of this new press tendency.

It was not until 1884, after the collapse of the Know-Nothing movement, that appeal was made to a particular section or class of foreign-born voters. For a long time the Germans had been supposed to be almost distinctively Republican in most parts of the country, and it was assumed that the Irish were even more positively Democratic. There had been a trend in the cities and in state politics for a good many years towards a division of this particular vote and all others of racial origin. No candidate had made such a direct appeal until it was done by Mr. Blaine without any action by his party. If there was solidity in any foreign element it ought to have been broken up naturally long before, such solidity being a reproach to both parties and an injury to the nationality involved.

Mr. Blaine had been rather seeking a share of this vote by personal appeals to it. He and some of his new friends concluded to go further and challenge its division on religious lines. This method of inviting and thus dealing with it was at once characterized as un-American and eminently unfair. That a candidate should put himself into the attitude of asking support because of the religion of his mother was deemed improper and imprudent, especially as it was supposed to involve appeals to certain elements of the laity. When exposed there was nothing for it to do but to collapse so far as the favorable effects expected were concerned. That it resulted in the transfer to Blaine, as the result of these tactics, of some fair share of the vote that was at once Catholic in religion and Irish in racial origin is no doubt true, but the charge that this portion was largely Fenian or reactionary was freely made, and thus produced an outside reaction among certain steady Republican forces like the Scotch-Irish, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, the Methodists and the Episcopalians as individuals, though no appeal was made to them as organized bodies.

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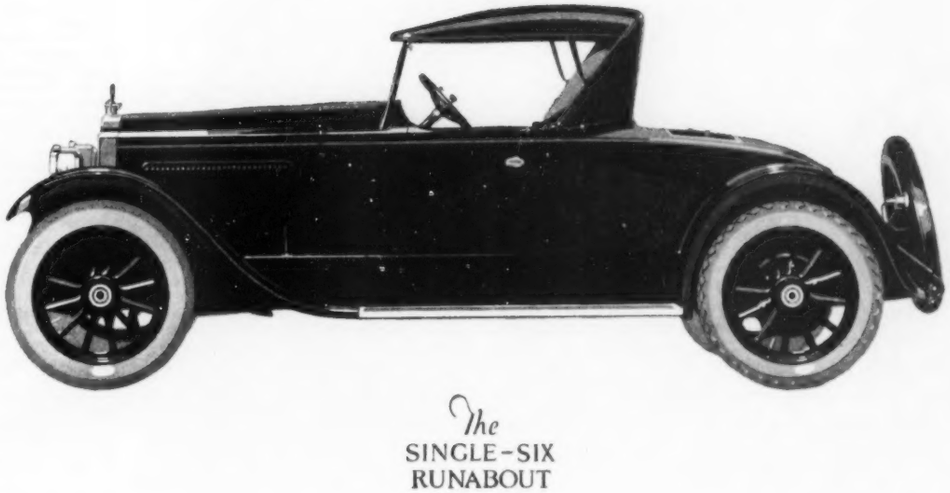


The
SINGLE-SIX
RUNABOUT

PACKARD

There is a deeper significance in the success of the Packard Single-Six than appears upon the surface.

Packard is, and always has been, the world's proving-ground for the most advanced and therefore the costliest phases of automotive progress.

In metallurgy, enginery, standards of selection and rejection, accuracy, and all that makes for exclusive and peculiar excellence—the very name of Packard is synonymous the world over with unstinted expenditure in research and experiment.

These same exclusive and costly processes, now, for the first time, spread over a much greater volume, have produced in the Single-Six a car for which there is no parallel in previous history.

Packard has budgeted and conquered costs as they have never been budgeted and conquered before in fine-car manufacture.

This, therefore, is the real significance of the success of the Single-Six—that exclusive excellence has found an outlet which has banished burdensome overhead, and created an entirely new criterion of fine-car value.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six provides a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go. Truck users know there is profit in hauling with Packard Trucks. All Packard upkeep is made still more economical by Packard standardized service

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 36)

It had also the further effect of increasing the attachment and the zeal of a great many of the Irish and Catholics who had been drawn to the Democratic support. It brought to the front, in the most emphatic and favorable way, men like Patrick A. Collins of Massachusetts, Daniel Magone of New York, Daniel Dougherty of Pennsylvania, and others of like standing, and gave added recognition to them and their fellows. So though Cleveland no doubt lost many votes in the downtown districts of New York City, and among a like order of voters in Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo and Elmira, he so gained in strictly Republican districts as fairly to offset all losses from those sources. In like manner the open raising of the religious question reacted in Cleveland's favor in the western part of New York, where there had always been a strong and rather fanatical ultra-Protestant and Know-Nothing element. So though the hapless Burchard incident was intended to operate in one direction, it really became a boomerang.

Campaign Methods

It is unnecessary at this late date to discuss the many theories put forward by disappointed partisans then or by the gleaning researchers of this time. The truth is that the failure to accept the warnings given to Blaine and his partisans in 1876 was fatal when his candidacy was subjected to the test of a vote. The public memory may be woefully short in some cases, but like the mind of the individual it is little given to forgetfulness when distrust or hatred has once taken lodgment in it.

Blaine did not have anything like all the faults attributed to him during the bitterness of the campaign, but the public so thought and history still inclines so to view them. Ordinary human failings may be overlooked in an election, but any suspicion of double-dealing or dishonesty is not likely to be overlooked. In like manner an appeal to religious prejudice is always certain to react if the time for reaction is very short. Doctor Burchard did, of course, make a very awkward defense of his candidate when he referred to the opposition as being the party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. But the result was to show within a few days that the Catholic Church as a church, its clergy as a clergy and its laity as a laity had never been moved favorably to Blaine or influenced against Cleveland. The result of the appeal that had been made was that the whole incident takes its place among those foolish movements in politics which have always reacted when they have been attempted in presidential or other important elections.

In due course Mr. Cleveland went to the north woods on his vacation, and while there he prepared his letter of acceptance. He consulted nobody, did not submit a line of it to any member of the national or state committees or show it to anyone other than his secretary, Colonel Lamont, to whom, when it was finished, he gave a copy and asked him to take it to New York and show it to Mr. Tilden, but with the injunction that after he had read it to him there was not to be made in it the change of a single word without the candidate's consent. The letter was read to Mr. Tilden with this understanding. One of Mr. Tilden's old friends, the late Andrew H. Green, of New York, a bitter enemy of Mr. Cleveland, was at this conference and heard the reading by the secretary. As it went forward he continually ejaculated, "Huh! Huh! Huh!" This was repeated several times, when Mr. Tilden turned to him and said, "Oh, shut up!" This ended the criticism, and the letter was given to the country as it was written, without interference or the change of a word.

For almost the first time rival personal scandals were started against the candidates—matters which in neither case had any pertinence to the election or any business to be considered or raised. That each reacted was no doubt true, but the treatment by each of the candidates of the scandals against his opponent was characteristic. When notice was sent to Mr. Blaine about certain charges against his opponent he announced that he had forwarded them to his national committee for such action as it might choose to take, whereupon that body took up the matter, pushed it to the greatest extreme until it disgusted practically all the people of the country.

Similar charges were made against Mr. Blaine's character, introducing questions relating to his family. One day the chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee, Senator Gorman of Maryland, went to see Mr. Cleveland with certain articles dealing with this question. In later years Mr. Cleveland used to tell me how he had dealt with them. He said: "I looked over the sheets carefully and then turned to Senator Gorman and asked: 'Why are you showing me these?' 'Well,' he replied, 'as it is the purpose of the national committee to use them, I thought you ought to be fully informed.' 'What!' I replied. 'You propose to use such matter as that? Well, just let me say to you that upon the day that it is put forth under the ægis and with the authority of the national committee, that day I shall resign from the ticket and give my reasons therefor. I need scarcely say to you that if I have to do this there will be no recourse—it will be final.'"

When the campaign began there was a recurrence of the attempt to interject the issues of the Civil War. It was a boast, heard everywhere: "Oh, yes, there is still one more President in the bloody shirt." This was a most unfortunate appeal, just when a large proportion perhaps amounting to a fifth or a quarter of the Republicans in the vital states of the country had become thoroughly disgusted with this policy and when a larger proportion had protested against its continuance.

A Close Election

Mr. Blaine made a far-flung canvass, delivering speeches all over the North, and there have been few more attractive speakers before party gatherings. Mr. Cleveland made a short speech of a few hundred words at Newark, New Jersey, near his birthplace, and a still shorter one a few days later at Bridgeport, Connecticut. He came to New York to see two great demonstrations, and at each he made a short speech—neither more than two or three minutes in length. Beyond this he did not indulge himself in oratory.

In fact as a candidate he never intermitted his work. One of his secretaries, Col. William Gorham Rice, has written about the disposition of his time during this exciting period:

Neither his nomination for the presidency in 1884 nor the canvass affected Governor Cleveland. It was in fact a source of continued surprise to us in the executive chamber to see how during the summer and autumn he fulfilled with his usual care and patience his daily duties at Albany. He determined pardon applications; he investigated public-health complaints; he considered personally the many prosaic matters that make up the routine work of a governor.

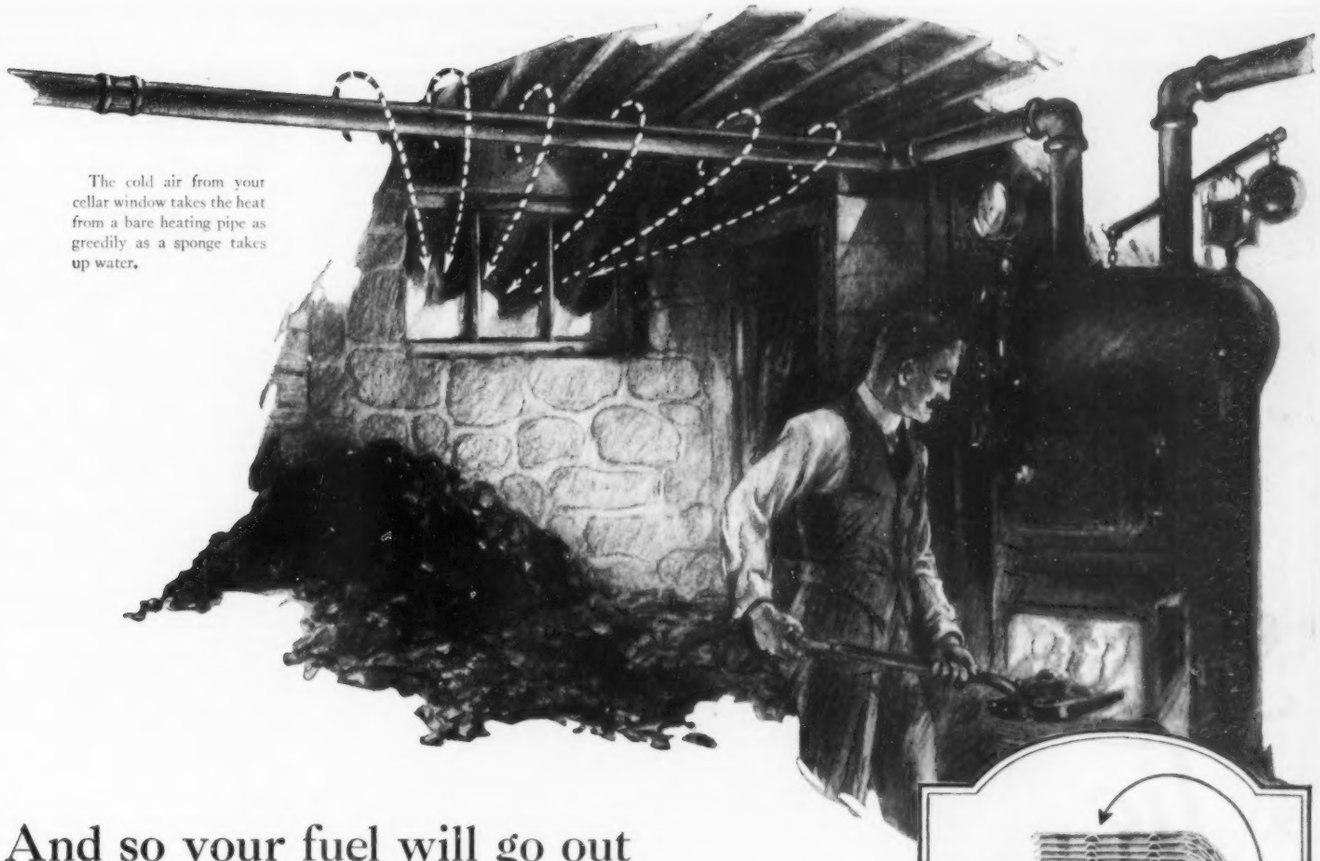
When the election in New York was over and the result declared, the reason for the Cleveland victory was apparent and recognized. It is true that the majority was small, but it was decisive and effective, and showed the strength of both the man and his cause. The vote was not quite a full one; but it was well distributed, the counting carefully watched, so there was no excuse to question the result. The reason for the Cleveland victory and the Blaine defeat was, as the saying goes, as plain as a pikestaff. The former was due to inherent strength shown at the right time and in the right place, while the latter was wholly and irretrievably the victim of the weakness that had caused losses everywhere.

Mr. Cleveland's Victory

The entire vote in New York had grown only by 66,707 between 1880 and 1884. Of this increase the gain by the scattering candidates was 31,713; by the Republican candidate, 6457; and by the Democratic candidate 28,537. Thus the 21,033 Garfield plurality in 1880 had simply slipped away and been turned into a Democratic plurality of 1047. Analyzed by some outlying districts, the Republican majorities in the Eighth Judicial District, every county being Republican in both elections, had been reduced by 4508. This was where Mr. Cleveland was best known and was mainly the effect of his personal influence. In seven contiguous counties, including Oneida, the Conkling influences had reduced the Republican plurality by 5151; in the five counties east of the lower Hudson the reduction was 3232; in the five rock-ribbed Republican counties of the northeast the loss was 1713; and so the tale went on in almost every upstate county, the loss being steady and so large that it could not be made up from the Irish and other recruits in every large city, Buffalo excepted, or by the small Democratic losses in all those counties where a Democratic boss was potent. The appeal to the independents and the farmers had been effective.

The result being so close, two or three days were required to announce it positively. It was not until the Friday after the election that the exact vote was known, and it is among the humors of the situation that the first writing done by the governor after his election had been conceded was something entirely outside the thought of ordinary politics. When the question was finally settled the governor turned to his secretary and said "Well, Rice, I guess it is time to write our Thanksgiving Day proclamation. Where is your little book?" the book being one of synonyms which the governor had discovered sometime before upon his secretary's desk. Thus out of the excitement of a presidential election, carrying with it such momentous personal and political effects, came, as the first utterance from the pen of the successful man, the following paragraph:

The people of the state of New York should permit neither their ordinary occupations and cares, nor any unusual cause of excitement, to divert their minds from a sober and humble acknowledgment of their dependence upon Almighty God for all that contributes to their happiness and contentment, and for all that secures greatness and prosperity to our proud commonwealth.



The cold air from your cellar window takes the heat from a bare heating pipe as greedily as a sponge takes up water.

And so your fuel will go out the same window it came in

UNLESS your furnace and pipes are properly covered you have been wasting a lot of coal. Right now is the time to consider this loss and the remedy.

Bare pipes, furnaces, and all heated surfaces give off heat. But most bare pipes are in the cellar which should be cool, or between the walls where most of their heat is wasted.

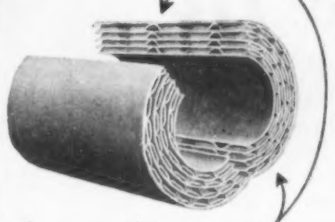
And this is what the loss amounts to. On the average, a bare three-inch steam pipe fifty feet long radiates in one season the heat which four tons of coal produce. And the losses with hot water or hot air systems are also very serious.

You can prevent much of this loss by covering your heater and the cellar pipes with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel. And, if you are building, cover the pipes which run through your walls.

We tell you to use Improved Asbestocel because it is the most efficient household insulation on the market. (See panel at right.) Yet it costs about the same as coverings which save far less fuel.

Improved Asbestocel can be applied to steam, hot water or hot air heating systems.

Ask your heating man to estimate on your job. His figure will be reasonable. And remember this: you will pay for Improved Asbestocel whether you buy it or not; if you buy it you will pay for it only once; if you neglect to get it you will pay for it over and over again in wasted fuel.



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COME BACK, YOUTH

(Continued from Page 11)

said briskly, "I'll order the cement and—what did you call it?—blasting powder right away. We ought to be able to get it done in a week or so, don't you think?" Then with an anxious afterthought: "Do you know how it's done? Are you a—a cementer?"

"I imagine it would come under the general name of plasterer," he answered. "I think I could do it; I made my mother a cistern one summer." Then he grew all at once distrait, ill-at-ease. "I—I don't know whether I could—could arrange to help you, really. I'm afraid I've been—been ——"

"You mean I've been?" Her eyes of that painter's blue twinkled and glinted at him under the glint of the bronze hair. Her gay mouth twitched with a smile that was, he saw, a bit rueful.

"Oh, no—no!" he cried. "Not that at all! Don't think it!" His look was utterly appealing. "It is only that I'd—have to trust you to understand something."

She laughed an instant, bubbling relief. "If that's all! You don't know it yet, but I'm the understandingest person in the world! Come up on the porch and tell me about it." When they were up there: "That's why I picked on you! I did, you know." Her vivid colorful face projected itself upon his eyes and mind rather bewilderingly. "All you did was to be—well, led away by me!"

He acknowledged his pleasure at being thus led with his shy smile. "It's—it's my mother, you see," he said. "She isn't"—flushing—"just like people you've probably known. She's—very strict, I mean. She thinks that mere pleasure—for instance, what it would be for me to make your swimming pool—is—is sinful. She belongs to a rather peculiar religious sect, you know—a good many of the people around here do—maybe you already know that?"

She nodded. "I'd heard. A little settlement of them, isn't there? But you're not, are you? If you only come here for your vacations? Where do you stay the rest of the time?"

She put the questions with the eager impetuosity of a curious child, and he smiled happily at them as he answered.

"In New York. I work in an indexing house there—a publishing house, you know. We index the contents of all the leading periodicals for the convenience of libraries and do all kinds of bibliographical work. It's rather interesting—to me, at least."

"I know it must be," she commented admiringly, "because you don't have a bit of trouble saying it. You must know almost everything. I don't wonder you could make a swimming pool!"

"You're laughing at me, of course," he said, but not as though he particularly minded. "Anyhow, my mother—she's always getting me prayed for. I'm her only son, you see. She looks forward all the year to my vacation time, and then she's unhappy and I'm unhappy all the while it lasts because I won't—can't—come into the fold, you know. And if she thought I was spending my time making your swimming pool just for the fun of it she'd feel that it—you—were a lure of the evil one." He looked at her, gently apologetic. "But if I were getting pay for it"—he colored furiously—"I mean if that could be generally understood; everybody keeps tab on everything, you see—why, I could just give her my supposed wages. I almost always work for the farmers around; there's no other way to pass the time." He stopped, looking at her imploringly.

"How much ought they to be?" she asked in a purely businesslike tone, although her eyes and the corners of her alluringly curved lips were those of a fellow conspirator. "Would a—a plasterer break me?"

"He'd try not to," he promised gravely, something suddenly shining in the pale gray eyes behind the spectacles. "Of course he wouldn't be a very high-priced plasterer, not belonging to a union or anything. About three dollars a day, I should think."

"That would be quite satisfactory," she said after a moment of apparently careful consideration. "However, since it wouldn't be skilled labor if it didn't cost any more than that I'd have to be the boss, I think, and you'd have to make it just like I say."

"I don't think so," he immediately contradicted. "You see"—politely but quite firmly—"you don't know anything at all about making a swimming pool. But I'll need a helper. A plasterer always has a helper, I believe, like a plumber. The helper has to do just what the plasterer tells him to."

To his surprise she conceded gayly, "Well, then, you can be the plasterer and I'll be the helper."

The unexpected docility puffed him up a little. He had never before tried the masterful manner with a woman, and it was rather intoxicating to have gotten away with it so easily.

In her cap and brand-new overalls and with rubber gloves on her hands—for she hadn't liked the feel of the cement—the plasterer's helper worked faithfully and even feverishly at her allotted tasks, her only fault being that she was inclined to forget their relations.

"Isn't it nice you never grew up, Peter Pan? We can play together so beautifully!"

"What it's really like is a man and a boy," Peter said, stopping his work to stand looking down at her fixedly—"if your hair wouldn't keep coming out from under your cap like that."

For a moment she seemed to color faintly with a consciousness of the look, then she stuck out the end of her tongue at him saucily. It was as healthily pink as her eyes were deeply blue and the hair was purely bronze.

"You mustn't do that!" he said quite sternly. "A good plasterer never lets the helper get fresh, you know."

She became instantly respectful. "Well, then, I'll put it this way," she said: "Isn't it nice that I'm an—an elderly person—and that you're not? It has to be either one way or the other, Peter. Otherwise it would be simply a scandal—down here away from everybody else and both in our overalls—don't you know it would, Peter?"

"I should think," said Peter gravely, "that it would be more of a scandal if only one wore overalls."

Her eyes began to twinkle. "Why, of course! And doesn't that make it delightful, Peter? I can feel as young as I like and—you can feel as old as you like!"

"I think you're wasting too much time," said the plasterer gruffly. "I never saw a helper who could waste so much time!"

Away down there in the green heart of the ravine they had only an occasional curious spectator; even the muffled detonation when they evicted the tree roots from the center of the pool did not attract much attention. When now and then a figure indigenous to the countryside did stroll carelessly into view the helper immediately slipped out of her usual rôle into that of an exceedingly exacting and faultfinding employer, and this she carried off convincingly in spite of her rather jaunty appearance in her boys' clothes, tyrannizing over and humiliating the poor plasterer, who was forced in his turn to assume an air of meekness and servility. But he took it out on her after they were gone.

He made her tear up all the ferns she had so laboriously planted and carry the rocks away by herself while he cemented. She ought to have known, he told her, that her idea in the beginning, before he enlightened her, had been perfectly ridiculous. Nobody in the world could make a swimming pool in such a slap-dash, haphazard fashion as she had gone at it! All of which she accepted with a downward slant of the eyes and an upward quirk of the lips, that remarkable study in color tones as usual assailing him, until sometimes he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her, overalls and all.

After the first few days they decided that more hands would make lighter work and greater speed, so they called in some of the neighboring farmers temporarily resting from their crops. The wages of these were not merely suppositious, and possibly for that reason they accomplished more than the real plasterer; three or four days of thus augmented labor sufficed to complete the cementing and to dam the outlet.

It took about twenty-four hours for the little underground stream to fill the pool with clear water. Peter had made a certain concession as to the ferns; he had even helped rather grudgingly about them, and they were now growing all around the rim of the pool almost as fresh and green as if they had first had their being there. Their light green fronds drooping toward the water gave the place a sylvan and witching beauty.

"You must admit, Peter Pan," said the originator of the idea, "that I'm not quite a fathead about making a swimming pool!"

"Of course you can't swim in ferns," remarked Peter, his light gray eyes shining happily behind the shell-rimmed glasses.

Peter went to town, and bought himself a bathing suit. It was gray and green, just as any conventional men's bathing suit may be, and it gave rather an effect of sameness when it was on Peter. But the lately acquired ego with which he managed to pervade it made him cut quite a figure the first time he came to the edge of the pool ready to go in. She had fished hers out of a trunk. It consisted of black silk tights with the barest camouflage of a skirt, and she wore with it a scarlet rubber cap bordered with bronze—that is to say, her hair wouldn't, or at least didn't, stay under that either.

"One, two, three—go!" said Peter, his tones edged with sheer boyish delight, and dived from the high upper bank.

"Oh, I wish I could do that!" she cried enviously.

"You can when I'm through with you," he said, coming up at the side of the pool where she was standing, and holding up his arms for her.

They had a gay half hour. Peter Pan did wonderful things in the water which she stared at with the round fascinated eyes of an entranced child. Seeing which, he performed still other feats with an absolute shamelessness of pride in himself.

Afterwards he taught her to float—at least she lay on her back motionless on the bosom of the pool, looking up at the sky through the intertwining of trees whose branches almost met over the water, her body very stiff and straight, his hand lightly beneath it. He took it away and she still floated there in her slim black tights and her scarlet cap, moving her hands gently beneath the water just as he directed. Then she turned over, also at his direction, and began taking strokes.

"Did I really do that?" she cried unbelievingly. "All by myself?"

"You really did," he assured her, his nearsighted eyes without their glasses shining down upon her commendingly.

"Wasn't it fun?" she said when they were walking up the little goat trail in their wet bathing suits. "Aren't you glad we did it?"

Peter said he was. His face said it plainer than his words did. It was really more fun than Peter had ever had in his life before. He had always felt, though, that a woman—just the right kind of woman—could make everything very different. This only let him be sure of it.

After they had dressed, he in the bathroom she had had added to the bungalow and she in the kitchen with the assistance of a broad-hipped study in ebony who was the other part of her household, they sat on the porch, and the study in ebony, whose name was Rose, brought them cakes and glasses of milk.

The originator of the whole idea sighed happily.

"Isn't it funny—things you've always known were so—to find that they really are?"

Peter gulped a swallow of milk quickly—that was so entirely what he had just been thinking!

"I'd always heard," she continued, "that it made you hungry to swim—and it does, doesn't it, Peter?"

Peter said that it did, and munched cakes almost ravenously for a moment.

"The next question is," she remarked after a little, "how are we going to contrive to keep this guilty secret, now that the pool is all finished? You couldn't just come over every day and swim, because that would still be—what did you call it—a lure?"

"Undoubtedly it would," said Peter. They smiled gayly and understandingly at each other and he drank another glass of milk thoughtfully. "It all depends upon how well off you are," he said, "what you can afford. There are lots of things to do about a place like this—we ought to have

(Continued on Page 42)

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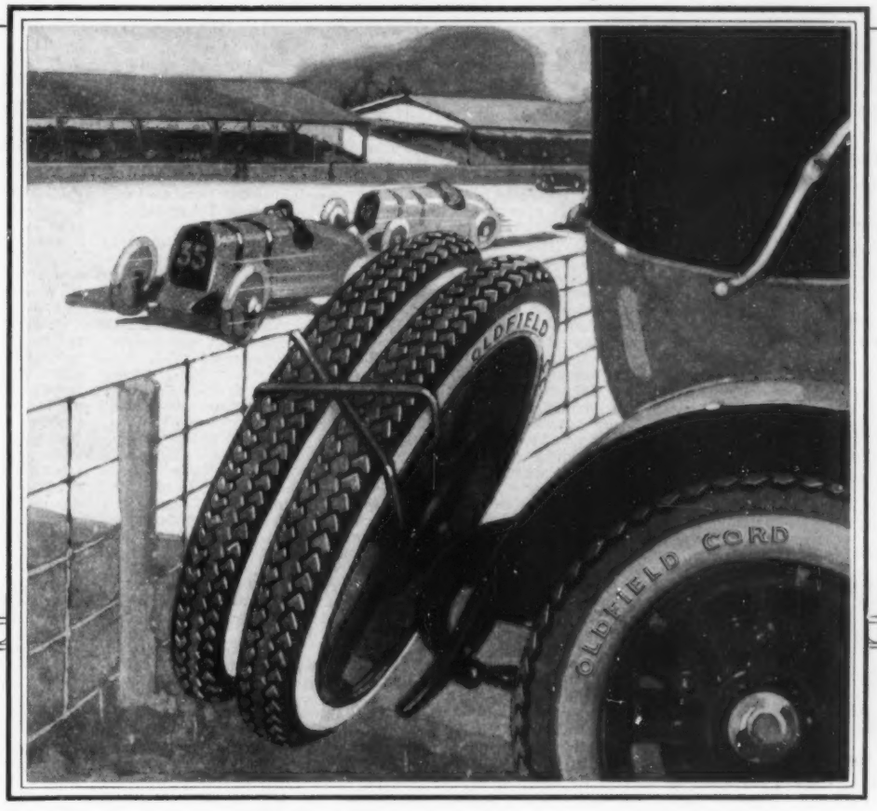

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(Continued from Page 40)

a better path down into the ravine, for one. You really need a hired man, I think."

Her face lighted responsively. "Does a hired man cost any more than a plasterer?"

"No; he wouldn't cost as much. He ought to be satisfied with about half as much wages as a plasterer, I should think."

"Oh, well, then"—with evident relief. But in the next moment she asked rather pathetically: "What could I be? A hired man isn't supposed to have a helper, is he?"

Peter gave her a reassuring smile. Then he said gravely: "No, but he has to have an overseer. He wouldn't be a bit of good without. You don't know a hired man evidently—you've got to be on the job every minute watching him. He's stupid, you know, and loafs."

"I don't think he's stupid!" she said kindly. She looked at him with her crinkling smile and that ever-arresting projection of color tones striking his consciousness. "But I'll be the overseer. I'll be anything you say."

"I wish you could!" he said suddenly. "I wish you could be just everything you are to me—wonderful—a revelation—and be—and not be ——" he floundered hopelessly.

"And not be—old? Was that what you meant to say, Peter?" The new overseer's voice was still understandingly kind and her lips smiling. Then her face changed all in a moment; sheerest tragedy came into it. Her eyes looked beyond him and down toward the ravine; they seemed vainly calling to it for something it could not give—calling something back which could not come back. Never in all his life had he felt himself in the presence of such passionate and futile longing. "I wish it, too, Peter Pan," she said in a voice so poignantly wistful that his heart contracted, "more than you can dream."

He made a swift little gesture of self-reproach. "I told you a hired man was stupid—a fool," he cried in acutest compunction, "but you wouldn't believe me. And now see what he's done—now you won't have him at all, and serve him right! Of course," he added in his own character, "you know what I was trying blunderingly to express—that I've never seen anyone else in the least like you—anyone who could touch you in any way, your charm, your whole wonderful personality! And it's that marvelous thing in you that is so different—that makes me forget ——"

But here the overseer interrupted him, all her eager, gay self again. "Oh, Peter Pan," she cried, "that was the dearest thing to say! I think a hired man will be delightful—better than a plasterer even! If I'd only known they felt that way about their overseers I'd have had one a long time ago!"

There is this about a hired man, he gets to be a familiar figure around the place. Peter Swan was no exception to the general rule. And another thing—being always there underfoot, as it were, the overseer gets to know a good deal about him. Peter's overseer did. Two in particular: The first that he had never been in love, and the other that he played the piano uncommonly well.

In fact the work outside suffered a good deal while Peter played the piano inside. The day's program was apt to be something like this: Peter would come in the morning all dressed up in the working clothes his duties demanded. Perhaps he'd walk gravely to the woodpile and split some kindling, which everybody knows is the first duty of a hired man. And more than likely the overseer would come out to watch him and encourage him with that timeworn formula "Go to it, Peter; that's the way I got my start!" Then they would carry the kindling in to Rose, and the hired man would probably wash his hands and stray toward the piano.

As he played he usually forgot the overseer for a time. Peter did that when he played—forgot everything else. But along about nine or ten o'clock, and always between pieces—never in the middle of one—she would come and stand at the end of the piano.

"Is it long enough after breakfast to swim, Peter?"

And Peter the hired man became Peter the merman till lunch time. The overseer became a mermaid. Down there in the pool in that leafy glen with the sun dappling down greenly upon it through the overhanging foliage, the illusion wasn't difficult. And she soon came to have all the ease and grace of a mermaid in the water. She never rested until she could do everything Peter could do in it. Her slim boyish figure in the black tights could cut it cleaner than his could, even, when they dived, and slip along under it farther.

In those hours at the pool, youth wasn't hard to recapture. "A mermaid isn't supposed to grow up either, is she, Peter Pan?"

"The only mermaid I am acquainted with isn't," responded Peter lightheartedly.

Some mornings they worked on the path. They were making stone steps down the steepest part of the descent to the ravine, and perhaps they would build one step very industriously. Then they would sit down on it and talk.

Peter talked more than he ever had in his life before; more than he had expected ever to talk, up to its closing hour. The overseer had a way of bringing out things about a hired man, things he'd kept strictly locked up until then.

It might begin with a mere matter-of-fact question: "How does it happen you are a musician, Peter? A real musician, I mean? You are, you know."

"It was my father." Thus Peter. "He made me begin taking lessons when I was very young; he thought I had—that I was ——"

"A prodigy or something?" Searching blue eyes full of an intense interest.

"I suppose that was it. I could play Bach and Chopin when I was nine. Of course that was—unusual. But he died. I never went much farther after that. My mother—life seemed to shut up somehow. I had expected to—to be a pianist. You know—one of the"—he brought the word out with difficulty—"greatest. But my mother had an actual horror of—of that life for me. She thinks the world—cities, and all that—is a fearful place, seething with iniquity and waiting for the vials of wrath to be poured out—it's all in the prophecies, you know—the books of Daniel and the Revelation. And of course you can see how she'd hate to have me go out into a place like that."

"But you went out into it?"

"Yes—in one way. I went where it is"—smiling a shy and whimsical smile—"but it comforts my mother to think that I am not an actual part of it, all that wickedness and ——"

"Iniquity," she quickly prompted. "Aren't you iniquitous at all, Peter?"

"Giddiness is what I was going to say," he went on gravely. "Giddiness is just as bad as iniquity. Like making swimming pools just for the fun of swimming in them. That is what she thinks the world is full of, and it is, of course. Only I never happened to find any of it until now." Behind his glasses was a little gleam of something that wasn't quite gravity.

"But just your music itself—did she think that was giddiness? Doesn't she like to have you play at all? Aren't there heavenly choruses or something?"

"She likes to have me play hymns," said Peter simply. "We have a little wheezy organ; I always play on it for her. My Soul, be on Thy Guard, and others. That's one of her favorites."

"You've always been that, too, haven't you, Peter?" Her face was suddenly full of teasing laughter. "All the while you've been out there in the world and never found any of it!"

He looked at her, puzzled.

"Always been what?"

"My soul, be on thy guard—haven't you, Peter?"

"I don't know—possibly. It's been more my—my shyness—I think, or ——"

"Or choosiness, Peter?"

His flush admitted it. "I never found anything I—I really liked. When I first went to New York—Greenwich Village, and places like that—I tried to play around in them a little. My—music, you know—I could sort of make a pretense—but I never even had an affair! It seemed—all I found, I mean—cheap."

She nodded understandingly. And after a moment she asked in a detached, impersonal way, "Do you like singing, Peter Pan? Concert sing'ng—operas?"

They had come out of the pool to warm, and she was sitting upon a rock, with a rather expensive-looking robe of scarlet wool thrown over her shoulders. It trailed behind her on the ground and fell open in front where her bare arms clasped a knee that was purest alabaster against the black swimming suit just reaching it. The pose and the color effect made Peter answer her question by saying:

"You look like some splendidly barbaric operatic figure yourself." And then for a moment it actually seemed to him to be some such figure sitting there; he half expected to hear some strange, passionate song, throbbing with love and death, pouring from her lips.

"What operatic figures have you seen, Peter?" she asked.

"Hardly any. I heard Irma Glace sing Lucia di Lammermoor when I was twelve—before my father died, you know." He looked at the overseer and for an instant seemed to be searching his memory for something. "That was barbaric too," he said. "I remember how it vaguely frightened me. I was too young to understand, you see."

"And you haven't heard any others? Since you went back to New York?"

"I can't stand them," he said simply—"things like that, that appeal to—to the emotions, you know. They—they start things. Not just the longing to play myself—that died in me, I think, with my father's death—but other things, like the longing for beauty and"—his voice lowered and he said the last word with difficulty—"love. You see I've always been so ugly and—and stupid—that I've never expected—hoped ——"

"But now you're not! Isn't that nice, Peter?" She sprang up and flung the scarlet robe from her shoulders. "Let's see who can do that dead man's float across the pool this morning!"

After a number of trials Peter climbed out on the bank and sat watching the overseer, who was more persevering. At last where the pool narrowed she came entirely across to him, floating face down in the water, only the back of her scarlet cap visible above the surface. So rigid was the slim black figure underneath that he had a moment's sharp thought of reality—of dead hands before a submerged face, of dead feet trailing whitely. But the next moment he sprang to his feet with a laughing shout:

"Oh, you cheated! Of course you could do it—I saw you kick!" He dived, came up beside her, turned her dripping face upward, then bent to it swiftly. Her eyes sprang open.

"What—are you doing to me, Peter?" she said rather breathlessly, although by now it was all over.

"I'm kissing you!" he said sternly, also although it was all over. "Just to teach you that you can't cheat and get away with it!"

"I'm sorry," she murmured penitently. For an instant her face swam there, sparkling, insouciant, her crinkling eyes mocking him. "But it was such a temptation!"

He tried to glare at her but the glare was more terrified than terrifying, which may very reasonably be the case when the hired man has just kissed the overseer. And when they were out on the bank she said without a glimmer:

"You've behaved very badly, Peter. Ask my pardon."

It was easy to put Peter in his place—almost too easy. There was too much sincerity in his "I'm sorry." He walked up the goat trail behind her silently.

The next day was Saturday. The hired man didn't work on Saturdays, for the peculiar religious sect to which his mother belonged observed it as a day of rest; they had a little chapel, perhaps a mile distant from the bungalow at the edge of the ravine, and Peter worshiped there with the others every Saturday morning. At least he wended his filial way there whenever he was home for his vacations. But on this Saturday morning his thoughts were unquiet, undutiful, rebellious. Peter had kissed a woman's lips. And with the kiss something had happened to him.

The face of the woman in the pool came before him vividly while he was playing the first hymn. When he was there he always played, the usual organist resigning her place to him—forcibly if he demurred in his shy, retiring fashion. The organist was young but she was not—youth! Youth was something the woman in the pool had—something that was inner, that glanced and sparkled and charmed—and that could ignore externals. Then the kiss itself came back to him—that momentary contact of lips with lips. Not young perhaps, yet certainly not—old!

After the prayer, during the playing of the second hymn, she walked into the little chapel in person. Peter with his lifelong habit of thought had an instant's scared

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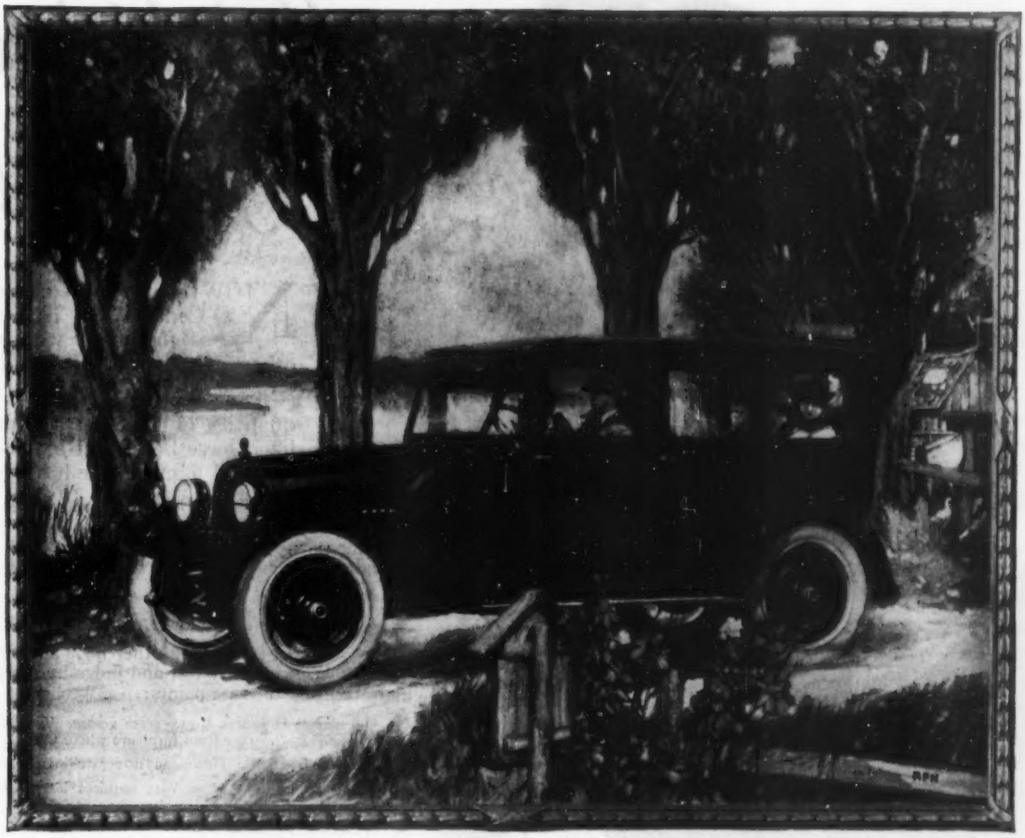
HUDSON



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(Continued from Page 42)

sense of her as the scarlet woman rearing a temple to Baal in the midst of the holy places, and other profane things. He knew that would be his mother's sense of her because she was of the world; that world which lightheartedly made swimming pools and swam in them—even kissed in them sometimes—and of which he, Peter, had guiltily become a little part.

But there was nothing very scarlet or in the least profane about her appearance—unless—thought Peter with a catch of the breath—beauty could be that! He had never seen her as she was today; there was something about her that was—that was like a vision! Later in the services—and he may have been dreaming a little—across the width of the church an overwhelming sense of her presence there swept in. It was not strictly a personal sense, but rather as though into that drab place something dazzling, transcendent had entered; it suffused him with strong emotion, gave him a feeling of rapture, of tears. He wanted to cry out to the entire congregation, and even to the inanimate things, to see, to mark well and remember, for what was now in that dull midst would never in the course of all their lives shine there again.

He did not know how long this strange mental rhapsody lasted; he came to himself with his mother prodding him gently and whispering "Go up and play the closing hymn, Peter," and stumbled up from his seat and went forward to the organ, where he played Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand with such abandon that the poor little instrument almost broke its weak little heart trying to furnish power for it.

He had to speak to her afterward and introduce her to his mother and some of the others. Then her gentleness and humility toward them all touched him to the heart.

His mother filled her hands with papers and tracts; a faint suggestion of her son's responsiveness to charm showed in her manner toward the stranger.

Peter flushed to hear her say, "You, my dear, with all your beauty and privileges, you could do a great work in the world if only you would let the Lord use you."

Peter looked a little like his mother; perhaps that made the response more gracious: "I wish I might—truly, Mrs. Swan."

In his gentle, filial way, after mother and son had had their Sabbath-day dinner together, Peter said, "I think I'll take a little walk, mother, if you don't mind." She looked up from the denominational paper over which she had been dozing.

"Remember—'not speaking our own words nor thinking our own thoughts,'" she told him, the words like a many-times-repeated telling of beads.

Yet Peter really wasn't, in a sense, thinking his own thoughts. He was merely thinking—or feeling—things that came to him unbidden—remembering that swift unpremeditated kiss; recalling that strange sense of something remarkable, something worlds apart from its ordinary atmosphere which had seemed a few hours ago to come into the little chapel and immortalize it. And mingling with this there was still another sense, that of there being some key to the phenomenon, a key with which he ought to have been familiar.

This kept teasing his mind all the way to the bungalow.

She said gayly, "How do you do, Peter Pan?" when he came up the steps and crossed to where she was sitting on the porch—precisely as if she had been waiting for him. He hung his best panama hat on a chair back and stood looking down upon her through his glasses.

"Peter Pan has grown up," he replied. And after a moment, hesitatingly: "I—I think he's in love."

She looked quickly up at him and said in a funny, dismayed fashion, "Oh—Peter!"

"I'm almost sure of it," he insisted gloomily. "He's—very miserable."

"Oh, Peter—what a way of telling!" She laughed her rich little laugh, and he smiled indulgently at it. Standing as he was and looking down at her, he could see the silver threads among the bronze very plainly. But he wouldn't draw back.

"Peter," she said suddenly, irrelevantly, "did it ever occur to you that in all our talks—your talks, rather—there hasn't been a word about me—that it's been all about you?"

"There are no words needed about you," he said. His face had all at once a curious, almost grim little look. "I—I love you." He said it hardly bending down to her and not touching her at all, and not so much happily as determinedly. "I want to marry you if you are free and"—a shy, rather pitiful and rather gallant little smile struggled into view on his face—"if you will consider such a worm as I!"

She sprang up, her eyes all compunction, a little choke in her voice.

"Oh, Peter—you're not that—you're a darling!" She laid her hand lightly, even tenderly, on his arm. He held it there with one of his.

"Are you free? And could you be so—so marvelously good?"

Yet when a sudden flooding tide of emotion swept over him it stopped short of letting him want to crush her in his arms, to hold her tightly against his breast. Suddenly he knew that if she had been a girl this is what he would have done.

"Peter," she said softly, just as if conscious of his most inner sense, "do you know how many years there are between us?"

"I don't care!" There was a hint of bravado in his flinging out of the words. "I only care that you are—you! You've given me—I couldn't possibly tell you—I've had the most wonderful glimpses of—of life—through you. And—I want you!" But still he didn't take.

And in the pause that followed she said, almost in the gay little tone with which he had grown so affectionately familiar, her eyes crinkling into what was almost laughter, "You've never asked me how many children I have, Peter."

"I don't care how many ——" began Peter doggedly, and knew in his heart that he did care, that he couldn't bear the thought of life having had her, of her having known all its travail; he had an instant's vision which he couldn't possibly make seem real, of her bending over cots, feeding babies something out of a spoon, of her having been ever different than she was now.

"Let's go down and sit on our nice new steps, Peter, that we made ourselves, and talk it over," she said suddenly. And then with a faint glint of amusement: "That wouldn't be wicked to do today, would it?"

They stopped at a point halfway down, where a twilight green all at once took the place of the too bright sunlight, and where they could just see the shimmer of crystal water in the pool.

Peter asked frigidly but very politely, "How many children have you?"

She lifted one hand. He hadn't noticed her wearing rings before, but her fingers were sparkling with them. She held it out with all four separated. Then she lifted the other in the same way.

"That many—including thumbs!" Peter couldn't even gasp. "In every corner of the globe. Oh, Peter, the letters I have to write! What do you think I'll do when they all have grandchildren and I'm their great-grandmother and have to answer all their letters?" But she laughed merrily at his too expressive face in the next moment. "None of them would be real—encumbrances—except my one little daughter."

"Then I am to understand," he said rather stiffly, "that you are merely—romancing? I am not to believe what you've just told me?"

She looked at him a little bit as the plasterer's helper had done down in the glen.

"You are not to believe anything I tell you, Peter—not one single thing! Except"—her gay eyes misted for a moment—"except that you're a dear—and I love you!"

"Then keep me!" he cried swiftly, in a rush of inexpressible feeling toward her, a feeling that made him want to kneel at her feet, to press his lips to the hem of her dress or the tips of her white shoes. "Let me be something to you—in any way you wish, only let me be—something."

She smiled with unmistakable fondness at him. "I don't see," she said kindly, "why you shouldn't be at least that much. In fact I will admit that the thought of—cementing—our relations in some way"—her eyes twinkled at him and he was forced to return the look with a little grin of his own—"has occurred to me. But we mustn't do anything rash, not at our—I mean at my—age; we must take time to consider. Will you"—whimsically—"give me a little time to consider, Peter Pan?"

His eyes shone happily into hers. "All the time you wish!" he said. He felt strangely moved and wonderfully lighthearted. Yet all the while he vaguely realized that this happiness was compounded with some not quite to be explained mixture of relief.

After he had gone—and long enough to be well out of hearing—she sat down at the piano. Peter had never seen her do that, and it might have surprised him. Also, there was a subtle change in her—like the substitution of another personality—something of the same shining transformation he had caught in the little chapel.

She struck the keys with an almost contemptuous familiarity and played the first bars of a song accompaniment, and there was, if it may be expressed like that, something unconsciously artificial in her way of doing it—as if in her second sense there was an audience out in front.

The song broke upon the silence of the empty room just as times without number those rich coloratura notes, exquisite, unthinkably sweet, had broken upon the ears of waiting thousands. Ah, Peter, if she had told you this would you have thought her—romancing? If she had told you that in all your joyous playing together she had kept something back—something amazing—incredulous? Footlights, sparkle of gems, seas of upturned faces—your other self must have gone to sleep, Peter, or you could but have known!

But the song itself might not have surprised him. And the surpassing tones bore a passion that seemed real—a passion of futile longing. She sang this:

Wake me not, for I am dreaming now,
And dreams the heart beguile.
They are the blossoms on my wintry bough—
Let them be sweet to me this little while.
Oh, let me dream the year has not turned cold—
Oh, let me dream that I have not grown old!

Wake me not! So small a thing I crave—
Oh, not so much as joy!
Only that life would give but as it gave.
Oh, not so much as love—all the alloy,
The loss—if I may only once more come
Back from this shore where all desire sits dumb!

When the hired man came to work Monday morning he found the bungalow full—it seemed to him at first—of strange people; strange young women! He had walked right upon the little group clustered in the living room before realizing it was there, and he had almost the scared, panicky feeling that had caused him to run as for his life when weeks before he had had that first startled glimpse of the woman in the pool. He stood transfixed in his clean faded overalls, which had a neat patch on one knee, tall and fair and flushing through his thin skin, his old panama hat crushed in his hands, and peering not quite believingly through his shell-rimmed spectacles, his morning smile of greeting to his overseer frozen on his lips.

"This one is Arliss, Peter," she said, indicating a slow-moving, placid-eyed girl as fair as himself and much fatter, "and this one is Annette." Annette, who was tall and willowy, with brown hair, inclined toward him with a suggestion of bending to a very faint breeze. "And this little black one we call Jac for short. Her name is Jacqueline."

Peter, who had executed a confused bow in the direction of the two others, did the same toward Jacqueline, his hat still held stiffly in front of him.

"Hang it on the usual nail, Peter," suggested the overseer, her intensely blue eyes crinkling with laughter. He turned upon her a miserably scared and reproachful look. "Yes, isn't it tragic?" she answered, her own lightly mocking him. "Only think of it—when I got up this morning, here were all these three mendicants sitting on my doorstep begging to be taught to swim! Shall we just take 'em down there and drown 'em, Peter Pan? I will if you will."

"I don't suppose that would be any good," he said, his desperate shyness giving him courage, though he didn't dare look at the intruders as he said it; "their bodies would be discovered of course."

"Isn't he cold-blooded?" murmured Annette, pretending to shiver.

"Monster!" remarked the fat Arliss placidly.

Peter scarcely heard either of them, for he had a sudden sharp impression of big dark eyes in a little olive-skinned oval face, and the most appealing look he thought he had ever seen, coming straight

to him. This was Jacqueline, the one designated by the overseer as the little black one.

She said in a small childish voice with a purely selfish and personal concern, "Please don't drown me, Peter!"

In spite of a stern effort to keep in character he felt his lips betraying him, and without quite realizing it he almost beamed upon her through his spectacles. "Well, not you perhaps," he conceded. "But"—with a gruffness which he hoped would conceal his fright—"certainly both of the others!"

"Isn't he a dear?" observed Annette pleasantly.

She might just as well not have spoken, for Peter had ears only for the little Jacqueline, who was begging earnestly, "Let's go do it then, if you're going to. You know—drown 'em!"

Later in an agony of shyness he got into his bathing suit and herded them all down to the pool. The overseer had not changed, and came only in the rôle of chaperon. "Even a drowning should be conducted with propriety," she told Peter severely. Going through the thicket of hazel bushes near the brink of the pool he was suddenly conscious of a little figure beside him and of a feminine garment with dragging pink tassels flung deftly across his arm.

"You carry it, Peter," Jacqueline said coaxingly.

He looked down at her for a second, grimly inquiring, got a glimpse of her dusky upturned oval face agleam with audacity, and marched on solemnly, the tasseled ends dragging. That day before yesterday when he had kissed the hem of the overseer's dress—or wanted to—seemed like a dream to him, a dream to which something had happened, which had been somehow spirited away from him. But the tantalizing uplifted face of the girl Jacqueline seemed real.

He spent a very unhappy half hour, holding up the large and passive Arliss, who almost floated by her own displacement, coaxing the timid Annette to venture and trying to prevent the little black one from committing suicide by drowning when for a moment or two he wasn't looking.

"You just do this, and this, and you don't sink!" she kept protesting, and could not be made to understand that you first had to learn to do it.

He got them all out of the pool to warm up at last, and swam back to where the overseer was sitting on the opposite bank. Then under the amused quizzical glance she gave him he felt suddenly boyish and ashamed before her; he had a crippling sort of feeling that she didn't even remember that only two days ago he had asked her to marry him and she had at least promised to consider! It made it all seem absurd, even to him.

Instead of anything he had meant to say he grumbled, nodding toward the other side of the pool, "Look at 'em over there—more legs than a centipede! And in the water they're worse!"

"Poor Peter Pan!" she said. Her rich voice was a little sad, a little regretful. He bent over her eagerly, but she made a smiling, fastidious gesture. "You're so very—wet—aren't you, Peter?"

He stood well away from her at once, the water dripping from his gray-and-green bathing suit, a lock of well-washed light hair straggling down the middle of his forehead and a trickle from it dripping from the end of his nose. He had a look of boyish surprise and hurt.

"I beg your pardon!" he said stiffly.

He walked to the edge of the pool and dived. Coming up with his eyes full of water his nearsighted vision played him a low trick; the figure of the overseer appeared changed, distorted to something aged—unbeautiful. The wicked illusion vanished, but it left its scar.

"Oh, Peter!" the cry assailed his senses suddenly. "Let me dive down there to you! Will you get me?" It was the little Jacqueline, standing poised on the high upper bank of the pool. He made a gesture motioning her back.

"No—wait! You'll strike flat!" he shouted, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth came the splashing impact of her body on the water and she sank like a stone.

He brought her up from the bottom, limply unconscious, and swam quickly to the bank. Laying her out upon it, the white stillness of her face gave him the terrible thought that she was dead, but as he bent above her she all at once opened her great dark eyes, looking at him with what seemed a pleasant wonder.

"Where am I?" she asked interestedly; then in the next instant, with piteous reproach: "You didn't get me! Oh, Peter—you almost let me drown!"

Nothing had ever smitten him so, stabbed him with so sharp a pang! "I'm sorry!" he breathed, and put his wet face down close to hers, longing wildly to cradle her in his arms, to drive away the hurt of that piteous surprised cry—"Oh, Peter, you almost let me drown!" Then the slight girlish figure lying there relaxed in the wet bathing suit made him say in his heart with a sudden passionate reverence, "You beautiful young thing!" It was a feeling which seemed to come from the very depths of his being and which startled him with its strength and left him shaken.

"I—think she'll be all right now," he said to the overseer and the two other young ladies, who came hurrying to offer first aid. "Somebody put something around her; I'd better carry her up to the house."

It was later in the day that he came upon the overseer standing alone and, he thought, rather pensive. Peter was pensive himself.

"I wish to give notice," he said with dignity. He stood at quite a little distance, as if fearing another rebuff. "I think my services as a hired man will be no longer required."

She looked at him quizzically. "But that's not the way to give notice!" she said, smiling. "That is what I am supposed to say if the hired man doesn't give satisfaction." Then she took a step or two toward him and laid her hands with an exquisite tenderness on his shoulders. "Oh, dear Peter Pan," she said in a voice between a laugh and a sob, "I think it is going to be my services that will be no longer required!"

Jacqueline was languid the day after the accident; Annette remarked in private to Arliss, "I don't know whether it's after effect or for effect—do you?"

"No—you can't tell, with Jac," replied Arliss placidly, "she's so temperamental. You heard her with her violin last night—she played to me as if she had been hit rather hard."

"Does Jac know he doesn't know?" inquired Annette after an interval, renewing the subject.

"No, I don't think so." Somewhat cryptically Arliss added: "I don't think she intended to have her know. I think she means for her just to let it out accidentally."

Annette spoke with a trace, possibly, of natural envy: "He seems to have fallen for her equally hard."

"Yes, I think that's what she intended really." Arliss spoke with, apparently, an entire absence of anything.

The overseer meanwhile was taking her afternoon nap; for some odd reason it did not occur to Peter that it had not been her habit to take an afternoon nap. "Play me to sleep," she had said lightly as she disappeared. "Have Jac get her violin."

Peter's throat contracted at the picture the girl made, standing with her little dark head thrown back, and small oval face rapt, while with one slim lifted arm she drew the bow across the strings. They played some of Beethoven's sonatas and some other things, and in them told each other all about the yearning incompleteness and passionate longings of their respective souls. Peter quite forgot that he had recently tried to express his to the overseer.

In one of the intermissions Jacqueline said, sighing, "I don't know—whether I really want to be a great violinist or not. That is what I'm supposed to be, you know. But you have to give your life to it so if you are. Sometimes I think ——" Then she interrupted herself to say, "We do play pretty well together, don't we?"

"Wonderfully!" responded Peter, the eyes behind the spectacles all alight and glowing. It was just at this fairly perfect moment that the mine under his feet exploded.

Very casually, as she tucked her violin under her little pointed chin for the beginning of another number the girl Jacqueline remarked, "That's why Miss Glace got interested in you, isn't it—because you were musical?"

Peter was smoothing a page of music to make it lie flat; he did not immediately discontinue this occupation.

"Why did you say that?" he asked, with only a natural curiosity in his tone.

"She is, isn't she?" Jacqueline now had an ear bent to the G string, which she was twanging for a false note. Peter, on the piano bench, was still groping mildly, still merely at sea.

"I thought you said," he repeated, "that Miss Glace got interested in me."

"I did!" she replied a little sharply, still twanging. "What would you say if you didn't say 'interested'?"

Peter asked a direct question: "Do you mean Irma Glace, the singer?"

"Of course!" She glanced up at him with a certain puzzled wonder.

"Irma Glace never heard of me!" he said.

The girl dragged her ear away from the G string and stared at him. Her large dark eyes got larger and larger; her little oval face began to be the repository of the strangest look he had ever seen. "Why—Peter!" she said. And in amazement: "Didn't you know?"

There was a tightness of throat muscles, a sudden sharp stringency in his next question. "Didn't know what?" He had a look of holding his breath until it was answered.

"Why, that you've been playing around with her all summer!" she said swiftly.

Somewhere in the back of Peter's brain certain cells were functioning rapidly; cells which held his childish memory of Irma Glace when that singer's star had been at its highest. These began to coördinate with his bits of later knowledge; of the great personal charm, the warm magnetic quality attributed to her which hardly less than her voice had made her her public's idol. And all at once his heart began to beat suffocatingly and the blood to hammer at his temples with a kind of throbbing exaltation—this was the Irma Glace with whom he, Peter Swan, had walked familiarly; whose lips he, Peter Swan, had kissed! All that rich glowing wonder of her which had charmed its thousands behind the footlights had been bestowed freely and happily upon him—Peter Swan! No wonder that at times he had been thrilled to rapture—that his heart had melted and been as water in her presence and at the thought of her!

Then a dampening hand went across this ecstasy. His brain cooled. Clearly, remorselessly, another recollection set itself beside these. It was the memory of what night when from those same lips the death song of the crazed Lucia di Lammermoor had risen and risen till it seemed it would pierce the roof of the Metropolitan Opera House and ascend in its wild terrible beauty to the stars, and when he, Peter Swan, an atom in the vast crowd of enthralled listeners, had known only a child's bewilderment and wonder!

On that night, at the height of her career, the singer must have been years older than he, Peter Swan, was today! The shock of this, for the time being, was scarcely less than anguish; it deadened all his faculties, rendered him speechless and made him hardly conscious of time, place or—until she spoke—the girl at his side.

"I thought you knew," she said a little timidly. "I knew people generally didn't, but I thought she would have told you. She's retiring, you know; she isn't making any more contracts. Think of it, she has made her last appearance in grand opera! She knows she couldn't hope to last much longer—she's old, you see; past fifty. And she wants to quit while her public can still remember her as she was. I think it's the saddest thing." She added this with the unfelt casual sadness of youth.

Peter still did not speak. He had gone, not to the depths of the singer's tragedy, but a good deal deeper than Jacqueline had.

That day when she had sat and looked down into the ravine with that terribly calling, yearning look on her face—"Come back, oh, come back!" He could understand it better now.

"Aren't you going to pay me a bit of mind, Peter?" Jacqueline laid her hand on his arm, speaking in those coaxing, appealing accents that had conquered him the morning before when she had said, "Please don't drown me, Peter!"

Their sound and her touch thrilled him.

He was still sitting on the piano bench when the overseer came out of her bedroom. Jacqueline, with one of those intuitions which sometimes come to one person who is rather deeply concerned with the happiness of another person, had gone away a few minutes before, leaving him

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THE PULSE OF LIFE

"WHAT do the people think? How do the people feel?" This is the cry of those who sit in the high places. This is the anxious query of the statesman before he frames his policy. Immersed in affairs of state, aloof from the life in the street, viewing humanity from a platform—sometimes he loses touch with the thought and feeling of the average man.

In business, as in government, those who would serve the people must think and feel with the people. The arteries of understanding are as vital to the life of trade as the arteries of transportation. The ambitious manufacturer who understands his product, but does not understand his market, reaps a failure—and wonders why. The established leader who clings to the methods with which he made his first success, who forgets that the pulse of life beats with the changing times, awakes to find that the world is different—and he is out of touch.

Advertising fifty years ago served industry simply by placing the wares of industry in the public eye. Advertising today has a deeper function and a larger duty. The advertising organization which is worthy of the name studies the mind, the heart, the habits of the people—and the direction of the times. It serves business in answering the questions, "What do the people think? How do the people feel?" It keeps the finger of industry on the pulse of life.

"Great men," said Emerson, "are they who see that thoughts rule the world." Today, more than ever, great leaders of industry are they who see that between producer and consumer, advertising is the chief artery of understanding.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

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alone with his thoughts—though why Jacqueline should have had such an intuition with reference to Peter may be only surmised.

He was not exactly thinking, however; he was not, consciously, even feeling when the singer came and stood at one end of the piano. At first he could not look at her for dread of those white threads which he knew were sprinkled through that crowning bronze glory which she wore so splendidly, for fear of those tiny lines radiating from the corners of her gay eyes, of finding the eyes themselves dulled—faded.

But she said "Look at me, Peter!" and he had to. Surprisingly, all the vivid impressionist's coloring which had at the first struck so sharply upon his senses was yet there. All that wonderful charm which had enthralled him and held him in thrall—it was still there. It had, after all, not gone! He could have sobbed his relief and gladness.

He moved to one end of the piano bench, making a shy, inviting motion toward the other, and she came and sat down beside him.

"Of course you know," he said, and had to make a strong effort to speak at all, "that I am—overwhelmed—that I cannot lift my eyes to you—that I am ——"

"Do you feel like 'such a worm as I,' Peter?" The question had a little ripple of laughter in it; the tones were very warm and kind.

He nodded. "If I were not the blind, stupid, blundering fool that I warned you a hired man would be"—the instant twinkling response he saw in her face helped him a little—"I'd have recognized you of course. Even if I hadn't, being, as I have told you, grossly ignorant of everything I ought to know, I'd have realized at once that no one—no one whose life would ever ordinarily have touched mine—could have ——"

"Got away with it? Is that what you're trying to say, Peter?"

He reached out to the keyboard, ran a scale rapidly and with precision with his long white fingers. "Not altogether that. I ought to have felt—been conscious ——" Then he remembered that he had been, and cried out softly, throbbingly, "I was conscious of it! Over and over it came to me—that there was something ——"

She seemed not to have been listening. "I found I couldn't get away with it either, Peter Pan." There was a queer sadness, a queer note of acceptance in her tone. "I wanted to. And for a time I did almost have myself believing"—she smiled her sudden whimsical smile at him—"that I was one of the immortals!"

"Oh, you are!" he cried. "You will be!" But in the next instant: "I know that isn't what you mean! I know it's something quite different. And I can't tell you how I wish ——"

"That is why I love you so, Peter," she interrupted in a gay, tender little tone—"because you do know."

He choked. "Nothing will ever be to me again like those wonderful weeks," he said; and then repeated as if something within himself had all at once seemed to challenge that statement: "Nothing!"

"Nor for me, Peter," she said very softly. "But for me it was trying to cheat an immutable law of life—that we are young and then we are old—that was made for me, too, Peter."

He could not bear it. "You are not!" he cried hotly. "You could never, never be!"

Her eyes were moist, shining. "Thank you, Peter Pan. May you never be, either! But just the same I tried to cheat—and you can't. You remember you told me I couldn't"—her eyes crinkled at him in the teasing old way—"that day you kissed me in the pool."

The hot color rushed to his face. "If you were not as far above me as the stars are the things they shine on ——"

But she motioned this away with a little careless wave of her hand. "I'm not, Peter. I've only"—ruefully—"been shining so much longer! And better than anyone else, I know that the light is dimmed." Then out of a little silence she said reminiscently, "When I first started to make the pool—before you appeared on the scene at all—I was so joyously excited, and so happy to think I could be like that—buoyant, eager"—the thrill of it was in her look, in the cadences of her voice—"as if life were beginning all over!" Then came one indescribably mournful "But it wouldn't stay real, Peter."

"I think I drove it away," he said unhappily.

She laid her hand lightly, with a beautifully intimate yet beautifully remote touch, upon his. "Oh, Peter, dear! You made it stay longer. And made it so much better. Only think what hours we had together!"

"Then you drove it away!" He turned on her almost fiercely. It was the last struggle of something that had never quite been really to be. He spoke swiftly, accusingly. "You know what you did—and you know why! You brought all those—girls—down here to—to wean me! I'm stupid and blind and a dolt—but I can at least see that!"

She smiled her little adorable smile at him—that smile that had charmed its thousands.

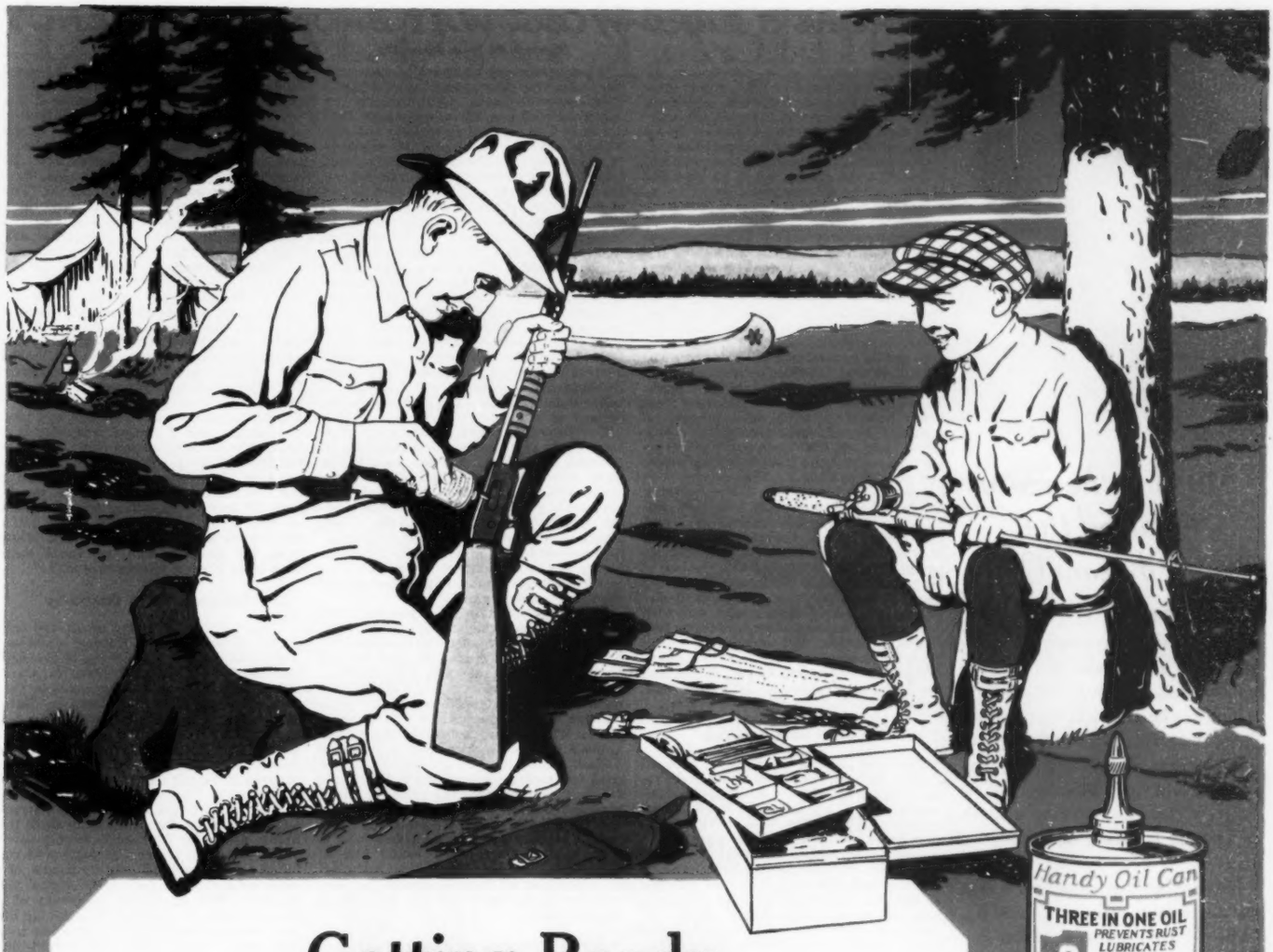
"Well—are you weaned, Peter?"

"I—don't know!" he stammered. Then he had a swift vision of a girl in a wet bathing suit—a little oval-faced, olive-skinned girl all untouched by life—and knew that he did know.

Down in the green heart of the ravine, just dappled by the flecks of sunlight that sifted upon it through the leaves, the pool rippled and invited. On its bosom, looking up at the visible bits of blue sky, floated a figure in black tights and scarlet cap—as motionless and still, both figure and scene, as if it were a painted pool in a painted glen, with the floating form inanimate there on its surface.

Except that from the lips of this figure proceeded all at once—a little sadly, a little humorously—a reflective voice: "I might have kept you, at least for a time, Peter Pan." And, a little later: "If only I could have wanted to!" Another silence somewhat longer while the lone figure floated there. And then the singer quoted slowly, with unwilling acquiescence, the last words of the verses she had sung up there in the bungalow the day that Peter Swan had offered her his youth—"Where all desire sits dumb!"

After this reflective interval the former overseer, like one in her natural element, turned on her side and swam a few long graceful strokes, her white arms flashing in and out of the water, her eyes joyous, her gay and whimsical lips giving the lie to bitterness and to age. But nearing the bank the swimmer turned once more and floated in to the edge of the pool in the dead man's float, her hands before her submerged face, her feet like dead feet, trailing whitely.



Getting Ready For The Day's Sport

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EUROPE'S HARD-WORK WAY BACK TO SOLVENCY

(Continued from Page 21)

slowly; though it is in practice in all European industrial countries, and is compulsory in two great industrial countries, and in most minor states, nearly all countries have refused to bind themselves by ratifying the Washington convention;

On grounds of international competition, the eight-hour system must be formally abandoned by all industrial countries as soon as it is formally abandoned by one.

Europe's leading statesmen have not put forward these arguments. During the war democratic statesmen, just as irresponsibly as the autocratic, promised universal and easy happiness if only victory were gained. Article 427 of the Versailles Treaty was an insincere attempt to redeem the promise. No leading statesman has yet had the nerve to tell Europe's democracies that salvation does not lie in academic conference resolutions, borrowed American dollars and happy idleness, but in unremitting hard work. The only effective agitation has come from a few heretic socialists, who, because as socialists they claimed class solidarity with labor, imagined that they could put to labor unpleasant truth from which statesmen and politicians shrank. This socialist confidence went a bit too far. For denouncing the eight-hour day as being in present conditions an unrealizable dream, the ablest and boldest of all Germany's socialists, Max Schippel, has been ostracized by his party, and even threatened with the loss of his present means of livelihood. Today the mass of socialists with all the party organizations behind them are at war with Schippel and a dozen other incautious proclaimers of truth; and since August Bebel twenty-five years ago broke with Eduard Bernstein over the merits and demerits of the socialist program of Erfurt, German socialism has seen no conflict so acute.

Heretics of Socialism

The chief heretics are Schippel, Richard Calwer, Kaliski, Keil, Max Cohen and Professor Hugo Lindemann. Schippel's reputation stands highest. He beat official socialism in all earlier feuds. With Bernstein he was one of the first revisionists who denounced the Erfurt program of 1891 as unscientific in theory and impracticable in politics; and after a thirty years' struggle he last year had the triumph of seeing the program revised. He is an orator, an author, a statistician, and an organizer of talent; and he was a leader in Reichstag politics at a time when the eight-hour day seemed a remote, unrealizable vision. Calwer, long-time editor of the journal *Die Konjunktur*, has a European reputation in social affairs. He declares that owing to its bad effect upon production the eight-hour day cannot be maintained. Kaliski's suggestion is suspension for five years. Keil is Minister of Labor in Würtemberg state. If Germany, he says, is to recover from her war losses, pay her reparations debt and free her territory, she must work two or three hours longer than now. Ten years of hard work with prewar intensity is indispensable, according to Cohen. Lindemann is a professor at Cologne University. He says that Europe must choose between two courses:

Either she must lengthen her hours of labor to prewar length and so increase her present diminished production; or she must adapt her standard of living to the diminished production. Which means that "she must live in chronic hunger, and suffer a rapid deterioration in national welfare and health."

All these socialists are in trouble with their party. Schippel's offenses are held to be worst. The dogma of all three German socialist factions is that if only capital is taxed out of existence, reparations can be paid and the interest on the home war debt covered without heavy new taxation of the consumer. Schippel denies this. Armed with batteries of statistics he has brought the reparations and home-debt burdens into direct connection with the eight-hour day. If all industrial employes would work an additional two hours daily, Germany, he shows, could create sufficient wealth to free herself speedily from her foreign war liabilities. Of the prewar doctrine that happy and contented workmen would do as much work in an eight-hour day as unhappy and discontented workmen did in ten, he says "monstrous self-deceit" and "senile and ultranaïve delusion."

If longer working hours really mean correspondingly greater production, Schippel's figures are convincing. Counting only the industrial workmen, who number 9,000,000, the daily loss through shortening the customary prewar ten hours to eight is 18,000,000 hours. The annual loss is about 5,400,000,000 hours. As the value of an average industrial employe's work is put at at least one gold mark per hour, the result of the lengthened working day would be an annual addition to the national wealth of 5,400,000,000 gold marks, or about $1,350,000,000. The whole reparations burden imposed by the London ultimatum of May, 1921, is 2,000,000,000 gold marks, plus 26 per cent of the value of exports—estimated at 1,300,000,000 marks—or a total of 3,300,000,000 marks, or $825,000,000. By merely returning to the prewar average working day, Germany could cover the reparations liability and have half a billion dollars free for restoration and development at home.

Competent European authorities challenge Schippel's figures, but admit that in principle he is right. German socialists in mass, convinced that capital might be expropriated and the deficit in the yield, if any, made good by kindly American lenders, will not admit the principle. They denounce Schippel as a pervert to capitalism, a weak friend of the greedy Allies, an enemy of the workingman. Schippel's retort is, "Longer hours are in the interest of the workingman himself."

This outspokenness went too far; and official socialism, which is even less tolerant than party socialism, decided to silence the heretic. Saxony, where Schippel resides, has a socialist cabinet; and Schippel holds office under it as chief of the Dresden Gemeinwirtschaft, the particular department through which Saxony has for three years in vain tried to achieve a modest amount of applied socialism. Minister of Industry Felisch, who is himself a socialist, threatened to dismiss Schippel unless he ate his words. Schippel refused. He began a vigorous newspaper agitation for a ten-hour working day. Of all countries, he persists, Germany most needs a decade or a generation of unremitting work; but as the rest of Europe is either little better off or still worse off than Germany the only cure for Europe as a whole is a universal ten-hour day.

The Tyranny of Short Hours

The hard-work-decade movement has made some progress among the intellectuals of labor. The issue with these intellectuals is: Shall Europe help itself or shall it carry on with petty loans or mere prospects of loans from America or prosperous neutrals, and so get deeper into the debt mire? When Pierpont Morgan first came to Paris to discuss with leading bankers the possibility of a reparations loan, Saxon socialists published a pamphlet summarizing the reforms which a really serious Europe would promise to a possible American lender. A hard-work decade was the main reform. A hard-work decade does not mean compulsion on any country, corporation or individual to establish or to submit to a compulsory working day of any particular length; it means merely that for the next ten years all laws forbidding industrial work for longer than eight hours would be suspended.

Compulsion to work would not be necessary if compulsion not to work were removed. A hundred and fifty years ago the great economist Adam Smith declared that if workmen were given work for only four days a week they would not idle on the other days—they would work for themselves. Applied to today this means that Europe's war impoverishment, expressed in high prices and very high taxes, would impose automatically on workmen all the compulsion that is needed. A great increase in production would be the result. Taken by the states in taxes, this additional production would suffice for interest on and amortization of the war debts. State finances would therewith return to order; the piling up of floating debts and the printing of paper money would cease; the indebted countries, freed from further inflation, would again have currencies of stable buying power; and a practical stabilization of the exchanges would become a fact.

That is the Saxon program. It is backed by figures which are roughly right, but not absolutely unchallengeable, because it cannot be proved that none of the increased production would be absorbed by an increase in consumption. Europe's war-making great powers, Russian and the Austrian succession states included, have a total war debt of $140,000,000,000. This debt has been considerably watered down by the depreciation in the gold value of currencies; and only Germany's reparations debt of 132,000,000,000 marks and Europe's borrowings of $10,141,268,000 from the United States are effective gold debts. Assuming, as is certain in the case of Germany, Austria and some other states, that the currencies will ultimately be scaled down, more than half of the states' total debts will be obliterated. But by this the loss will merely have been transferred to bondholders and holders of currency; and though ceasing to be a state loss it will remain a national loss, and will have to be made good if prewar prosperity is to be restored. Restoration can only take the form of labor. For home debts labor must be presented to the governments in form of taxes; and foreign debts can be paid off only by exporting labor in shape of goods. The problem is: How much extra work must Europe do? Put otherwise, the problem is: How much extra time must Europe devote to work?

Europe's Time Currency

Time currency is today about the only stable currency that Europe possesses. The exchange in time currency of Europe's war debt of $140,000,000,000 is about 560,000,000,000 hours. This assumes that every per capita working hour in European industry is worth a quarter of a dollar. If the agricultural population is left out of account as mostly having no definite working hours, 35,000,000 persons engaged in industry and trade are potential possessors of time currency. The amount of their war debt per capita is 16,000 hours, to pay off which they must daily work two hours extra for the next twenty-seven years. But this ignores interest; and war debts can be paid off only by means of a sinking fund based upon both capital and interest. The successful operation of a sinking fund—no sinking fund so far has ever been successful—depends upon freedom from further wars, revolutions and other wasteful catastrophes until the calculated date of full liberation from debt. With this condition, and with a faithfully observed sinking-fund system, any debt bearing interest at 4 per cent, with an annual addition to the fund of 1 per cent on the original amount of the debt, would be fully paid off within forty-two years. Annual interest on the present debt would demand $5,600,000,000 in money, or 22,400,000,000 hours in time currency. One per cent on the original debt for the sinking fund would demand annually $1,400,000,000 in money, or 5,600,000,000 hours in time currency. The whole annual liability in time currency is 28,000,000,000 hours. This would require an extra two hours' work daily from 47,000,000 workmen, or one-third more than are available. But, in fact, the liability would be less. In the first years, until currencies were stabilized at prewar gold values, no country would pay interest on its home debt in the gold in which the above labor hours are valued; and several of the most heavily indebted countries, which as soon as their budgets were in order would stabilize their currencies at a scaled-down gold value, will never have to pay the full gold interest. And indeed there is no moral obligation on them to do so, as a great part of their debts were incurred in more or less depreciated paper. On the assumption that England, France and Belgium return to gold payment at prewar exchange not sooner than ten years, and that Germany and the Austrian states after twenty years begin to pay interest in marks and crowns of one-quarter of prewar gold value, the whole present war debt could be amortized in about thirty-two years.

This estimate sounds optimistic. But John Stuart Mill declared that there never was a war debt that could not have been paid off in a generation if only sound finance had been practiced and new wars avoided.

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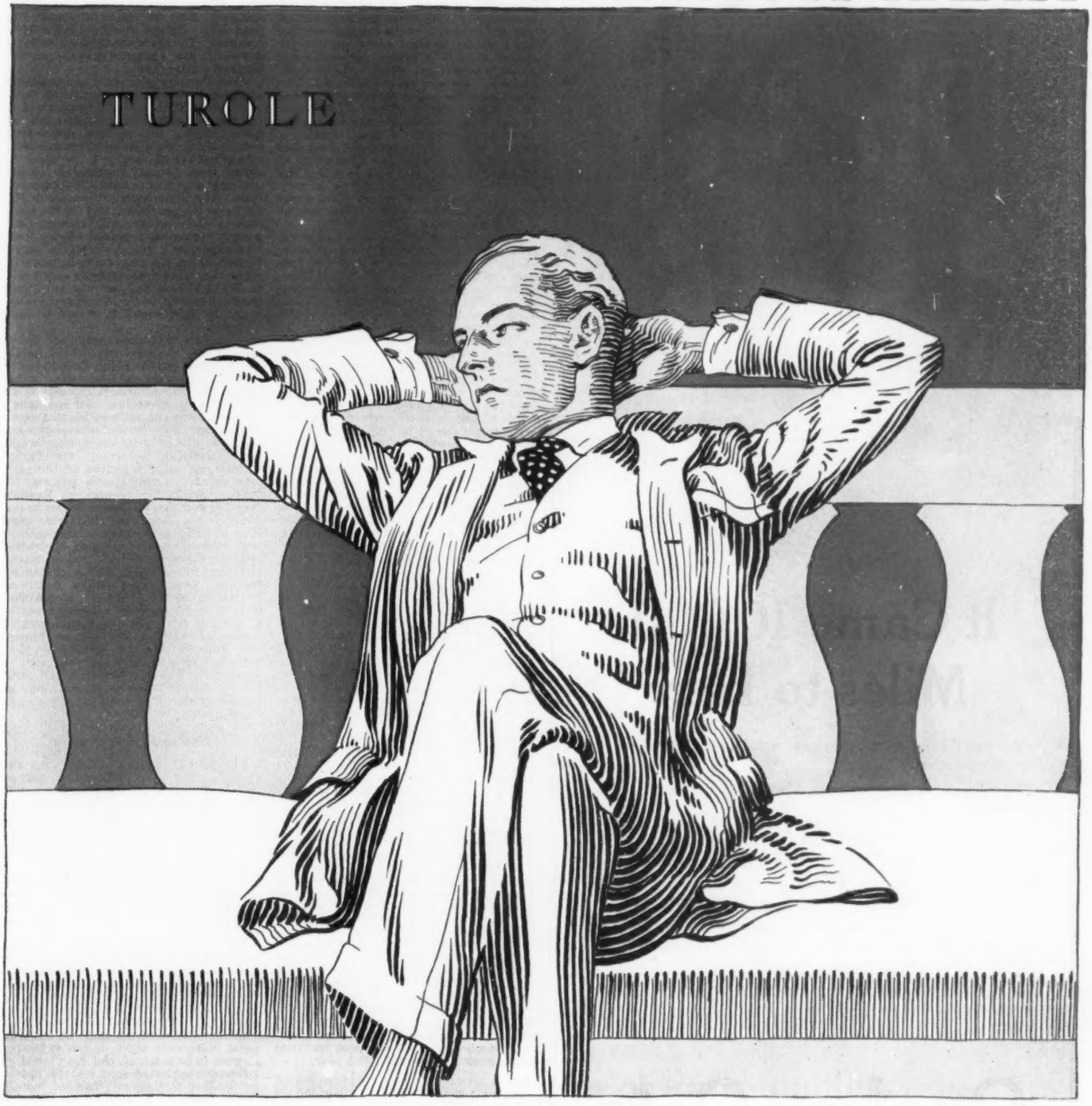

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(Continued from Page 50)

The only doubt is whether an extension of the working day would really produce a proportionate increase in the production of wealth. Here the best evidence is the agreement of authorities and statisticians that the reduction of the average working day from ten to eight hours has directly caused a more or less proportionate decrease in production, which could be made up for if hours were again lengthened. The direct provable loss in Germany is 3,500,000,000 gold marks a year. This loss is proved with convincing statistics by the German Association for Social Justice, a society of entirely progressive character, without any antilabor bias. The editor of its report, Doctor Hoffmann, says that the undoubted but unprovable loss is very much greater. The Saxon hard-work-decade enthusiasts put the whole loss at 7,000,000,000 marks.

Indirect causes of loss are numerous. One lies in the diversion of industrial workmen into other services, where they produce nothing, but perform duties which under the prewar ten-hour system were done by a smaller staff. The eight-hour system prevails on all German railroads. In 1914 the railroads were served by 740,505 persons; today they require 1,044,379. The yearly value of the extra 300,000 men is 900,000,000 hours, or $225,000,000. Agriculture, report the Prussian Inspectors of Industry, suffers because, owing to the inability of local workshops to repair and equip, machinery and wind and water power cannot be fully used. The result is a waste of man power. The city of Cologne has to spend 4,500,000,000 marks on a new river harbor merely because the present short working hours prevent an economical use of the existing facilities. All this is expressed in a rise in the cost of production, which so far has not hampered Germany as an international competitor, merely because the falling mark exchange has kept German gold wages abnormally low.

Reduced Efficiency

Germany's experience is the experience of Europe generally. Allowing for the influence of other unfavorable postwar factors, production in France has been reduced about 30 per cent through the shortening of working hours. Two French inquirers, André François-Poncet and Emile Mireaux, estimate the total wage paid to employes affected by the eight-hour law at 25,000,000,000 francs, or about $5,000,000,000. Of this sum an estimated 8,000,000,000 is loss. The French Association of Metallurgical Industries reports that in some branches the number of employes had to be increased by 45 per cent; the railroad construction shops report a decline of 25–30 per cent in production; and railroad station staffs had to be raised 25–32 per cent. The Dutch Employers' Association reported a production decline of up to 45 per cent. The fact that in some countries production has fallen much more than working hours have been shortened is ascribed to disorganization indirectly caused by the sudden change. In Sweden, where the eight-hour day became law for some industries on January 1, 1920, and for the remainder on July 1, the decline in production is put at 17 per cent. In July, 1921, the Finnish Ministry of the Interior published reports showing a decline of 30 per cent. Austria's loss, according to the Iron Trades Association, is 650,000,000 gold crowns. If official and other authoritative estimates are right, six European countries lost a total of $3,500,000,000 a year:

France, 8,000,000,000 francs	$1,600,000,000
Germany, 7,000,000,000 marks	1,750,000,000
Sweden, 150,000,000 crowns	37,500,000
Austria, 650,000,000 A. crowns	130,000,000
Denmark, 40,000,000 crowns	10,000,000
Finland, 50,000,000 F. marks	10,000,000
	$3,537,500,000

Three years of production with prewar working time in these six countries would pay off the whole debt to the United States. If England, which has a *de facto* but not legal eight-hour day, Spain and the dozen others of Europe's states are counted, the bill of losses would easily reach $6,000,000,000. Did Europe only start to produce this extra $6,000,000,000 and hand over the yield to its governments, war debts would be extinguished without causing any sense of financial pressure or bringing any further decline in the standard of comfort. Europe would simply be in the position of an individual citizen who after spending $5000 a year, of which $1000 went as interest on a debt of $20,000, suddenly resolved to work somewhat harder in order to earn an additional $1000. Such a citizen might complain of being overworked, but he could not complain that his debt burdened him financially. Europe would not suffer from overwork. The age of the ten-hour working day was an age of progress in health, education and social fitness.

Were Europe's politicians as reasonable as Europe's private individuals, the hard-work decade would speedily become a fact. But the politicians who promised universal felicity during the war feel discomfited sufficiently by the discovery that universal ruin is not far off; and it is too much to expect them to pass immediately to the next ugly step, and to prescribe unpleasant cures. The labor organizations are as obdurate as the politicians, and for the same reason; they—at least in Germany and Austria—promised universal felicity from revolution; and, being obliged to admit that socialism, the main boon, is impracticable, they cling desperately to easy work, to the eight-hour day, as "the chief gain from the revolution." "*Die Hauptterrungschaft der Revolution*" must not be surrendered.

With two exceptions only, all direct assaults on "the chief gain" have failed. Soviet Russia and the Polish Republic have both abandoned the eight-hour day. Soviet Russia soon got rid unceremoniously of all gains from the revolution, real and imaginary. In February, 1920, within two weeks of the issue of Lenine's counter-revolutionary pamphlet declaring for compulsory work, expert workshop autocracy, the Taylor system, and other atrocities of the non-revolutionary world, Russia returned to ten-hour work. Today work on Russia's railroads proceeds for twelve hours; and a mere decree from the ultraproletarian Trotzky prolongs the hours of labor to fourteen "whenever vital interests of defense or production are involved." Poland voluntarily and in real democratic spirit decided for hard work. In a budget deficit of 133,000,000,000, a note issue of 260,000,000,000, and a currency sunken to .001 of its nominal value, she found unanswerable reasons. Proclaiming late last year through her Finance Minister Michalski that abundant production is the only path to restoration, she has passed a bill, with labor's representatives assenting, prolonging the maximum working day from eight hours to ten.

Holland's Labor Law

The rest of Europe tinkers with the problem. But even Germany has had to tinker. The German eight-hour day was established by revolutionary decree of November, 1918. A definitive eight-hour law now being handled by the Reichstag provides for a fifty-six-hour week in certain circumstances, and exempts liberally in cases of emergency, seasonal work, weather, and so on. Eight hours on the railroads is being killed by another bill, which declares that time on duty during which no work or only light occasional work is done does not count as full time.

Holland qualified her eight-hour law by providing for its suspension whenever foreign competition threatens; and her Diet has accepted a government proposal that the legal maximum—2500 hours a year—may be so distributed that sixty-two hours are worked in certain weeks. Belgium gets round the law by provision for seasonal industries; eight or ten industries claimed to be seasonal, and the Council of Industries admitted most of the claims. In Sweden in the first fourteen months 3000 exemptions were granted. Norway's law is to be amended in direction of greater elasticity. Social Minister Oftedal told the Storthing in May this year that when a Christiania employer, supported by all his workmen, desired for urgent reasons to prolong work by ten minutes on certain days, the authorities had to answer that they had no power to grant permission. Finland's law has been radically amended; exempted entirely are transport, posts, forestry, building and fishing. These limitations and exemptions have shorn the eight-hour day of its categorical, sacramental character, and killed its potency as a labor battle cry. But only when driven by immediate necessity have statesmen shown themselves ready to tinker. A leading statesman, still in office, with the courage to proclaim that hard work, no

(Continued on Page 54)

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(Continued from Page 52)

American dollars or convivial seaside conferences, is the cure for Europe's war sickness, has yet to appear.

Probably he will never appear. The leadership will be taken by labor itself when the mass of manual workers, crushed by high prices and unbearable taxation, feel more strongly than now the impulse to increase their individual earnings. Up till now Europe's workmen, mainly through the magic of currency debasement, which has expropriated the bondholding classes in favor of the producers, employing and employed, have managed to raise their wages in full proportion to the increased cost of living. But when honest state finance puts an end to this magic the alternatives, harder work or lower living, will present themselves. Adam Smith's declaration that were workmen given work for only four days a week they would work for themselves on the two others will then be put to a test.

Organized labor denies that this declaration is true; but individual workmen and groups of workmen admit its truth by striving for longer hours. Germans here lead. Their motive is purely materialistic. The typical German feels no moral impulse to pay reparations, and has no academic scruples as to the irregularity of ill-balanced budgets and unbacked Reichsbank bills. But as a man of healthy appetite and head of a family he begins to feel the pinch when income tax is imposed on incomes as low as sixty dollars a year, when there is a 5000 per cent gold supplement on coffee duty, and a sales tax on every article dealt with in trade. As soon as the family budget proves unbalanceable with the yield of eight hours' work the legal prohibition against longer hours appears to be a direct interference with liberty and a command to go hungry; and the question rises, Why should hard-up manual workers be forbidden to do what no one dreams of forbidding a hard-up merchant, farmer or professor to do? The result is an active and rapidly spreading guerrilla war, opposed feebly by the state as lawlessness and by the labor unions as class treason against the eight-hour limitation. Individual workmen openly defy the law. By refusing to give evidence, by setting traps for the factory inspectors, and even by falsifying time and wage records, they make it increasingly difficult to obtain conviction of employers who run their shops longer than the legal hours. "They boast"—in the words of a report from the industrial inspectors of Würtemberg—"that they will not let any authority dictate how long they shall work."

The Eight-Hour Law Evaded

All eight-hour-day countries, except England and Denmark, where the eight-hour system has been established by agreement, have similar experiences. In Austria the eight-hour system is observed only so far as workmen want to observe it; and attempts to enforce it by penalties have failed so hopelessly that attempts are now hardly ever made. Only five concerns out of thirty-six in one important industrial district even pretend to obey the law. This statement appears in the official factory-inspection report for 1921. The bulk of workmen insist on sixty-six hours weekly, for which they obtain a 50 per cent increased wage. If employers refuse, the men, having done their eight hours in their main employment, proceed to other concerns or work in petty undertakings of their own. In Scandinavia and Finland this method of evasion is general. Workmen from engineering shops spend their evenings in repair and construction shops of their own. Instead of working for ten hours as before the war, they work twelve or fourteen hours, turn up exhausted at their chief work next morning and so reverse the social aim of the law, the doctrine that from the viewpoint of family life, health and recreation eight hours is a natural maximum. The new German eight-hour bill reduces this argument to an absurdity. Whereas the original revolutionary decree merely forbade employers to retain their men for longer than eight hours, the new bill flatly forbids employes to engage in extra work for a second employer after the full legal hours' work has been done for the first.

Through this development the eight-hour system has been thrown again into the melting pot. As it is impossible to punish workmen for voluntarily exceeding eight hours, it is also impossible to prevent them. The eight-hour law assumes that only the workmen need protection; and that every violation of the law presupposes pressure or compulsion from the employers' side. This supposition is a fiction. Since 1919 every German workshop employing more than twenty-five men has had the institution of shop committee, through which employes take a big share in the management. The legal eight hours can therefore never be exceeded without the consent of the employes' representatives. Explaining why its new bill, like the original decree, provides penalties only for the employer, the government states that it is impossible in practice to fine or imprison hundreds of workmen.

But thereby the whole system is threatened. The courts of late have refused to fine employers who admittedly worked their men more than eight hours when the men, as must always be the case, consented. The aim of the law, say the courts, is exclusively to protect workmen against unfair exploitation; and it would be absurd to protect employes against their own wills. The courts have further ruled that it is an essential principle of penal law that all persons assisting in breaches of a legal prohibition are accomplices who must be punished; and that as in practice the employes cannot be punished the employer must be acquitted. These decisions have brought a crisis in the application of the eight-hour system. They mean that if workmen, individually or in a body, desire to work for ten hours or more, no authority can prevent them; they mean therefore that whenever economic pressure forces a large proportion of any country's workmen to feel such a desire, the eight-hour system must come to an end. When the present happy system of relieving low production with fake fiduciary currency loses its magic Europe may therefore look forward to a return to hard work.

An Unqualified Blessing

That is the case with Europe. Europe's experience has no lesson one way or the other for the United States, or for such other countries as have more or less escaped the war wreck. These countries may or may not afford the eight-hour day. They cannot afford to see Europe affording it. To United States business, hard work in Europe means certain real advantages, and no, or entirely illusory, disadvantages. As long as industrial wages in Germany, Austria and other low-exchange countries are about five cents an hour—at the exchange rates and wages of last November actually three cents an hour—American business will be so severely threatened by cheap competition that two hours' extra production in Europe could make no difference worth mentioning. The competition threat would cease as soon as Europe raised her battered exchanges; and there is no way of raising the exchanges except by means of hard work. America would further gain from the revival in Europe's buying power, from the increased export of her own cotton, copper, oil and other raw materials; and finally from the better prospect of recovering her European loans. The amateur doctrine, eternally condemned by economists, that any one nation can profit from the bad or scanty work of another, would once more be disproved.

For Europe, taken alone, a hard-work decade would be a blessing. Firstly, it would restore self-respect. Of all Europe's numerous psychical ailments, the rich-transatlantic-uncle sentiment paralyzes most. Politicians implore America to attend their conferences; financiers beg for American loans; manufacturers want American raw-material credits—all for the same reason which might impel an individual European spendthrift and idler to appeal to his rich transatlantic uncle. Secondly, hard work would solve the vexed questions which foiled Genoa and preceding conferences, all of which are fundamentally questions of work. Europe's exchanges are depressed only because of chronically passive payment balances, which are a mere expression of the fact that production is too low to pay for consumption. Hard work is the only means of production known. Were a trained American economist made dictator of Europe his first dictated solution would almost certainly be hard work. Of that there is no prospect; and there is about as little prospect of Europe's politicians effectively taking the lead. But there are signs that the impoverished populations will do the dictating themselves.

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By E. M. STATLER

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E. M. Statler

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This advertisement is one of a series, each addressed to certain of the people who serve you in our hotels. They tell you—by showing you the instructions issued to our helpers—just what you are entitled to expect when you come to us. Other advertisements (any or all of which will be sent you if you want them) deal with the work of:

- Managers and Assistant Managers
- Room Clerks
- Headwaiters and Their Assistants
- Waiters and Their Helpers
- The Housekeeping Department
- The Kitchen Staff
- Those who handle "departures" (cashiers, bookkeepers, porters)
- Telephone Operators, Mail Clerks and Elevator Boys

THE NEW Statler at Buffalo—a new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo—to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

And in Boston—Hotel Statler, Boston, will be under construction as soon as plans are completed. It will have 1200 rooms, 1200 baths, and occupy 60,000 sq. ft. of ground at St. James Place, Arlington Street, Providence Street and Columbus Avenue.

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York, *The Largest Hotel in the World*

THE SURVIVAL OF SIN

(Continued from Page 13)

with his departure from the Cavern of Wisdom. "You talkee Canton?"

"No. I speak English."

"Where you come?"

"San Francisco; all time."

"What you go to school—ketchum mebbe good job government—mebbe cusstom house pareece force."

"No. Live good time at school. Eat free."

"What you head learn all time—learn stomach get fat?"

"Ariffmetic, radio teregraff, love the neighbors an' be kind to poor dam brutes."

"How you call dam brutes?"

Young Wing Fat, in spite of his veneer of Western learning, caught himself slipping rapidly into the convenient pidgin of Grant Avenue. "Mebbe one piece horse, all time old, mebbe no-home dog, mebbe rabbit he likee eat, mebbe cat. Feed all piece dam brute, all time catchee home on high."

By the time old Sin had ushered his protégé into the back door of his new domicile the first faint rays of a scheme for eliminating the invader had begun to lighten the east horizon of his despair. "I ketchee supper now. You stay outside kitchen. Better you feed talk-Polly on sun porch. Then you look-see Jackson Street mebbe you find poor dam brute. You ketchum, all time makee home poor dam brute down cellar, mebbe baff room, you pitty soon have got one piece home on high longside wet-head joss. Can do?"

"Can do. What you feed talk-Polly?"

"Coffee, bread, pine nut, melon seed—mebbe candy. All time likee."

Away went Wing Fat on his errand of mercy, leaving old Sin to the business of preparing dinner. For an hour the boy wandered around through the big house and then, encountering Doctor Holland, the contract of employment was accomplished, verbally, in three minutes.

"We are going to Pebble Beach for a week," the doctor said. "We leave tomorrow morning. While we are away I want you to take good care of everything and don't let the watchman come in when he rings the bell. He comes every evening at nine, and he is usually thirsty. You understand. I trust you. Stay here and don't run down to Grant Avenue every day, and you'll have a job as long as you want it."

"Doctor, yes sir!" Something in Doctor Holland's words gave young Wing Fat a feeling that he would be on the job a long time after old Sin had been shipped, eased and clad for his last journey, to the home of his fathers. "I will take care of the house, doctor. And I will take good care of the talk-Polly and all other poor dam brutes and love the neighbors and ——"

Doctor Holland's exit and his dive into the library cut short the oath of service.

Wing, bursting with a sudden loyalty, trotted upstairs to the sun porch and dealt out another excess ration of pine nuts to the gurgling parrot. This done, he stood for a long time looking out across the shadowed waters of the bay to the rounded hills beyond.

"I will be good boy," he resolved again, good to every poor dam brute I encounter and helpful to old Sin and to the noble gentleman who is the head of this house."

Opportunity for being helpful to the doctor was curtailed at ten o'clock the next morning by the doctor's departure, in his car, headed for his bungalow at Pebble Beach. Seated beside the doctor was Mrs. Holland, while in the rear seat, upholstered with the gear without which never a house party in the country can be successful, sat old Sin and the maid.

"Be kind to poor dam brutes," old Sin advised Wing Fat in parting. "Be kind till it hurts."

II

ALL by himself in the morning young Wing swept the floors and polished the woodwork and dusted the furniture until it came time, according to his stomach, to eat. In the kitchen he prepared for himself an enormous meal, consisting largely of meat, and used two hours of useless time in gorging himself while the gorging was good. He was roused from a state of somnolence by an expressman who sought to deliver to the master of the house a quartet of Belgian hares, alive and mumbling over their cabbage leaves in their slatted crate, even as the grateful ex-patient who sent the gift was alive and anxious to voice his appreciation to the man who had cured him.

"Well," thought Wing, "here are some poor dam brutes, sent by the Christian joss to enable me to practice the virtue of being kind to the helpless."

He carried the crate of mumblers to the sun porch, where for a time he admired them in captivity, and then, sensing the unrest back of the perpetual series of hops in which the animals indulged, he released them unto the freedom of the room and was gratified to see a panic-stricken Marathon staged before his eyes. Now the brown one gained, losing in weight the while what it made up in speed, and now it was a Plymouth Rock, or perhaps a Clydesdale or a Borzoi that surged madly forward under the raucous orders of the excited parrot, whose twisting neck bade fair to choke its enthusiastic owner to death in its vain attempt to see all four performers at once.

Wing left the show long enough to get some onion tops and some hamburger steak for the racing crew. When he returned the race had seemingly been run, but at the moment of his entry it was renewed with a fury that stressed the talk-Polly's thorax only slightly less than it did its cheerleading vocabulary.

The guardian tried for a while to capture the participants in the whirling mêlée but decided after ten minutes of unusual exertion that the best course would be to let the galloping animals become accustomed to their enlarged radius and then, after they were tame enough to approach, to catch them asleep, or to lure the poor dam brutes within grabbing range by means of select phrases culled from the gaudy cards presented each Sunday morning to customers of the higher learning at the Life Belt Mission.

A sturdy member of the panic-stricken quartet, diving under a low rung on a rattan chair, tipped the chair to a point where gravity did the rest. The heavy back rod, sweeping through an arc which ended on the instep of Wing Fat's foot, inspired an added thought. Perhaps, when all else failed, the Belgian hares could be killed with kindness.

At three o'clock Wing left the house and marched rapidly toward the low country from which, into the bay, extends Fisherman's Wharf. At the Dominick Emporium he purchased, at Grant Avenue rates, three large and finny discards of the catch—carp whose heavy breathing in the bright sunlight that flooded the planks upon which they lay proclaimed the brevity of the tenure of their bondage.

Into a five-gallon oil tin, half filled with water, he plunged the panting carp, head foremost, and with this burden he made his way back to his domicile, the carps' tails waving meanwhile to the awkward cadence of his freighted march.

Arrived at the house he discovered that the butcher's boy had left the daily ration of freshly killed red beef for old Sin, and so, for as long as the gods of plenty might continue the beef deal, he stored the carp against the day of famine, alive and swimming heartily in the porcelain bathtub adjoining the guest room on the second floor of the house.

A day or two later, on a more extended ramble into the Presidio, he retrieved a poor brute who needed oats to beat the band.

On the day on which the doctor was scheduled to return, prowling back from a foraging trip into Chinatown, burdened with a gunny sack in which were half a dozen submissive but luscious turtles, young Wing Fat dragged behind him at the ends of two stout strings a pair of stubborn beasts that had to work hard to obtain any sympathy whatever from the lover of poor dam brutes.

With the fatigue of his moral obligations and his professional duties heavy upon him he sought at the feet of science to find that tranquillity for which his soul hungered, and so at six o'clock, upon the fog-bearing breezes that swept inland from the Pacific, he loosed a box kite at the end of a thin filament of copper that reeled from a spool clamped to the window sill of the east end of the long sun porch, in which still gamboled the jolly Belgian gallopers.

While the kite was tugging its prisoner's message into the hands of the young scientist, whose mushroom love for radio had grown until now it ran a close second to his yearning for the good, the true, the beautiful, including deep affection for all the derelict poor dam beasts upon this sorry earth, the air above and the waters beneath, he scurried to his room and returned with a crystal detector set that he grounded to a gas jet with soft number twenty copper.

To the kite string aërial, tugging from its reel on the window sill, he connected a wire that dangled from the box of mystery. Over his ears he clamped the receivers and, tuning in, he heard the final sentences of a market report broadcast by a stuttering youth whose utterances would have driven a short market operator to madness. There followed a series of phonograph records in which the scratches made upon them by gold-plated cuff links could be detected as clearly as the clicking of a pair of dice that were being urged to victory on the floor of the broadcasting station.

At seven o'clock the audible entertainment ended and with the failing wind Wing reeled in three hundred feet of his copper kite string, leaving a short two hundred feet still functioning. Thereafter for a while he devoted himself to the single pleasurable game of flying his kite.

At seven o'clock, San Francisco bound, Doctor Holland drove through Palo Alto at a thirty-five-mile rate. Mrs. Holland was beside him, and in the back seat of the car with the maid, holding on tight and muttering a few fragments from the Four Books, was old Sin. His quotations from the classics were interrupted now and then by periods of deep thought concerning young Wing Fat—periods of wondering to what degree the guardian of the doctor's home had been kind to poor dam brutes. The truth, could he have known it, might have exceeded his most extravagant hopes.

Along around half past seven the monotony of kite flying crept into the consciousness of the young scientist on the sun porch of the doctor's house, and seeking momentary diversion until aëronautics might regain its normal charm Wing Fat turned to the talk-Polly behind him and made generous promises concerning an extra ration of pine nuts. He fixed the string of the kite in a notch on the flange of the winding reel and left off his science for the moment so that he might fulfill his pine-nut obligations to the garrulous bird.

When Polly was once more chuckling and gurgling a few select phrases of gratitude Wing Fat was thrilled with the sense of having done a kindly act for this poor dam brute, and to prolong this comfortable feeling of virtue he resolved to change the water on the carp in the bathtub below.

He flapped down the stairway to the second floor and with a few kindly words to another large and salvaged inmate of the bathroom, he turned on the cold-water tap in the bathtub, neglecting, however, by reason of a sudden riot which sounded from the floor above, to open the drainage valve. Three steps at a time he bounded back to the sun porch, entering that glass inclosure in time to witness the last stages of an indigestive fluttering convulsion induced in the talk-Polly by too much high living.

Huddled in the corner, near the wireless set, seeking the nerve tonic of close companionship, were the four frightened Belgian hares.

Two minutes of excited talk and frantic petting failed to bring to the parrot's eyes aught but a stupid glare, and Wing gave over his attempts at fixing Polly upright on his perch, as natural as life, and turned to the open window from which led the copper tether of the night-roaming box kite.

The kite had not roamed as much as it had subsided, on the failing winds, to a position forty feet above the earth, where, from the upper one of three sagging wires, it hung entangled a long ways from home.

Wing sought to retrieve it, first by prayer and then by action. One quick pull, he figured, might lift its planes above the barrier that had captured it. In the twilight shadows that now bulked black around the glare of the street lamps the tethered kite swung like a giant sleeping bat.

One quick pull! Wing reached for the thin copper wire that led to the kite and grasped it.

The kite, like a sleeping bat, swung for a home run from a five-hundred-volt power line. There is nothing civilized, nothing tame or considerate about five hundred volts when they are one and all raring to go.

Wing, the scientist, ever kind to poor dam brutes, grasped the wire, and as he did so something kicked him in the stomach, to an accompaniment of thunder, and knocked him for a row of kilowatts extending from the sun porch to dreamland. The convulsive straightening of his legs backed him straight into the cage of the talk-Polly at the moment that the bird had begun to repent the evils that follow upon unwise indulgence in pine nuts.

The complex projectile, humanity, feathers and furniture, winged its flight until it reached the corner where huddled the four noncombatant hares—and presently over the writhing and half conscious form of the young scientist, who craved to be kind to the humble creatures of earth, raged a one-way race of wild animals. Now one and then another fell exhausted, only to have its squawking, feathered rider transfer to a new and panic-stricken mount.

Wing, becoming faintly conscious of the confusion about him, heard the plaintive braying of a mule below, and the soft splash of a cascade of water slushing down the front stairway.

Then came the slamming of the heavy front door of the house, a woman's voice rising in a series of suppressed squeals, and the lighter profanity of old Sin, punctuating irrelevant passages from the Four Books with the cackled Billingsgate of Grant Avenue.

The crash of Doctor Holland's fall, with and by a stand of potted plants! The turtle upon which the doctor had stepped was a nonskid turtle, but at the moment he was not working at it by reason of half an inch of water that had flooded the lower hall.

III

IN THE seclusion of the sun porch, surrounded by the wreckage of the evening's events, young Wing Fat attempted to lay it all on the loosened kite string that now trailed across three neighboring back yards, free of its venomous alliance with the high-tension line.

"I was investigating radio teregraff, doctor, and ——"

"What about that mule in the bathroom and the blasted prowling turtles and those carp in the tub—and it flooding over! And the cellar full of dogs! And this room a hell of rabbits and Chinese idiots! Get out of here! Get out of this house before I ——" The doctor fumbled for a promise appropriate to the moment.

Into the interruption interposed by the inadequacy of words young Wing Fat, cut off from the only exit by the doctor's waving arms, sought to temporize until the first fury of the storm should have passed.

"My teacher at Life Belt Mission tell me be kind to poor dam brutes and ——"

Enough! Urged by a large and active pair of hands, and by the threatening promise of an eager foot, young Wing Fat covered the distance to the head of the stairs in three jumps. A clatter on the stairway, at which, from where he was calmly mopping up the traces of the cascade that had flowed from the carp-infested bathtub, old Sin looked up in mild surprise at the assisted flight of the animal-loving young scientist.

The doctor, still escorting Wing Fat, called to old Sin, "Open the door!"

The old Chinaman, master of the moment, countered with a suggestion: "You be kind to poor dam brute so long I ketchum suitcase."

The doctor restrained himself until the property of the young Chinaman had been retrieved from his room, and then bodily, bag and baggage, Wing Fat was ushered to the portals of the house and launched into whatever might await him at the hands of a cruel world.

At the final moment of the eliminating process old Sin repeated his word of counsel to his master: "You no kill him; he too greasy all time on front step. You be kind to poor dam brute."

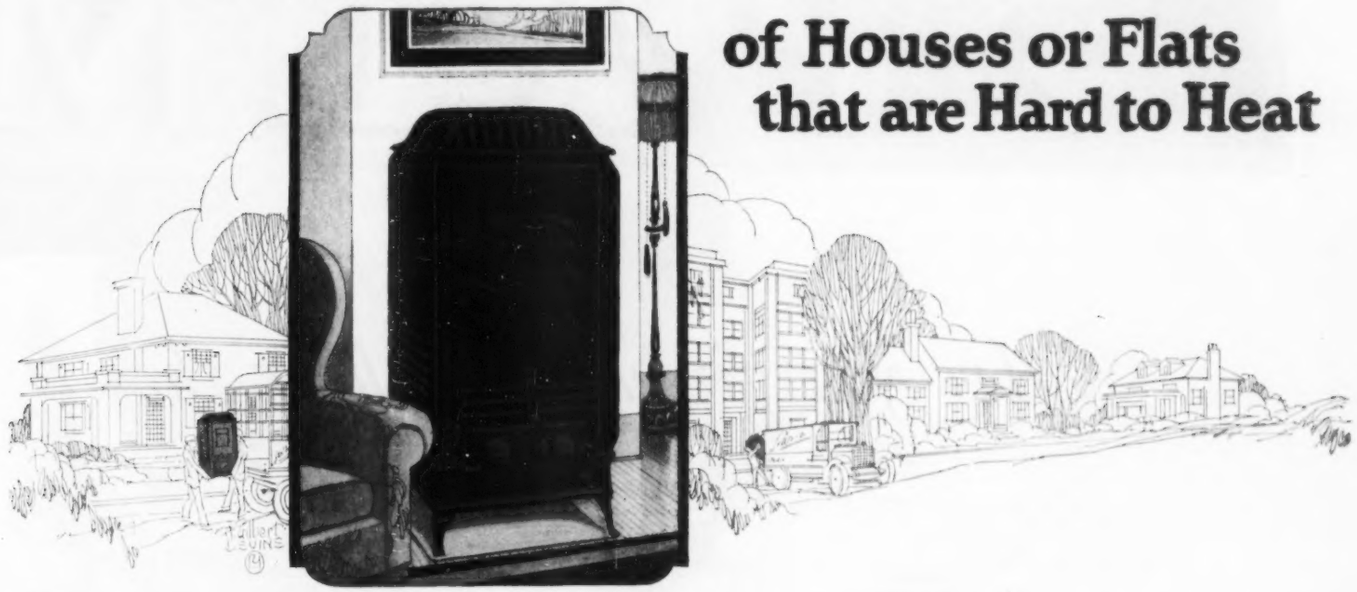
At midnight, to complete the technic of saving face, the old Chinaman asked the doctor a final question: "You likee me ketchum Numbah Two boy like you tellum last week?"

Doctor Holland smiled slowly—a smile of understanding. "You ketch any more boys I kill you."

"Wisdom is the flower of experience," Sin reflected; and then, answering the doctor's smile, "You no kill me," he said. "Better you be kind to all poor dam brute—like ol' Sin."

Notice to Renters

of Houses or Flats that are Hard to Heat



Own Your Own Furnace~

—take it along when you move! Looks like a phonograph. Heats 3 to 6 connecting rooms·

HERE is the new idea in modern warm-air heating. An idea proved effective in thousands of houses and flats throughout the United States. Also in stores, halls, offices, etc.

It's a practical and efficient furnace, designed like a phonograph. You can move it as readily as an ordinary heating stove.

It is called the Estate Heatrola. The 77-year-old Estate Stove Company makes and *guarantees* it.

Not a Stove

The Heatrola embodies new principles. It is *not* a stove, but a *furnace* that circulates great volumes of warm, moist air throughout the house. Placed in one of the living-rooms, it heats 3 to 6 connecting rooms.

Circulation is constant. Pure, moist, warm air all the time—the most *healthful* way of heating, as any doctor will tell you.

Uses No More Fuel than a Stove

Estate Heatrola burns any kind of coal—hard or soft, lignite or slack. Coke and wood can also be used. It uses no more fuel than an ordinary heating stove, but does the work of a furnace.

Grained Mahogany Enamel

Note, too, the Heatrola is finished in rich grained mahogany—a vitreous enamel, hard and smooth as glass. You can rub and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture.

Mail the Coupon

Get all the facts about this new way of heating. The coupon brings them free and postpaid.

Or, see the Heatrola at your local dealer's. Now on display at leading hardware stores, furniture stores, and by heating contractors almost everywhere.

A small payment now will insure delivery of your Heatrola this fall.

Read What Users Say

"It heats our six-room flat to a comfortable heat, or to a real hot one; on the other hand, we can go away early in the morning, shut it down, return in the evening, and after ten minutes or so we have our flat warm again."
Mrs F. Blommaert, 1424 W. 15th St., Chicago, Ill.

"The Heatrola gives us the best of satisfaction and saves about half the coal. It also is a real ornament in our house."
Theo. Arensberg, Atchison, Kans.

"The Heatrola works good, looks good and heats good. I surely wouldn't trade for a stove or furnace, as it's just as good looking as a piece of furniture."
Ted Cieslak, Duluth, Minn.

"The Heatrola will do what you say and more. I have six rooms and it keeps them all at an even temperature all the time."
Mrs. R. J. Williams, 1204 Utah Ave., Butte, Mont.

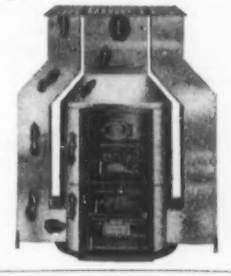
"Heats up my five-room house and doesn't take as much coal as our old stove took to heat one room."
W. F. Winingham, Sentinel, Okla.

"We live on the mountain, and have a very large house, and the Heatrola alone keeps it perfectly warm, and uses much less coal than other stoves, and no dirt from it."
E. W. Whelsell, Kingwood, W. Va.

If You Prefer a Basement Furnace

Estate
SINGLE REGISTER WARM AIR HEATING SYSTEM

The "big brother" of the Heatrola, famous for its wonderful heating capacity. *Sold under absolute guarantee to maintain an average room temperature of 70 degrees in zero weather.* One register does the work. The *advanced type* "pipeless" furnace. All-cast-iron construction. Many new and original features. For information check coupon below.



Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO — BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATES. A STOVE, FURNACE AND RANGE FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT —FOR COOKING AND HEATING WITH COAL, WOOD, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

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Hamilton, Ohio

Send me *free* information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer.

☐ ESTATE HEATROLA ☐ Pipe Furnace
☐ Single Register Heater (Pipeless Furnace)

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*City and State*_____

Pacific Coast Office: Furniture Exchange, San Francisco

Are you giving your hair the right treatment?

Different types of hair need different treatment to bring out their beauty and lustre—there is a tested treatment for your individual type of hair

THERE is an oil in the scalp, secreted by the glands of the hair, called Sebum. It is nature's beautifier. It is this Sebum oil which gives your hair its natural beauty and lustre—when your hair is healthy.

But, like all skin secretions, its flow is often excessive. Then your hair becomes oily, or full of dandruff and later scales.

This is the danger signal. For Sebum, if neglected, becomes the chief source of harm to your hair. It clogs the roots—it stops the natural flow of this oil. Your hair becomes dry and brittle.

And this Sebum, if neglected, quickly decomposes, forming fatty acids which inflame the scalp, burn away the tissue and, if left unattended to, generally kill the hair roots.

The first step is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the surplus, purge the pores and follicles.

Do this in the right way with studied, tested, scientific methods. For you must aim at the Sebum. You must remove it—dissolve it—clear it from your scalp, in a way that will not harm the delicate tissues.

Once the cause of hair trouble was known, our chemists began their search for an effective remedy.

They have developed in Palmolive Shampoo, we believe, the best way yet known to combat Sebum effectively.

The next thing is to care for your hair as you would your complexion, to bring out its beauty and lustre. Together with the Sebum combatant our chemists have blended Olive Oil. Nothing throughout the ages has yet proved the equal of Palm and Olive oils for bringing out the lustre, sheen and silky softness of your hair.

To show you the effectiveness of this shampoo treatment we will send you a treatment to try.

With it comes a book that tells you exactly what else to do for *your own* type of hair. In addition to Palmolive Special Shampoo treatment it tells you the other aids to give your hair—how to help you restore hair that is oily, dull and brittle, dry, full of dandruff, or thin and falling.

Each treatment has been tested by well-known medical authorities. The results have already been proven.

So, for your own sake, stop hit or miss methods. Adopt the Palmolive Shampoo, together with one of these tested treatments, that is *right* for *your* type of hair.

Then see how soon your friends begin to note the remarkable change and the softness and beauty of your hair.

If your hair is not all you want it to be, start today to learn the best way to beautify and preserve it. Write your name and address on the coupon and send it to us.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Shaving Cream

New Booklet Free

Be sure to get this new booklet on the care of the hair which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

NATURE intended every woman to have beautiful hair—hair that is full of lights and lustre—hair that is soft and silky to touch.

This is a message to women who wish to keep this beauty or who would restore it.

For the cause of most all hair troubles is now known. And there is now an ideal method of treating your hair that deals directly with the cause of these troubles.

Trial Hair Treatment Free

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-352
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

Gentlemen:
Please send me, gratis, your book, "How to Take Care of the Hair," and a trial treatment of your Palm and Olive Oil Shampoo.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 26)

of William that it went against the grain to accuse its owner of baseness. In spite of this, however, Sir Arthur could not help asking himself how it had come about that a young man so poor, who was yet clever enough to pick up such a treasure for a few shillings, had parted with it so lightly. Upon the answer to that question he felt that much would depend.

"I suppose when you gave this picture away you did not realize its great value?"

"As a matter of fact, sir, I hardly thought about it at all in that way. I only saw that it was a very lovely thing, and Miss June saw that it was a very lovely thing. She admired it so much that she begged me to let her buy it."

"Did you take her money?"

"No, sir. She accepted it as a gift. I asked her not to let us think of it as money."

"Could you afford to do that?" Involuntarily the questioner looked at the young man's threadbare coat and shabby trousers and at once decided that he, of all people, certainly could not.

William's answer gave pause to the man of the world. "I hope, sir, I shall always afford the luxury of not setting a price on beauty."

"But surely you would not give away a Van Roon to the first person who asks for it!"

"Why not, sir—if you happen to—to ——"

"If you happen to what?"

"To like the person."

Although the young man blushed when he made this confession, such ingenuousness did his cause no harm. Sir Arthur Babraham, all the same, was puzzled more than a little by such an attitude of mind. The story as told by this young man verged upon the incredible, and yet he felt sure it was true. He knew better, however, than to take a hasty decision upon what, after all, might prove to be wrong premises. It was his clear duty to see justice done in a strange matter, but he would leave to others the task of enforcing it. Thus when the old man renewed his demand to be allowed to go at once to Park Lane and get the picture he was met by a refusal which if very polite was also final.

"Mr. Gedge, my daughter holds this picture in trust for your niece, who, I am informed by the hospital, has been most cruelly used by somebody. She accepts—we both accept—the story told by your niece as to how in the first instance she came to possess this most valuable thing, which, by the way, this young man has been able to confirm. If you persist in trying to establish your claim I am afraid you must apply to the law."

This speech, delivered with judicial weight, was a bombshell. The old man realized that the game was up; yet as soon as the first shock had passed he could hardly mask his fury. By his own folly the chance of a lifetime had been thrown away.

As he was now to find, he was bereft of more than the Van Roon. He had lost the trust and affection of William. In the first agony of defeat S. Gedge, Antiques, was far from realizing what the fact would mean, but it was brought home to him poignantly two days later.

William's first act when Sir Arthur had left the shop was to go to the hospital. Here he was received by a member of its staff who told him that the patient was too ill to see anyone, and that even if she recovered, her mind might be permanently affected. The doctor who discussed the case with the young man allowed himself this frankness, because he was very anxious for light to be thrown on it. The girl had been cruelly knocked about, there were heavy bruises on her body and marks on her throat that suggested that she had had to fight for her life; and this was borne out by the delirium through which she was passing. In the main it seemed to be inspired by terror of a man of whom she spoke continually as Uncle Si.

The visitor was questioned closely as to the identity of the mysterious Uncle Si. He was pressed to say all that he knew about him, for the hospital had to consider whether this was not a matter for the police.

William was shocked and rather terrified by the turn things had taken. The scales had been torn from his eyes with a force that left him bewildered. He had trusted his master in the way he trusted all the world, and now disillusion had come in a series of flashes which left him half blind. He felt life could never be the same.

Two days after the terrible discovery which had changed his attitude to life he told his master that he was going to leave him. It was a heavy blow. Not for a moment had such a thing entered the old man's calculations. He had got into the habit of regarding this good simple fellow as having so little mind of his own that for all practical purposes he was now a part of himself.

So inconceivable was it to S. Gedge, Antiques, that one wedded to him by years of faithful service could take such a step that it was hard to believe the young man meant what he said.

"Boy, don't talk foolishly," he cried. "I'll raise your wages five shillings a week from the first of the New Year."

The old man could not see the look of slow horror that crept into the eyes of William; yet he did not fail to catch the note of grim pain in the stifled "I'll have to leave you, sir. I can't stay here."

Obtuse the old man was, yet he now perceived the finality of these words. As he realized all they meant to him the pain was like the stab of a knife. William was not merely indispensable. His master loved him. And he had killed the thing he loved.

"I can't let you go." Human weakness fell upon the old man like a shadow; this second blow was even more terrible than the loss of the Van Roon, which was still a nightmare in his thoughts. "I'm old. I'm getting deaf and my eyes are going." He who had had no spark of pity for others did not scruple to ask it for himself.

William was a rock. Now that he could respect his master no more he must cease to serve him.

One hope remained to S. Gedge, Antiques, even when he knew at last that his assistant was through with him. In times so difficult the young man might not be able to get another job; yet he had only to mention it to discover it was not a staff on which he would be able to lean.

William, it seemed, had got another job already.

"At how much a week?" Habit was so strong there was no concealing the sneer in the tone of surprised inquiry.

Three pounds a week was to be William's salary. This information brought home to the old man as perhaps nothing else could have done the real worth of the treasure he was about to lose. It was four times the rate at which he had thought well to reward these priceless services.

"Who is being fool enough to give you that money?" he sneered.

"Mr. Hutton, sir, at the top of the street," was the answer.

S. Gedge, Antiques, dug a savage tooth into his lower lip. Joseph Hutton was a young and pushing rival whom on instinct he hated. "Fellow's a fool to go spoiling the market," he snarled.

Alas, the old man knew but too well that, as far as William was concerned, it was not at all a question of spoiling the market. That aspect of the matter would never arise in his mind.

LIV

EVERY day for a fortnight William went to the hospital, only to be denied a sight of the patient. June was fighting for life. And even when the crisis was passed and it began to appear that the fight would be successful, she had to face an issue just as critical and yet more terrible, for the fear remained that she would lose her reason.

For William events moved quickly. He said good-by to his master, removed his belongings from Number —, New Cross Street, and entered the employ of a neighboring dealer, a man of far more liberal mind than S. Gedge, Antiques; one who, moreover, well understood the value of such a servant.

It was a terrible wrench for the young man. With the ardor of a simple character he had loved his master, trusting and believing in him to an extent possible only to those endowed with rare felicity of nature. In spite of himself he was now forced to accept the hard and bitter truth that the old man upon whom he had lavished affection was not only a miser but something worse. When the passion which ruled his life was fully roused he was tempted to anything.

While in the lower depths and beginning to despair of seeing June again, William called as usual at the hospital one afternoon, to be greeted by the long-hoped-for news that the patient had taken a turn for the better. Moreover, she had begged to be allowed to see him; and this permission was now given.

Carrying the daily bunch of flowers, by means of which June had already recognized his care for her, he was led along the ward to the bed in which she lay. The change in her appearance startled him. Little remained of the whimsical, high-hearted and practical girl who had mocked his inefficiency in regard to the world and its ways. To see those great eyes with the horror still in them, and that white face, was to feel a tragic tightening of the heart.

Tears ran down June's cheeks at the sight of the flowers. "I don't deserve your goodness," she said. "You can't guess how wicked I am."

As she extended to him her thin arms he found it hard to rein back his own tears. What suffering he had unwittingly brought upon this poor thing! But it was impossible to keep track of her mind, which even now was in the thrall of an awful nightmare. She shuddered convulsively at the memories his voice and his presence brought to her, and the words that came to her lips tore his heart:

"Am I struck? Am I like the hoodoo? Am I like Uncle Si?"

To him, just then, this wildness was hardly more than a symptom of a mind deranged. His great distress did not allow him to pursue its implication, nor could he understand the nadir of the soul from which it sprang. Yet many times in the days to follow he was haunted by those words. They came to him in his waking hours and often in lieu of sleep at night.

Returning from this short and unhappy interview to his new home he found a surprise in store. A visitor had called to see him, and at the moment of his arrival was on the point of going away.

His late master, looking very gray and frail, had come to beg him to return. He declared that he was now too old to carry on alone, sight and hearing were growing worse, he had had another quarrel with the char and had been obliged to send her permanently away.

S. Gedge, Antiques, was now a figure for pity. The truth was, this childless and friendless old man who in the grip of the passion that had eaten away his life had never been able to spare a thought for his kind simply could not do without the one human being he had learned to love.

As he stood in the shop of a rival dealer the slow tears ran down his thin cheeks. But William, with the shadow of that other figure upon him, had no pity to give.

The wreck of youth, of reason itself, seemed infinitely more tragic than the falling of the temple upon the priest of Baal whose wickedness had brought the thing to pass.

"I'll pay you twice what you are getting now if you'll return to me," urged the old man. "I can't go on alone." He peered into that face of ever-deepening distress. "What do you say, boy?" He took the hand of the young man in his own, as a father might take that of a beloved son. "I'll give you anything—if you'll come back. I haven't long to live. Return tonight and I'll leave you the business. Only speak the word and you shall inherit every stick and stone I possess."

It was a moment to rend the hearts of both, but the word was not spoken. For the second time that afternoon William was hard set to rein back his tears; but he had not the power to yield to this appeal.

Overborne by the knowledge that the hand of fate was upon him, S. Gedge, Antiques, leaning heavily on his knotted stick, moved feebly towards the dark street.

LV

ONE morning about a week after William had rejected his master's last appeal an inspector of police called attention to the fact that the shop had remained closed for several days, and as it was known that the old man had lately been living alone the circumstance had given rise to a certain amount of suspicion. William's name had been mentioned as lately in his employ and he was now asked to throw what light he could on the mystery.

"The neighbors think we ought to enter the shop and see if anything has happened," said the police inspector.

(Continued on Page 63)

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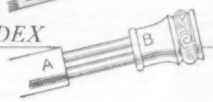

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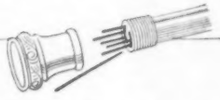

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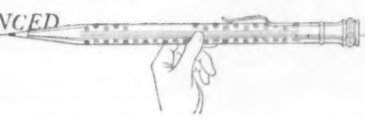

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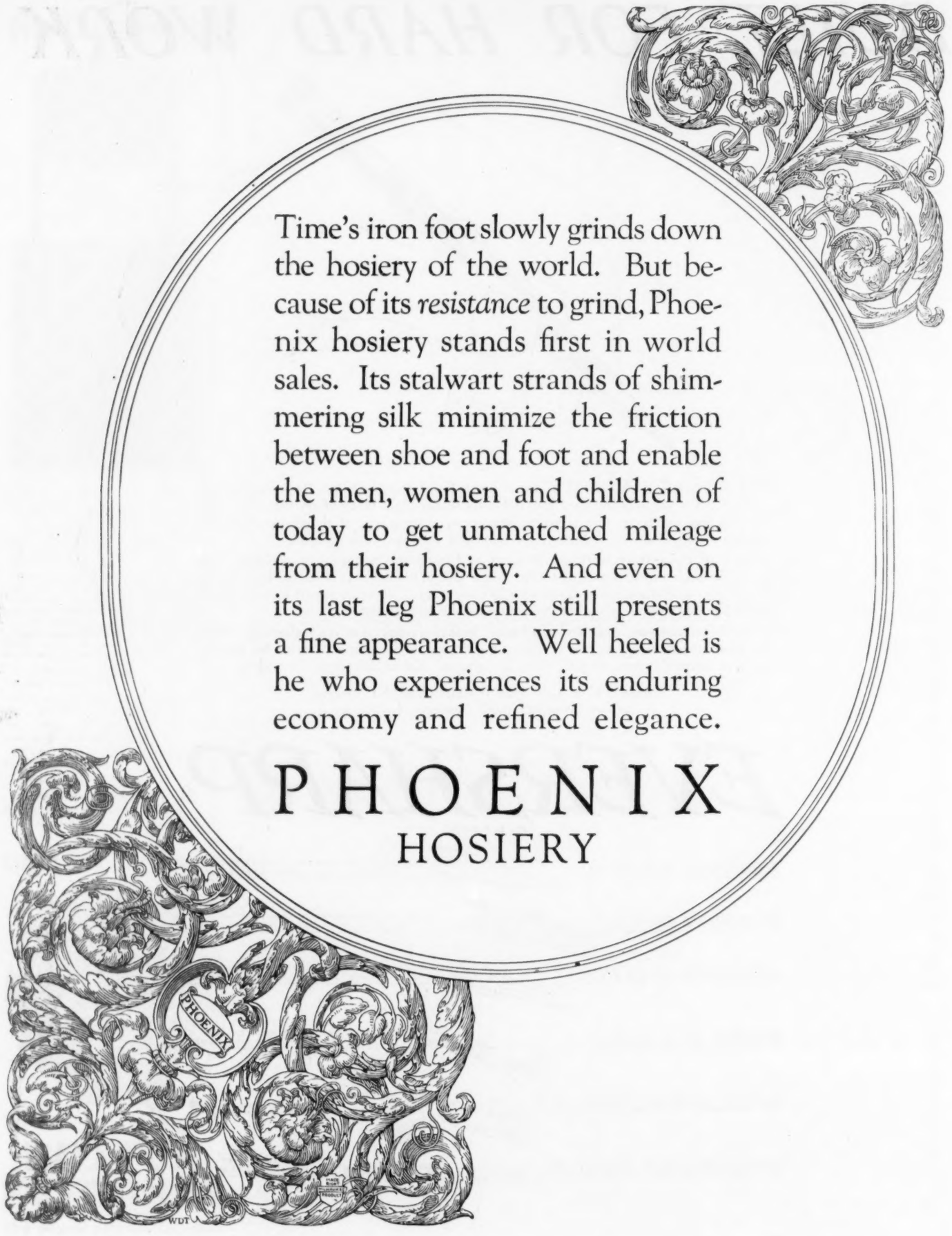
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PHOENIX
HOSIERY
PHOENIX

(Continued from Page 60)

William thought so too. Remembering the last meeting with his master, which had left a scar he would carry to the grave, a kind of prophetic foreknowledge came to him now of a new development to this tragedy.

It was not convenient just then to leave the shop, as he happened to be in sole charge of it; therefore he was unable to accompany the inspector down the street. But half an hour later, on the return of his new employer, curiosity forced him to put on his hat and go forth to see if the thing he feared had come to pass.

The police already had made an entry of Number —. Moreover, a knot of people was assembled about the familiar door, which was half open. Its shutters were still up, but two constables were guarding the precincts. William caught the words "murder," "suicide," "robbery" as he came up with the throng. In a state of painful excitement he made his way to the door.

S. Gedge, Antiques, it seemed, had been found lying dead on the shop floor. The young man wished to pass in, but the police had instructions to allow no one to enter. A doctor, summoned by telephone, had not yet come.

William was still discussing the matter when the inspector, whose acquaintance he had made already, hearing voices at the door, came from the shop interior to see if it was the doctor who had at last arrived. He recognized William at once and invited him in.

Outside was a murky November day, but with the windows still shuttered it was necessary for three rather ineffectual gas jets to be lit in the shop. The light they gave was weird and fitful, but it sufficed to enable the young man to see what had occurred.

As yet the body had not been touched. In accordance with custom in such cases, it had to lie just as it was until viewed by a doctor, for if moved by unskillful hands some possible clew as to the cause of death might be obliterated.

The old man was lying supine before the hoodoo. One glance at that face, so drawn, so thwarted, and yet so pitiful in its ghastliness, was enough to convince William that death had come directly from the hand of God. With a shiver he recalled the words of a strange and terrible clairvoyance of late so often in his ears: "Am I struck? Am I like the hoodoo? Am I like Uncle Si?"

As the old man lay now, in all the starkness of his soul, with only the essence showing in that tragic face, William was overcome by his likeness to the image. It was as if, at the last, his very nature had gone out to some false god who had perverted him.

Consumed by pity, William turned away from a sight he was no longer able to bear.

LVI

SPRING came, and June, who had had to fight for life and then for reason, won slowly to a final sense of victory. This came to her on a delicious April day, when the earth, waking from its long sleep, was renewed with the joy of procreation. Her own nature, which had passed through so many months of darkness, was quickened to response in this magic hour.

The force of the emotion owed much, no doubt, to the spirit of environment. Life had begun again for June under conditions different from any she had known. Friends had been gained for her by a singularly romantic story. Of certain things that had happened she could not bring herself to tell; but when as much of the truth came out as could be derived from facts precariously pieced together, she became a real heroine in the sight of Sir Arthur Babraham and his daughter.

But for her courage and keen wit a great work of art might have passed out of the country without anyone being the wiser. These staunch friends were determined that justice should be done in the matter and, kindly folk that they were, did not spare themselves in the long and difficult task of restoring her to health.

The middle of April saw her installed in the gardener's cottage at Homefield in the care of Mrs. Chrystal, a motherly and genial housewife. Here she almost dared to be happy. The phantoms of the long night were being dispersed at last in an atmosphere of sunny and cordial well-being.

Miss Babraham, who walked across the park from the main house every morning to visit her, had become a sort of fairy godmother whose mission was to see that she did not worry about anything. She must give her days and nights to the duty of getting well. And she was going to be rich.

Riches, alas, for June, had her friends but known, were the fly in the ointment. They could arise from only one source, and around it must always hover the black storm clouds. She had no real right to the money that was coming to her, and although she had no means apart from it, she felt that she must never accept a single penny. It was morbidly unpractical perhaps, but there the feeling was.

When June had been at Homefield about a week Miss Babraham found her one morning in the sunny embrasure of the pleasant little sitting room, reading.

After a stay of a full hour, during which the two women had talked on many intimate topics, Miss Babraham rose to go. "If tomorrow morning is as fine as this morning," she asked, "do you think you could come over to us? You know the way. It's an easy walk of less than half a mile."

June was sure she could.

"Please do, if you won't find it trying. Come about eleven. And I hope," she added as she was about to pass out of the sitting-room door, "there may be a pleasant little surprise for you."

June wondered what this could be. During the last few weeks she had known in abundance the agreeably unexpected, and at intervals during the rest of the good spring day she recurred to this new surprise with happy thrills of hope.

LVII

ELEVEN o'clock the next morning saw June, dressed with the extreme of care, before the portals of the main house. She had come well. Excitement had made her feel quite strong again; moreover, she had been promised a reward for the effort she was making.

The servant who answered her ring showed by his air of prompt courtesy that her coming was anticipated. She was led across a hall, all black oak, family portraits, heads of deer and suits of armor, with an open gallery running round the top; up a wide staircase, laid with a carpet thick and subtle to the tread; along a corridor into a room of great length whose glass roof gave a wonderful light. Many pictures hung upon its walls. June was thrilled at the moment she found herself in it, for this, she felt sure, was the famous Long Gallery.

The thrill was not confined, however, to the room. At the moment she entered June thought it was empty, but a look round disclosed at the far end a tall young man in a familiar attitude of rapt absorption. Only one person since the world began could have been so lost to the present in sheer force of contemplating a mere relic of the past.

It was a rare bit of stage management, all the same, on the part of Miss Babraham. Here before her stood William in the flesh.

He was too far from the door and too rapt in adoration of the masterpiece at which he was gazing to have heard June come in. And so, before he saw her, she had time to grow nervous and self-conscious.

A good deal of water had flowed under the bridge since he had left her uncle's house. William, it seemed to her, had grown up and she had grown down. So far away was the time of their equality, if such a time had ever really been, that she was just a shade in awe of him now.

Many hours had he spent by her bed. It was perhaps due to him that she had emerged at last from the chasm which so long and so grimly threatened to engulf her. His gentle nature had a true power of healing. Beyond anyone she had ever known he had a perception of those large and deep things of sky and earth which alone, as it seemed to her now, made life worth while. He was the prophet of the beautiful in deed as in word, and amid the soul-tearing storm through which she had passed the sense of her inferiority had been not the least of her sorrows.

That sense returned upon her now as she stood by the door through which she had come.

At last he turned and saw her.

"You!" He sprang towards her with an eager cry.

Yes, brilliant stage management. But by fate's perversity the players somehow were not quite equal to their parts. June's shy timidity communicated itself at once to William. There was no reason why he should not have taken her in his arms, for he had come to love her tenderly. But June's odd confusion summoned in him a mistaken chivalry. Broken in spirit, poor soul, by what she had been through, she could no longer defend herself; he must be, therefore, very gentle. It would have been easier to tackle the Miss June of New Cross Street, the rather imperious and sharp-tongued niece of his late employer.

"How are you getting on, Miss June?" he said lamely. "You look very thin, but you've got quite a color."

Something of the gawklike New Cross Street manner, which compared ill with Miss Babraham's tact and finesse, was in this greeting.

June's cheeks grew flame color. An idiot less divine would have given her a kiss and have had done with it, but in some ways William was a shocking dunce.

"I expect you are surprised to see me here, aren't you?"

She could but stammer that she was very much surprised.

"Sir Arthur has asked me to re-hang some of these." A rather proud wave of the hand towards the walls of the gallery showed that he was human. "And he has commissioned me to go over this Pieter de Hooch most carefully with warm water and cotton wool."

LVIII

TOGETHER they went round the Long Gallery, gazing at the treasure hanging there, which to him meant so much, to her so little. She tried to see it with his eyes; or if this could not be, at least get some clew to the quality which made quite ordinary-looking objects the things they were.

Who could have believed that an old and dirty thing which she had heard even Uncle Si describe as a daub would turn out to be a fortune? Other fortunes were here to gaze upon, but why they were so precious would always be for June a mystery of mysteries. Even with William's help it was a subject on which she could never be really wise.

Perhaps it was the presence of William which had induced in her a mood of great complexity. Old unhappy things were flooding back. And as they walked slowly round the gallery an object at its extreme end suddenly sprang into view, and brought her up with an icy gasp. The hoodoo was grinning at her.

In its new setting the monster was merely grotesque. Retrieved from the morose interior of Number —, New Cross Street, which it had darkened so long with its malice, it was no longer an active embodiment of evil. The force of its ugliness was less, yet for June, in a subtle way, the implication of its presence was more.

It was as if the fates were saying to her, "We are watching you, my girl. This young man, whom now you dare to love—have you not tricked him out of his patrimony by your pretended worship of beauty?"

William, seeing that she was nervous and upset, led her to a chair, heedless of the fact that she was almost cheek by jowl with the hoodoo.

"Mustn't tire yourself," he said. "I'm afraid you've walked a bit too far."

June shivered. The old unhappy things were threatening once more to submerge her.

"I should not have come here," she said dismally. Then pointing to the image, she exclaimed, "How I wish it was somewhere else!"

William caught the look of horror in her eyes, and in the next instant he saw again the old man lying dead at the foot of the hoodoo.

It was like the passing of a cloud across the sun. Life for him, also, had found another notation in these terrible months. He had been through a hard school. Certain lines in his face were deeper and there were hollows under his eyes. Never again must he allow the ideal to run so far ahead of the real.

Yet in this harsh moment the power of his nature kept him up.

He was able to pierce to the true reason for June's deadly pallor. It was not wholly due to the fact that she was still weak or that she had walked too far. Trolls even now were in her brain. With his instinct for healing he must do his utmost to cast them out.

"We'll try to persuade Miss Babraham to have him put in the garden."

Scarcely had he spoken the words when that lady, accompanied by Sir Arthur Babraham, entered the Long Gallery.

LIX

"SO HERE you are!"

But the light note of Miss Babraham's greeting changed to a quick concern as she saw at a glance that June was looking ill.

"Now don't get up, please. I am going to be quite angry with myself if your walk has made you overtired."

June, a new shyness upon her, which the presence of Sir Arthur made much worse, found it very difficult to speak.

"I hope you are cultivating a taste for chicken and new-laid eggs," said the kindly gentleman. "And for a glass of wine to your meals—which I always say is what has made Old England the country she is." Finding his jolly laugh was less effective than usual he pointed to the hoodoo in the tactful hope of putting an embarrassed girl at her ease. "There's an old friend I'm sure you recognize." June's distress, however, grew rapidly worse and Sir Arthur made a fresh cast. "I'm not sure, all the same," he said to William in a laughing aside, "that the old fellow can be allowed to stay here. Tell me, what is your candid opinion?"

"We've been wondering, sir, if he wouldn't look better in the garden."

Miss Babraham caught gayly at the suggestion. "The very place for the jar of Cnossus! And perhaps Miss June and Mr. William will plant a myrtle in it."

"A myrtle?" said Sir Arthur. "In that chap—a myrtle?" He plucked at his mustache and looked at the laughing Laura. "Why—pray—a myrtle?"

"Papa, how dense you are!"

A hit, clean and fair, which after a very little thought Sir Arthur was man enough to own. His one excuse, and a poor one, was that in certain things the sex to which he had the misfortune to belong was notoriously slow in the uptake.

It was now William's turn to acclaim the idea. "Yes, Miss Babraham, with your permission we will plant a myrtle in the jar of Cnossus," he answered, blushing.

In the laugh which followed June did not share; just now her feeling was that she would never be able to laugh again.

Sir Arthur now conceived it to be his duty to try once more to cheer the poor girl up.

"By the way," he said, "has my daughter told you what we propose to do with your Van Roon? We have formed a sort of committee to deal with the picture. It has given rise, don't you know, to a rather curious position. We think—three or four of us—that it ought to be acquired for the nation; but of course there's the question of price. If the work is put up to auction it may fetch more than we should feel justified in paying. On the other hand, having regard to the obscurity of its origin, it might be knocked down for considerably less than it is intrinsically worth. All the same, we are quite convinced that it is a very choice example of a great master, and that the place for it is the National Gallery, where another Van Roon is badly needed. Now I hope you see the dilemma. If the nation enters the market a definite buyer the thing may soar to a preposterous sum. At the same time, we don't want the nation to acquire it for less than its real value. So the question in a nutshell is, Will you accept a private arbitration, or do you prefer to run the risk of getting comparatively little in the hope of obtaining an extra ten thousand pounds or so?"

June followed the argument as closely as she could, and at the end of it burst into wild tears.

"The picture is not mine," she sobbed. "It doesn't belong to me."

It was a moment of keen embarrassment. Sir Arthur, who had doubted from the first, was hardly to be blamed for beginning to doubt again. Such an outburst was the oddest confirmation of his first suspicion, which conspiring circumstance had enabled him perhaps too easily to forget. But Laura's faith was quite unshaken. For her the question of ownership had been settled once and for all. The poor girl was overwrought, overdriven; it was so like this tactless father of hers to worry the girl with all kinds of tiresome details when he should have known that she was not strong enough to grapple with them.

"Come, papa," said Laura Babraham, with reproof in a clear gray eye, "if we

(Continued on Page 67)

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What a Child's Hair Needs

Every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can help bring it about.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now habits that secure and preserve beautiful hair from childhood.

How a Mother Can Keep Her Child's Hair Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

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It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

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MULSIFIED
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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 63)

don't go at once and look at that herbaceous border we shall certainly be late for luncheon."

LX

WHEN they were left to themselves once more it became William's task to offer balm to June's distress. Instead of discussing the question of the Van Roon's ownership or the unlucky presence of the hoodoo, he began gently to discourse of Matthew Maris.

As far as June was concerned he might have discoursed of the moon. In the first place she had never heard of Matthew Maris; and in the second she was consumed by a desire to settle forever the question of the Van Roon, which was now tormenting her like a fire. This was a dynamic moment, when great decisions are reached with startling abruptness and half a lifetime may be lived in half a minute.

Of a sudden she broke out again in wild sobs.

"I cheated you. I tricked you over that picture."

William tried to change the current of her mind, but it was not to be.

"You gave it me, didn't you, because I made you think I had fallen in love with it? But I hadn't. It meant nothing to me—not in that way."

He stood, an image of dismay, but he had to listen.

"Why do you suppose I did that? I'll tell you: I overheard Uncle Si talking to a dealer. You remember, don't you, the funny crooked little man in the knitted comforter and the brown billycock whom I used to call Foxy Face? One morning when you were out he offered Uncle Si five pounds for it, and Uncle Si said it might be worth a good deal more. That's why I decided to get hold of it if I could, before Uncle Si got it from you. And that's why I cracked it up and made you think I could see all sorts of wonders in it, when all the time I saw no more beauty in it than there is in that." And she pointed to the hoodoo.

William gave a little gasp. June heard him, but in mad unhappiness of that moment she determined to spare herself nothing.

"Beauty means no more to me than it does to that thing there. All your talk about Hobbemas and Marises and De Hooches and Cromes is to me just sloppy. They bore me stiff every time. I hate the sight of all these things." The wave of a wildly tragic hand included all the masterpieces in the Long Gallery. "I hate them! I hate them! So now you know the mean and dirty liar that I am."

No longer able to bear the sound of her strange and terrible words he turned sickly away. He remembered again the cry that had haunted him after his seeing her first at the hospital: "Am I struck? Am I like the hoodoo? Am I like Uncle Si?"

Poor soul! It was not for him to judge her. He could only think of her sufferings. And it was cruel indeed to realize what they must be now.

"That's why I don't want the money. And that's why I don't mean to have it. I burn when I think of it. Now you know how low-down I am. I hope you like the way I've cheated you."

He sought to take her hand, but she withdrew it fiercely. His very goodness almost made her hate him.

LXI

BY THE advice of Miss Babraham they planted a myrtle in the jar of Cnossus. Some days after the scene in the Long Gallery the hoodoo was haled into a convenient corner of the Italian garden, where by the marge of a tiny rock-strewn lake the momentous rite was performed with a high solemnity.

After the ceremony June and William retired to the fragrant shade of a budding lime, feeling rather hot, yet not dissatisfied with their labors. It was a perfect morning. Larks were hovering in the bright air. Blackbirds and thrushes were trying out their grace notes, and once June thought she heard a nightingale.

For a little they reclined in poetic comfort in two wicker chairs. Fauns in marble, and Cupid, complete with bow and arrows, lurked hard by. At last June broke a delicious silence.

"You must put your coat on," she said suddenly.

"But ——" said William, who really had delved and shoveled to some purpose.

June was not to be butted—not this golden day.

"If you don't you might get a bad chill," she said severely.

William rose and did her bidding. And in the midst of that simple act a certain piece of confidential information, which Sir Arthur and Miss Laura had been kind enough to supply at frequent intervals during the last few days, recurred forcibly to his mind. It was to the effect that Miss Gedge was so practical she would make an ideal wife for an artist.

As far as the major premise was concerned it was less irrelevant than at first it might seem, for William had recently decided that an artist was what he was going to be.

June it was who broke the silence after some little while.

"It was Miss Babraham's idea, wasn't it, to stick the myrtle in that jar? What did she say it was an emblem of?"

"Of marriage," answered William.

"Then she ought to have planted it herself—if she is going to be married."

"On the first of July. They've fixed the day."

"Oh! Have you seen her young man?"

"He came to lunch yesterday."

"Who is he?"

"The Honorable Barrington, a gentleman in the Blues."

June frowned portentously. "I hope he'll be good enough for her." But she didn't sound very hopeful.

"He's a very nice gentleman."

"Ought to be if he's going to marry her. But what I should like to know is, Why was she so set on you and me planting that myrtle when she ought to have planted it herself?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Miss June," said William innocently.

LXII

SINCE June's nerve storm in the Long Gallery a week had passed. She was feeling much better now. Day by day she was growing stronger; nevertheless she was troubled about many things.

Foremost of these was the question, so vital to a practical mind, of ways and means. They both had to live. And if William had really made up his mind to be an artist he would need money, and plenty of it, for leisure and study and foreign travel. She was rather glad, if only for this reason, that he had been able to take such a bold decision. He would be the more likely to accept that which really belonged to him—the price of the Van Roon.

Sir Arthur had now informed her that the sum the committee proposed to offer for the Van Roon could be invested to produce a thousand a year free of tax, and he strongly urged its acceptance, as she would be relieved of all money difficulties for the rest of her life. To June it sounded fabulous. She knew in her heart, besides, that she would never be able to take this income for her own use. Every penny was William's, and the task now before her was to bring home to him this fact.

It did not take long to prove to her this morning that she was attempting the impossible. The thousand a year he declared was hers, and nothing would induce him to touch a penny. Yielding in some ways, in others, as she had discovered already, for all his gentleness he was a rock.

Desperation now drove June to confess that she had never intended to touch the money. Even at the moment she had filched the Van Roon from him with her wicked pretenses, at the back of her mind had been the wish to save him from himself. Always she had regarded herself as the Van Roon's trustee, so that he should not be victimized by the cunning of Uncle Si, just as Sir Arthur was its trustee now, so that neither of them should be robbed by the cunning of the world.

She found all too soon, however, that it was vain to argue with him. What he had given, he had given. As far as he was concerned that was the end of the whole matter.

"Very well then," said June vexedly, "if you won't you won't. And I shall present that picture to the nation in your name, and then you won't have a penny to live on and you'll have to go on working in a shop all your life for a small wage to make other people rich, instead of being able to study and travel and make yourself a great artist."

She felt sure the half nelson was on him now. Even he, dreamer that he was, must surely bend to the force of pure reasoning. Beyond a doubt she had got him. But he was not playing quite fair, it seemed. He was forced to own finally that he had not put all his cards on the table.

To June's sheer amazement he was keeping a little matter of twelve hundred a year or so up his sleeve.

"Didn't know you had a rich aunt," said June amazedly.

"Not my rich aunt; your rich uncle."

"Do you mean to say," June figured slowly out, "that Uncle Si has left you all his property?"

"His lawyers say so." The voice of William had a slight tremor.

"If his lawyers say so it is so," said June with imperious finality.

A pause of which a thrush, a blackbird and an entire orchestra of skylarks took great advantage, came upon these inheritors in spite of themselves; and then June remarked: "He must have bought some property very lucky."

Quite simply William stated that such was the fact. "The lawyers say that in 1895 he bought what they call a block in New Cross Street, including Number — and that it's been going up and up ever since, so that now it's worth about eight times what he gave for it."

In sheer incredulity June stared at him. She must be living in fairyland. And then the sun flamed out from the merest apology for a cloud which was all the April sky could boast at that moment, and there came an answering gleam from the burnished image before her eyes in which they had lately planted a myrtle.

"Much good it did him," she said.

William had never told June the story of the old man lying dead before the hoodoo, nor had he disclosed his own indirect share in that tragic end. He did not do so now, for this was not the time to enter into such an unhappy matter. Yet without coming to details, June seemed with that power of clairvoyance she had lately acquired to divine some of the pitiful business. "He was a miserable old miser," she said in a voice the birds could not hear. Then she noticed its tragedy in William's eyes and added, "I believe you were the only living thing he ever cared for."

June glanced at the new wrist watch, whose acceptance William had craved two days before she left the hospital. Nearly one o'clock already, and it would never do to show disrespect to Mrs. Chrystal's famous chicken broth.

They got up together, yet as they did so they felt that the best of the spring day was fled. Now that the sun had gone in, the hoodoo yonder was monarch once more of all he looked upon.

What a thing life was! Yet by now both were wise enough not to think too much about it. God knew it could be ugly, but dwelling upon its complexities only made them seem worse.

Besides, there was no time for deep thoughts. It was six minutes to one. Luncheon at the house, where William was guest, was sharp at the hour. Meals to the tick was Sir Arthur's foible, and William would only just have time to wash his hands and brush his hair. And so he was not able to accompany June along the rectangular path which led from the main avenue direct to Mrs. Chrystal's.

Moreover, she didn't want him to. She understood his hurry. Also he understood hers. Besides, each craved a moment, after all, to consider life and just where they stood in it.

"I have to rest this afternoon," said June. "And I suppose you have to get on with the cleaning of the Matthew thingummy. But if it's as fine tomorrow morning as it has been today let us meet under this tree about eleven."

Whereupon June took the bypath abruptly, and William, his six minutes reduced to four, stepped out towards the house. Life and its complexities did not get, therefore, much of a show at the moment, yet both of them must have been giving these high matters some little thought, for as June reached the eucalyptus tree she halted and half turned and looked back just for one instant. And she found that William, now on a level with the second Cupid on the main gravel, and his four minutes reduced to three and a quarter, had also halted, and half turned to follow her example.

LXIII

JUNE always maintained that the idea was William's. He, on the other hand, always maintained that the idea was hers.

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But whatever the truth of the matter in its centrality, there was really no doubt that it was Miss Babraham who thought of the car. To her alone belonged that minor glory. As for the luncheon basket, although that honor was claimed for her as well, it may have owed something to Sir Arthur, for June and William were agreed that the weighty and practical genius of that man of the world was visible in this important detail.

It was just after nine on as promising a morning of early May as the much derided climate of Britain was able to produce for a signal occasion, when Mr. Mitchell the chauffeur, in his livery of Robin Hood green, with buff collar and cuffs, arrived at Mrs. Chrystal's door with Sir Arthur's touring car. Inside sat William in a fleecy gray ulster which June had no idea he possessed—and for that matter it was Sir Arthur who possessed it—and almost the last word in hats, which if you happened to catch its wearer in profile, as June chanced to do at the moment the car drew up, made him look uncommonly distinguished.

"What time do you expect to be back, Mr. Mitchell?" asked Mrs. Chrystal from her doorstep, as that hero, a veteran of the Great War, which had ended before William began—that is to say, Class 1920 was never called up—helped June into the car.

"Back, did you say, ma'am?" said Mr. Mitchell, closing the door softly upon William and June. "There you have me. We've to go as fur as the heart o' Suffolk and back again."

Mrs. Chrystal knew that; hence the question.

"Accordin' to this map"—Mr. Mitchell pointed to the canvas back of the road guide which was on the vacant seat beside his own—"Crowdham Market may take a bit o' findin'. Still, if the roads are all right I dessay we'll be home by the risin' o' the moon."

"My reason for asking is that I'm wondering about the young lady's supper. However, I'll expect you when I see you, because, as you say, Crowdham Market may be a funny place to get at."

In the opinion of June, who heard this conversation, Mrs. Chrystal was fully justified in thinking so. They were about to start on a journey to Cloud Cuckoo Land.

The Middle of April Saw Her Installed in the Gardener's Cottage at Homefield. Here She Almost Dared to be Happy

A very romantic journey it was. Up hill and down dale they went, by devious lanes and unsuspected ways across a noble sweep of country. Zephyrs played gently upon their faces; the sun shone, the birds sang; the smooth-gliding car made little dust and less noise; they sat side by side; it was a royal progress.

The idea itself was William's, June always maintained, that they should go to Crowdham Market and find the poor old woman who kept the tumbledown shop, where, perhaps as much out of pity as anything, he had given five shillings for the Van Roon. They could well afford to make her comfortable for life with an annuity, the precise amount of which Sir Arthur might be asked to fix if they could not themselves agree upon it.

Indeed the whole question of the Van Roon's fabulous proceeds was still vexed. Neither would move an inch. June still vowed she would not touch the money. William vowed that he would not touch it either, but he had gone so far as to suggest that he should buy the thing back from her with a part of the property her uncle had left him. To this property he somehow felt he had no lawful claim; yet by means of it he would be able to add, free, gratis and for nothing, one masterpiece the more to his treasure house in Trafalgar Square.

June, with the frankness for which she was famous, did not hesitate to denounce the scheme as crazy. Even the Sir Arthur Babrahams of the world, who were simply rolling in money, thought twice about giving fortunes away. What did he suppose was going to become of his career as an artist if he stripped himself of the means of pursuing it?

That, of course, was where she had him. And as they sat side by side on this golden journey to East Anglia they divided the forenoon between admiring the scenery and discussing the problem in all its aspects.

"You talk of France and Spain and Italy!" The note of scorn was mellowed considerably by the romance of the occasion. "You talk of studying the pictures in the Louvre and the Prado and the Uffizi Gallery!" She had really got to grips with art now. With an indomitable will, an inflexible ambition and a brand-new course of memory training to help her, she was not only learning to remember outlandish words but how and when and in what order to use them. "You talk of Rembrandt and Titian and Velasquez, but I'm thinking those foreign landladies'll get your size before you can say 'Knife.' My opinion is you'll need somebody to look after you when you go abroad—somebody who understands the value of money."

"The less value money has for an artist the better," said William the sententious.

What William really meant to say was that the less an artist thought about money the better for his art, that an artist painted better for love than for money, that the great masters were born poor as a rule and often died poor, and that nothing was so likely as money to distract the mind from the quest of beauty.

These, to be sure, were not his exact words. His thoughts were clothed more neatly in the William way. But such was the sum and substance of what they came down to, and June was so pained by his line of argument that the contents of the luncheon basket on the opposite seat were needed to sustain her.

After patiently reasoning with such wrong-headedness she looked at her watch and found that it was one o'clock. As there was never a sign at present of Crowdham Market, they decided to begin on what the gods had provided. Egg and tomato sandwiches were at the top of the basket, with a layer of ham underneath, and below that a most authentic cake with almonds in it; all of which were delicious.

The meal, if anything, was even better than the conversation, though that also was on an extremely high level. They were very honorable in their dealings with the luncheon basket. Share and share alike was the order of the day, with a third share of everything religiously laid by for Mr. Mitchell whenever he might feel justified in slowing up to eat it. Even a full third of the basket's crowning glory was laid by for Mr. Mitchell—to wit, a large vacuum flask of coffee, piping hot.

It was a few minutes after two when they reached Crowdham Market and drew up at the Unicorn Inn. Here, eight months ago, William had discussed the great drought with Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, one of those high-colored girls who June could see at a glance was a minx.

Promising to be back in an hour, which was all that Mr. Mitchell could allow if they were to be home before the rising of the moon, June and William, feeling more romantic than ever before in their lives, set out on a pilgrimage up the High Street. It was the only street in the town which aspired to a sense of importance; the point, in fact, towards which all meaner streets converged. One of these it was they had now to find.

Alas, from the outset there was a grave doubt in the mind of William in the matter of his bearings. To the best of his recollection the old woman's shop was either the second or third turning up, then to the left, then across, and then to the left again into an obscure alley of which he had forgotten the name. That was like him. In June's private opinion it was also like him—although lese majesty, of course, to let him know it—to take her to look for a serendipity shop in a bottle of hay.

William knew neither the name of the old woman nor the byway that had contained her, and in the course of half an hour's meandering it grew clear to the practical mind of June that the old woman was in serious danger of having to go without her annuity.

Mr. Mitchell's hour was all but sped when William stopped abruptly. He had hit the trail. At the corner of the lane into which for the third time they had penetrated was an enticing little shop called Middleton's Dairy. The sight of it brought back to William's mind a recollection. Immediately the picture had been acquired he went into that shop to get a bun and a glass of milk. Pausing a moment to wrestle with his sense of locality he gazed down the street. The old woman's store would be just opposite.

But a glance was needed to show that the old woman's shop was not just opposite. The housebreakers had been recently at work and the decrepit block of which her premises formed a part was razed to the ground.

Faced by the problem of what had happened to the old woman the only thing now was to enter Middleton's Dairy and inquire. They were cordially received by a girl who in June's opinion showed too many teeth when she smiled to be really good looking; who also, in June's opinion, wore corsets that didn't suit her figure, and whose hair would have looked better had it been bobbed.

Like Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, this girl seemed to remember William quite well, which was rather odd, June felt, since he had been only once in the town previously, and then for but a few hours. The inference to be drawn from the fact was that William was William, and that in an outlandish one-horse place like Crowdham Market young men of his quality were necessarily at a premium.

After William with a certain particularity had described the old woman and her shop to the girl, who kept on showing her teeth while he did so, he was informed that

she was known among the neighbors as Mother Stark. And the poor old thing, the girl understood, had been turned out of house and home because she could no longer pay her rates and taxes.

"Half her side of the lane's pulled down," said June, who now came into the conversation on a note of slight asperity.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Smiler to William rather than to June; "the site has been bought by a company." She went on to explain that they were going to build a picture house there.

A picture house on the spot where a Van Roon had lain hidden and unknown for who knew how many years! What a world it was! Could Mother Stark but have guessed, she would not have needed a company to take over her premises.

"What's become of her? Can you tell us?" said June.

"Had to go to the workhouse, I believe, poor soul," said the girl, who had a good heart.

June looked at William. William looked at June.

"Is the workhouse far from here—please, can you tell us?" It was William who asked the question.

The workhouse, it seemed, was not far; in fact it was quite near. To get there you had only to go to the end of the lane, turn to the left, cross the recreation ground and the footbridge over the canal, and keep on bearing to the left and you couldn't miss it.

"Will it take long?" The question was June's. And a glance at her wrist accompanied it.

"Not more than five minutes."

"Thank you very much indeed. We are greatly obliged to you." William it was who brought the conversation to a climax with a lift of the hat.

LXIV

THERE was only one thing to be done now. Mr. Mitchell's hour was up, but there was no help for it. The workhouse, as the girl had said, was not more than five minutes away if you followed her instructions.

As June had had the matter in hand the instructions were followed to the letter, and they arrived at the workhouse without delay. But as the pile, dark and grim, came into view at the far side of the canal, an odd emotion at work in William as well as in June seemed to bring them up with a round turn.

A long moment they gazed at the bleak and frowning thing before their eyes. And then said June with a laugh: "I'm thinking that's where you'll be one day if you don't find someone who isn't a genius to look after you."

The words came from the heart, yet William did not appear to hear them. "Reminds one," he murmured half to himself, "of that little thing of Duclaux's called The Poor House. There's an exhibition of his pictures just now at the Bond Street Gallery. Wonderful line. A great sense of mass effect."

"You can't tell me," said June, "there's beauty in a thing like that—in that old workhouse?"

"Duclaux would say so, with that dark cloud cutting across the gable. And that bend of the canal in the foreground is not without value."

June now glanced at her wrist watch and then rang the bell of the gloomy and forbidding door. The summons was heeded, tardily and with reluctance, by a surly janitor.

"Can we see Mrs. Stark?" asked June.

"Eh?" said the janitor.

He must have been deaf indeed not to have heard the question in its cool clarity. June repeated it; whereon the keeper of the door looked her slowly up and down, turning over the name in his mind as he did so.

"Mother Stark, she was called," said June for his further enlightenment. "She sold all kinds of old rubbish at a shop that used to be opposite Middleton's Dairy at the top of Love Lane."

"Mother Stark, you say!" Light was coming to the janitor. "No, you can't see her."

"Why not? The matter's important."

"She's been in her grave this two month—that's why not," said the janitor.

"Oh," said June.

And then after brief commerce with the eye of William, she added: "Has she any relations or friends?"

The answer was no; Mother Stark had had a parish burial.

William thanked Diogenes; and then after one more swift glance at each other, he and June turned away, feeling somehow a little overcome, yet girt by a sense that they were through at last with the matter of Mother Stark's annuity.

Returning in their tracks across the canal footbridge, across the recreation ground, up the lane, past the site of the new picture house, past Middleton's Dairy, they entered the High Street without haste, in spite of Mr. Mitchell, and with a gravity new and strange, as if they both felt now the hand of destiny upon them.

Heedless of all the Mr. Mitchells in the universe, they walked very slowly to draw out the last exquisite drop of a moment of bliss that, no matter what life had in store, they could never forget. And then for some mystic reason June's brain grew incandescent. It became a thing of dew and fire. Ideas formed within it, broke from it, took shape in the ambient air. She might have been treading the upper spaces of Elysium, except that no girl's feet were ever planted more firmly or more shrewdly upon the pavement of the High Street, Crowdham Market.

Four doors from the Unicorn Inn was the most fashionable jeweler's shop in the town, perhaps for the reason that there was no other; and as they came level with the window a spark flashed from its depths and met an instant answer in the eyes of June. Nearly an hour behind the schedule they were now, yet they lingered one instant more, while June drew William's attention to a coincidence. The vital spark, it seemed, owed its being to a gem set in a ring which was almost a replica of the one worn by Miss Babraham.

"It's as like Miss Babraham's engagement ring as one pea is like another pea," said June in a soft voice.

In the course of their friendship William had been guilty of many silences of a disgraceful impersonality; and he was now guilty of one more. He glanced at the ring with a wistful eye, sighed a little, and then with slow reluctance moved on. June accompanied him to the threshold of the Unicorn Inn. And upon its doorstep, within hearing of the office, wherein lurked Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, he faced about, and then by way of an afterthought, his head apparently still full of Duclaux, began to stammer:

"Miss June, if I go back and get that ring will you—will you promise—to—to ——"

Miss Ferris was in the office; the top of her coiffure was to be seen above the frosted glass. And the office door was wide open; June therefore gave her answer in a very low and gentle voice.

For all that, it did not lack pith. "If only you'll cut out the Miss I'll wear it like Miss Babraham—on my heart finger."

LXV

BACK they went to the jeweler's, four doors up. To the expert eye of William the ring, on inspection, was so little like Miss Babraham's that he seemed to have a qualm about buying it. He had a fancy for moonstones and diamonds, but Crowdham Market's only jeweler did not run to these. June was firm, besides, that the ring in her hand was cheap at nine guineas, and as no one could call it vulgar it was quite enough.

William was sure it was nothing like good enough. "But when we get to London you shall have moonstones and diamonds."

"That'll be lovely," said June; and a deep thrill ran in her heart as she realized that her dreams were coming true.

William took a wad of Bradbury's from his breast pocket. He was now a man of property, with a rent roll of twelve hundred a year, but even a most careful counting would not let them muster more than seven. June, however, as became the lawful owner of an Old Master, which to acquire for the nation a committee had been lately formed, was equal to the occasion, for she promptly took a wad from the vanity bag which now graced her travels instead of her mother's old purse, and made up the sum.

In the meantime the jeweler, a man of ripe experience, had put two and two together.

"Will you wear it, madam, or will you have it packed in the box?"

An unconventional question, no doubt, but places like Crowdham Market are close to Nature and get down to bedrock by short cuts.

(Continued on Page 72)

WEAR-EVER
T.A.C. ALUMINUM U.C.Co.
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.

I AM just as proud of my kitchen as of the other rooms of my home because it is equipped with clean, silver-like enduring

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

(Continued from Page 70)

"I'll wear it," June answered. "And I'll have the box as well. It'll do for my dressing table to keep pins in."

The jeweler, one of the old school, bowed to June as he handed her the box and also the change. And then, a jeweler with a fine technic, he smiled at William in a Masonic manner and handed him the ring.

June, as cool as if she was on parade, removed a white kid glove from her left hand. "That's the heart finger," she said.

If she blushed a little the jeweler was too busy at the other end of the shop writing out the receipt to be aware of the fact.

LXVI

THEY decided to ask Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, for a cup of tea before they set out on the journey home. June felt she could afford to take the risk, since by now the situation was well in hand. Mr. Mitchell raised no objection. Himself an ampler man for a noble lunch, he had been recounting tales of Araby and lands of fair renown in the privacy of the office. His suit of Robin Hood green and a certain gallantry of bearing had made considerable impact in an amazing short time, not upon Miss Ferris merely but upon her widowed mother, the sole proprietress of the Unicorn Inn, who in the words of the local manager of the East Anglia and Overtons Bank was the warmest woman in Crowdham Market.

While Mr. Mitchell and the widow were in the garden admiring the early pansies, June and William sat down to tea in the coffee room.

Even there the contiguity of Miss Ferris had rather a tendency to cramp June's style. High-colored, she was a little inclined to take liberties as she passed around the table. And when June in her sweetest and best manner asked if they might have some crab-apple jam she caught the glint of the ring on June's heart finger in a way so direct that she murmured something about having to look out for her eyesight—or words equally ill-bred—and nearly dropped the teapot.

By the time they got under way and the nose of the car was set for the pleasant land of Surrey a doubt infected the mind of Mr. Mitchell as to whether they would make Homefield before midnight. Neither June nor William seemed to care very much whether they did or whether they didn't. The car was most comfortable, the sense of romance hot upon them still. Mile passed upon mile. The endless spool of road continued to unwind itself, a little wind breathed gentle nothings, Mr. Mitchell sat four-square in front, the birds still sang, but the sun was going down.

Saying very little they lived never-to-be-forgotten hours. Now and again William pointed to a bird or a tree, the fold of a hill, the form of a cloud, the gleam of a distant water. Yet for the most part the nearness of each other was all sufficing. June began to nestle closer; the chill of night came on. Saying less than ever now, moonstones and diamonds stole upon her thoughts. She was haunted by a lovely fear that she could not live up to them. And then softly and more soft she began to breathe with a rhythmical rise and fall, slowly deepening to a faint crescendo that blended with the motions of the car.

East by west of nowhere came the high moment when the sun was not and the moon not yet. Somewhere over Surrey a star was dancing.

Very shyly and gently William ventured to give her a kiss. She stirred ever so little. A bird spoke from a brake, a note clear and wonderful, yet the month was young for the nightingale. But this was Cloud Cuckoo Land, a divine country in which the nightingale may be heard at odd seasons.

Psyche stirred again. With a reverence chaste and simple he gave her a second kiss, deep and slow. The solemn sacrament was fire to the soul of an artist. And then he gave a little gasp. The high gods in his brain whispered that the moon was coming.

The moon was coming.

Yes, there she was, the sovereign lady! He sat very still, praying, praying that he might surprise some holy secret, hidden even from Duclaux. She was very wonderful tonight. Her loveliness was more than he could bear. There was a touch of intimacy in her magic; the country over which she shone was elfland. He seemed to hear a faint familiar sound of horns. Or it might have been the swift gliding of the car.

In the quietness of the spirit's ecstasy he could have wept.

Might it be given to Duclaux to see her, lovely lady, just as he could see her now!

But he mustn't dare to breathe or the vision would be forever lost.

(THE END)

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 16)

He said, "If Mr. Morgan or I went to Roosevelt it would bring on a panic because the country would know that nothing short of a serious situation would prompt us to do such a thing. Can you imagine how Theodore Roosevelt would crack his teeth with joy to have us call on him for help?"

I told him I was going to Boston to see my father-in-law, E. Nelson Blake, but would write Roosevelt that night and tell him of the interview; if he wanted to see me to wire me at Boston and I would return to New York. Sunday I received a telegram from the President asking me to return to Oyster Bay on Monday.

When I told Roosevelt of my interview with Stillman his face was a study. He did not attempt to conceal his dislike for the big men in Wall Street. But he said he would telegraph Secretary Shaw to come to Oyster Bay at once.

A few days later, after seeing the President, the secretary issued a statement that he would put out twenty to twenty-five million dollars of government deposits based on New England savings banks securities, and if that was not enough to move the crops he would put out twenty-five million dollars more.

When Secretary Shaw's statement was published the president of one of the big Chicago banks said it was like the breaking of a boil!

The national-banking law made government bonds the only basis for government deposits. President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw showed great courage in acting to prevent a panic. There was no risk involved in the transaction, as the New England savings banks laws give close scrutiny to the bonds and stocks the New England banks are allowed to purchase or loan on.

Secretary Shaw's action led to the passage of the Vreeland-Aldrich Bill.

Mr. Stillman was right about the effect of pulling the stops from under United States Steel common. It went to 8 within a few months.

XXV

IT MAY interest Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, to learn how he came to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury in Roosevelt's cabinet. Here's the story:

Secretary Lyman J. Gage promised President Roosevelt on the arrival of the train bearing President McKinley's body to Washington that he would stay a few months, until his successor was chosen.

In December, 1901, I discussed 1904 nominations with Roosevelt. At that time the only opposition in sight was Governor Shaw, of Iowa, whose staunch advocacy of the gold standard at St. Louis in 1896 made him a conspicuous figure. He stood almost alone against bimetallism; the balance of the Iowa delegation were very wabbly.

There was considerable sentiment for him for President in 1904, in Iowa, the two Dakotas and Nebraska.

I suggested to the President he offer the Treasury portfolio to Governor Shaw. The idea sank in.

About a week later I received a telegram from Governor Shaw from Des Moines asking if I would be in Chicago the next day. He wanted to see me. When he came he showed me President Roosevelt's telegram offering him the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Of course I was very much surprised, but strongly advised him to accept. He went to Dubuque, consulted Senator Allison, wired his acceptance and was appointed January 6, 1902.

XXVI

DURING the winter of 1902 and 1903 President Roosevelt negotiated the Reciprocity Treaty with Cuba. The Louisiana sugar interests fought the treaty, as

(Continued on Page 75)

What will you do with the thousand pounds of air in your home next winter?

THOUSAND pounds of air? Yes, if your home is average size it contains from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of air by actual weight. Air is not the light, thin substance we usually think it is. Machines weighing tons are able to fly through this gas that surrounds our earth.

What will you do with the air in your home—**your** thousand pounds of air—this coming winter? Your health and comfort depend upon the condition of the air in your home, just as the health and comfort of a gold-fish depend on the water in its bowl. If you will pardon the comparison, we live in and breathe the "pools of air" in our homes much as fish live in pools of water.

Most people take poor care of air in their winter homes. It is difficult to care for air properly. It should be warmed evenly, moistened correctly, kept clean, kept moving, and it should be completely changed all over the house several times a day. Otherwise we are very apt to suffer ill health.

How would you like to have a heating system that will care for the air in your home—do it correctly every hour of the day and night—all winter long? There is such a system, and it is one of the simplest, most easily installed and cared for systems in the world. It goes into the basement—every part of it—yet it moves, warms, moistens, and changes every ounce of air in every room in your house. It keeps air wonderfully clean. And best of all, it uses less fuel than any other efficient method of home heating ever discovered, as thousands of home owners who use it will testify.

This System is the Mueller Convector

The Convector warms all the air in your home through one neat, inconspicuous register on the first floor. Instead of using complicated systems of pipes and radiators, registers and valves to deliver the heat from the fire to your rooms—the Convector **lets the air come down and get the heat.**

What can be simpler, more certain, more economical? The minute you start a fire in the Convector, the air in your rooms begins to circulate. Every ounce of it finds its way to the heating surface of the Convector, where it is properly warmed and moistened. It then returns to your rooms, slowly and evenly.

Warming the air in your home by this method is just as simple as warming water in a great kettle, except that it takes far less fuel. The air is all warmed in the same way, by exactly the same principle.

This method is called Convection Heating. Every expert heating engineer will tell you that Convection Heating is the most efficient, healthful, and economical method known. And the Convector is the simplest application of this method ever made.

How You Benefit From Convector Heating

First of all, the slow, steady circulation of all the air in your home places ventilation absolutely under your control. You can have all the fresh air you need without cold drafts.

All the air in your house is yours to breathe. You do not lock yourself up in a stuffy bedroom with fifty pounds of air. No matter where fresh air enters, it will find its way to your sleeping quarters, warmed and moistened for your better health.

This is true of all rooms. Wherever you are, Convector circulation steadily brings you all the air in the house. Why live in the scant, still supply of air in one room? You heat the air in your home—**why not use all of it?** Why stay for hours in a stagnant pool of fifty pounds of air, when you have a "sparkling lake" of a thousand pounds of fresh, warm air in your home?

The Convector keeps all the air in your home clean. No fuel dust, gas or smoke can touch it.

It keeps all wasteful, spotty, **radiant** heat out of your living rooms—no hot, heating apparatus scattered over the house—nothing but clean, warmed, healthfully moistened air.

Convector Heating keeps the temperature of your rooms remarkably even, for Convection is simply Nature's own means of establishing even temperature.

The Convector is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of heating system. It can make you quickly comfortable at any time, Fall, Winter or Spring, without trouble, **without fuel waste.** Its direct fuel burning regulation makes it the economical, universal system from Alaska to Mexico.

And How Easily You Can Own This Better System

It can be installed in your home in less than one day's time, without trouble or inconvenience. It is positively guaranteed to heat all your home comfortably—every room, upstairs and down. You can secure the proper size for your home from a dealer near you—ON EASY TERMS IF YOU DESIRE—even though its cost is remarkably low.

Let us send you complete information about an installation for your home. Let us tell you just what the Convector will do for you, your family, and your property. Tear out the request form below, and mail it today.

Send for Free Book "Your Thousand Pounds of Air"

This book will tell you many interesting things about the air in your home. It will prove that Convector Heating does take best care of the air for your better health and comfort, in such easy, simple, perfect fashion that every home should have this better heating system. You will also enjoy "Heat, What It Is and How To Use It." Check the squares and get these valuable books.

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.
246 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems
ESTABLISHED 1857

P. O.

L. J. Mueller Furnace Co., 246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen:—
Please send me without cost a copy of your book entitled

[ ] "Your Thousand Pounds of Air."
[ ] "Heat, What It Is and How To Use It."
[ ] Please send me complete information about the Convector.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

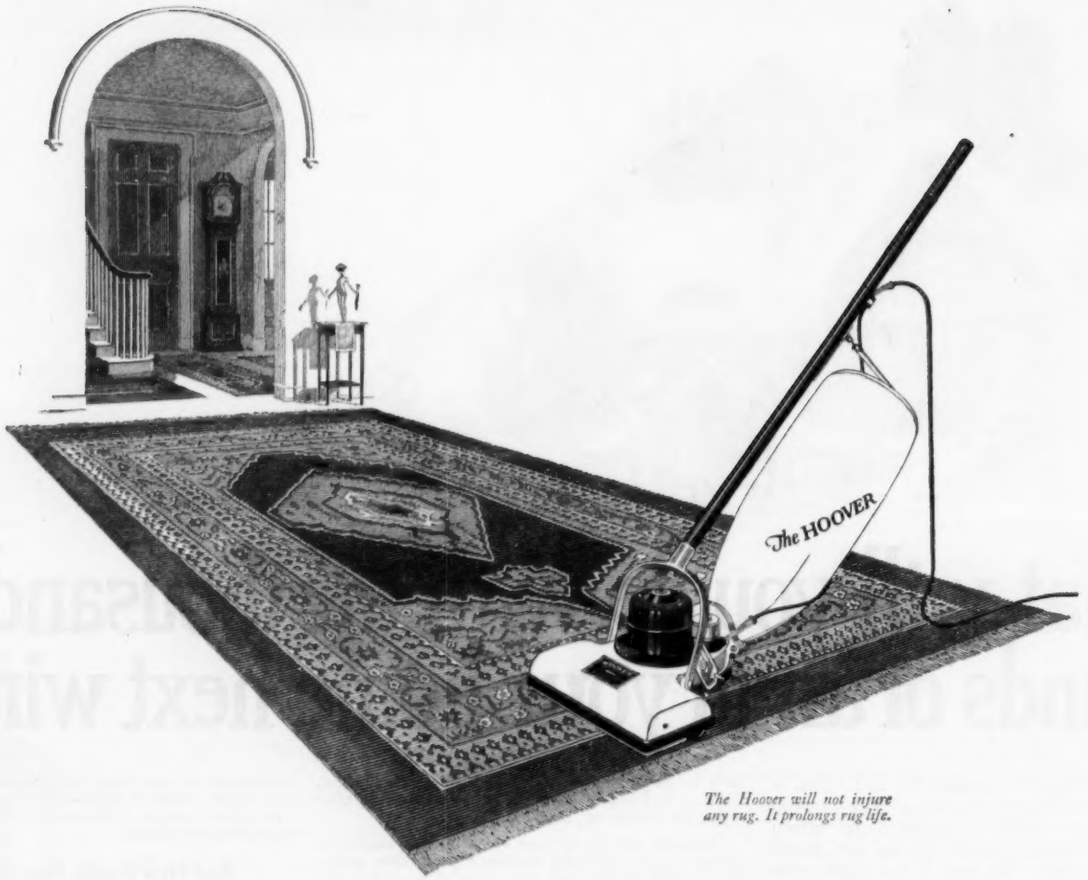
SALESMEN: We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.

DEALERS: Write for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business.

MUELLER CONVECTOR

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WARMS, MOISTENS, MOVES AND CHANGES ALL THE AIR



The Hoover will not injure any rug. It prolongs rug life.

Do You Give *Your* Rugs Proper Care?

Naturally you want your lovely rugs and carpetings properly cared for, that they may stay beautiful and wear for many years.

Naturally, too, you want to know how to give them such care at the minimum expense of time and labor on your part.

This is not at all difficult.

Simply let an Authorized Hoover Dealer demonstrate The Hoover in your home; without obligation, of course.

He will show you the three essential factors of thorough cleaning, and thorough cleaning is the greatest part of proper rug care.

He will show you how The Hoover performs these three essential factors—beating, sweeping, suction—in one rapid, easy, dustless operation.

He will show you how this one operation beats out all germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from rug depths, sweeps up stubborn litter, erects crushed nap, brightens colors, and prolongs rug life.

He will show you how your dusting, too, can be swiftly and dustlessly done by The Hoover's newly designed, easily connected and high-powered attachments.

It will be worth much to you, in labor, time and money saved, to have the Hoover Dealer show you these things.

Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau, any Hoover Branch Office, or write us for the names of Authorized Dealers.

On our divided payment plan, 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover. There are three improved new models—a size for every purse.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
Factories at North Canton, Ohio, and Hamilton, Canada

The HOOVER

It BEATS ---- as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 72)

they believed it menaced the sugar growers of the South. After much discussion the treaty passed March 9, 1903.

In February, 1903, I spent an evening in the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt and the children were at the supper table. The only outside guests were Nicholas Murray Butler and myself. The children carried on an animated conversation among themselves. Roosevelt, Doctor Butler and I were deeply engrossed at the other end of the table discussing the Cuban treaty, when Archie broke in with "Father—father—father!" louder each time.

"What is it, Archie?" exclaimed the President.

"Father, doesn't the monkey cage at the zoo smell terrible?"

"My recollection is that it does, Archie!"

Before going in to supper I asked the President how he was getting along. He said, "With the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty on my hands and being father of Alice Roosevelt at the same time, I am doing pretty well!"

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Elihu Root, Former Secretary of State Under Roosevelt

Roosevelt was very anxious for the nomination for President in 1904. His three and a half years serving out McKinley's term had given him a taste of being Chief Executive. He had carried out McKinley's policies, and naturally wanted an opportunity to try some of his own. There was little opposition to him. Mark Hanna was the only name mentioned. Some anti-Roosevelt people tried to get Hanna to become a candidate.

He gave them no encouragement, first, because he was in poor health; and second, he believed Roosevelt was entitled to what was practically a second term.

Roosevelt in his great desire to be nominated sent for politicians who he thought had influence in their respective states, in several cases ignoring the senators and representatives. His fear was unwarranted, for when the national committee met in Washington, December 11, 1903, to choose the convention city and set the date, they were practically unanimous for Roosevelt, as Mark Hanna had declined to be considered a candidate and strongly advised the nomination of Roosevelt.

A few days after the national committee was in session I arrived in Washington. The first man I met in the Arlington Hotel lobby was Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. He said, "I wish you could persuade your friend in the White House to quit his hunt for delegates; he is making a damned fool of himself." Two well-known correspondents made similar remarks.

I went to the White House about five o'clock. The President was out riding. I saw Secretary Loeb and told him what the three men had said to me. He said, "I have talked with him, but it is no use. I cannot do anything with him. Wish you would talk to him." Mr. Loeb said he would try to arrange for an interview on the President's return from a cabinet dinner. Later I received a note asking me to come to the White House at 10:30 that night.

The President came in with a rush, saw Mrs. Roosevelt to the elevator and joined me. We went up the marble-and-iron stairway opposite the Blue Room.

As we went up the stairs Roosevelt said, "I have been in hell for the last three or four weeks!"

I replied, "Yes, and you have acted like it!"

He said, "What do you mean?"

"Wait until we get on the landing. You might throw me over the banisters!"

After looking over papers on his desk he said, "What did you mean by that remark?"

I replied: "The first man I met in the hotel on my arrival said you were making a damned fool of yourself in your quest for delegates. The second one said you were acting like a jackass. The third said you were crazy. And from what I learn all three were right. You are sending for men to come to Washington, and inviting them to lunch or dinner—men unworthy to sit at the White House table. I met one from the South this afternoon in Loeb's office. He is a scalawag. I know him. He told me he lunched with you today. These men give out interviews to their home papers before coming to Washington, boasting of your invitation. They give statements to the Washington correspondents telling of dining with you. Then you talk to them and ask for their support. After leaving you they walk straight across Lafayette Square and tell Mark Hanna everything you said. You say Hanna is scrootching a little. He is not. Mr. Hanna is a very sick man. I doubt very much whether he will be alive in June, when the convention meets, but if you keep this thing up you will disgust everybody and lose the nomination."

The President jumped to his feet. I got up also.

He said, "Sit down, sit down! I don't like to have my feelings hurt any more than anybody else, but it takes the brutal frankness of a friend to crystallize a resolution. I will refuse to discuss delegates with anyone and will begin on a delegation waiting downstairs right now! In the morning I will give a statement to the press to that effect."

Next morning before leaving for Chicago I went to the White House and asked Major Loeffler, the veteran who guards the President's door, to ask the President if I could see him a moment. Roosevelt met me halfway across the room.

I said, "Last night after I went to bed it came over me that I had talked very harsh, not only to a dear friend but to the President of the United States, and I want to apologize."

Roosevelt pointed to Secretary Root, who was sitting on a sofa going over some papers with Secretary Loeb, and said, "Do you see that man over there? He and you are the two most brutal friends I have, and the two I pay the most attention to. The first thing I did this morning was to hand a statement to the press."

Mark Hanna failed rapidly. I saw him a few days before he died, February 15, 1904. He told me the President came to see him and brought flowers from the White House. With his eyes filled with tears he said, "He sits by the bed and holds my hand just as if I was a girl. I hear from him every day."

And Mark Hanna had a little hand, just like a woman's.

XXVII

IN MARCH, 1902, I took supper in the White House with the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, and their three little boys, Kermit, Archie and Quentin. I think little Ethel was at school. I told them of a collie dog named Bozzie, owned by a Mr. Clason,

(Continued on Page 77)

Are You a "Nice-Steerer"?

Can you park your car—quickly and comfortably?

Can you safely judge steering distances by inches?

Can you avoid small holes and bumps without wearing yourself out?

Can you "ride the crests" of rutted country roads?

Can you drive in and out of traffic lanes, past street cars, around trucks, through "jams" with ease and safety?

Are you a "nice-steerer"?

Does a "twist of the wrist" suffice to put your wheels "hard over"—or must you tug and yank?

"Nice-steering" means putting your car where it should be with the least time and effort wasted.

"Nice-steering" means (1) properly inflated tires (2) properly lubricated and properly adjusted steering gear and (3) Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the steering pivots.

Hard steering is dangerous. Foresight in the purchase of a new car will eliminate it.

Trucks, which must steer easily and accurately, have been equipped with Timkens in the steering pivots for years.

The taxicabs of the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago, whose drivers are known everywhere for their driving skill, their "nice-steering", also have Timkens in the steering pivots.

Every driver, man or woman, can be a "nice-steerer".

Timkens in the steering pivots provide that ease of handling that makes parking easy, keeps you out of small ruts, "on the crests", in your place in traffic—with effortless comfort.

Hold the steering wheel this way, says "Cannon Ball" Baker, famous transcontinental driver, and your control will be absolute, yet comfortable. Spark, throttle, gear lever, horn, lights, and emergency brake are most convenient.

Whatever your position at the wheel, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the Steering Pivots make steering easier and safer.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET "NICE STEERING"

"Ask him to explain it"

The Timken Roller Bearing Co
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 75)

an ex-conductor on the Chicago and North Western Railway.

Bozzie was a mind reader. That statement may be questioned by people not familiar with this wonderful dog, but no other explanation accounts for the marvelous acts she performed. The children were interested but incredulous.

Finally Quentin said, "Father, did you ever hear of a dog that could do such things?"

Roosevelt said, "No, Quentin, I never did, but you must remember Mr. Kohlsaat is a newspaper man!"

I replied, "In other words, I am a fibber! I will send Mr. Clason and Bozzie down here and let you judge for yourself."

Some weeks later Mr. Clason agreed to go to Washington and take Bozzie if I would pay his expenses. I agreed, and it cost me over three hundred dollars to make good!

On May 9, 1902, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote me the following letter:

The children are looking forward to the visit of the wonderful "Bozzie" and I write to ask if it can be made on Friday, the 16th. My little Ethel goes to school at Woodley and only comes home on Friday and spends Sunday with me. Of course I can make a special arrangement for her to be here on Thursday, but if it is not absolutely necessary, I do not like to ask them to put aside the rules for her. I was so glad to see your daughter with Mrs. Noyes yesterday. Please be sure not to change "Bozzie's" date, if it is at all inconvenient.

Sincerely yours,
EDITH K. ROOSEVELT.

When Mr. Clason returned to Chicago he said the President was deeply interested in Bozzie's performance. After watching her for some time he got down on the floor and took her in his arms and hugged her, as he would a child. He ordered the secret service to detail a man to watch and follow Bozzie while she was in Washington.

I received the following letter from Roosevelt:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
May 24, 1902.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: That dog is far more wonderful than any animal I have ever seen (Senator Hanna is listening and wishes me to add that she knows more than you do, which remark I refuse to indorse). I am really awfully obliged to you for having given us a chance to see the remarkable performance. Good luck to you.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S. Senator Hanna is now leaning out of the window looking at the dog going through her performance on the portico at the rear of the White House. It is positively uncanny!

Bozzie was about to become a mother when I told the children of her wonders in March. I asked the boys if they would like one of her puppies, if Mr. Clason would give me one, and received the following letter from Kermit:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
April 14, 1902.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I should just love if Mr. Clason would give me one of the little puppies. I would prefer a male. Will you tell Mr. Clason that the 15th will suit us splendidly. I think the last authunatic example is the wonderful.

How are your daughters' dogs? We all look forward to seeing "Bozzie" awfully.

Yours sincerely,
KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Clason sent one to Kermit at Oyster Bay in the early summer. They called him Bozzie after his wonderful mother.

One afternoon when the children were at school President Roosevelt said, "Come into the nursery. I want to show you some of the children's pets."

We went across the hall from the old cabinet room into the nursery, where there were two or three little beds. Roosevelt went into a corner and brought out a big piebald rat, with a tail some six or eight inches long. He put the animal on his shoulder. It walked around his collar, its rough, filelike tail scraping his neck. I can feel the chill to this day it sent down my backbone. He offered to let me hold Jonathan, but I declined! He replaced the rat in the box and took a macaw off his perch and held him on his finger. Eli had a beak that would bite through a piece of steel. Roosevelt said, "Archie lets Eli stand on his shoulder and he reaches down and nips off the buttons of his coat as if they were a piece of cheese, and wants to have him sit on my shoulders, but I am afraid he would bite off an ear with as much ease. Archie calls me a coward. Says, 'You call yourself the hero of San Juan Hill, and yet you are afraid of a bird! You're a coward!'"

One day while in the Blue Room I heard a clatter of hoofs on the floor of the entrance to the White House. I left the room in time to see Archie and Chief Usher Hoover trying to persuade a small pony to get into the elevator and go up to the nursery. After considerable hauling and pushing they succeeded.

Mr. Hoover was appointed by President Harrison in 1891, and is still on duty, efficient and courteous as ever.

One night the President and I were in the library. Archie came into the room on a pair of very high stilts. He stalked around on the slippery rugs, with the usual result. As he fell one of the stilts smashed a large lampshade on the library table. The boy hurt himself and whimpered, but pluckily restrained from crying.

I was curious to see what punishment was coming.

Screwing up his mouth Roosevelt said, "Archie, I think you had better confine your peregrinations to the hall," and resumed conversation as though nothing had happened.

The life of the Roosevelt family in the White House was beautiful. I believe there has never been so many children romping through its halls since it was built. The President and his children were pals.

There may be gentler, sweeter mothers in the world than Mrs. Roosevelt, but I never knew one.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

Moonlight Through the Coco Palms at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii

THE MAGGOT OF MISTY MOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

It was a flashlight in which he was standing by Midge's side. Midge was seated, he had his hand upon her shoulder, and truth to tell he was looking slightly stewed. But Midge wasn't looking stewed, either slightly or otherwise. No button ever shone more brightly than she as she gazed contentedly back at the public, surrounded by pure reading matter, a divorce on her right, a murder on her left, and the story of Uncle Benny's legacy, with a double-column heading, just below.

"Export Clerk Receives $5,000,000 Legacy!"

That was the heading—a clarion call, a crier's bell, bidding other poor devils of clerks to read and hope and their wives to sit and dream.

"Will He Accept It?" continued the heading. "His Wife Says 'Yes! You Bet He Will!'"

Jed didn't like that much, but he certainly had no idea of contesting the truth of the statement.

"'Other people,'" began the story, "'can do as they wish,' said Mrs. Jedson G. Mitchell when interviewed at her home on Amsterdam Avenue last night; 'but so far as I am concerned, I believe in accepting legacies and putting them to the best possible use.'

"'What do you mean by the best possible use?' she was asked.

"'I mean that I would use it for my husband and myself,' she smilingly replied. 'What better use can any woman imagine?'"

That of course was only the start. Uncle Benny figured largely in the story, his faith in the West, his years of toil, and finally the great rewards which had come to him in the shape of some of the richest gold and copper mines in Nevada.

"Mr. Mitchell," concluded the article, "holds a responsible position with the Palmer-Myers Export Company, of 200 Liberty Street, and expects to make the export of American products his life work."

Jed blushed a little at that, and on his way down to the office in the Elevated he looked shyly around, sure that people would recognize him from the picture and whisper to each other, "There he is! That's him!" But they didn't. Those who looked at him at all looked at him with indifference and coldly turned their eyes to something else.

"A lot of them have been reading the same paper too," he told himself with a touch of indignation. "They're holding it right now in their hands."

After a minute or two of this he turned to the man who was standing next to him.

"Did you see this in the paper," he asked, "about the man who had five million dollars left to him?"

"Ye-eh," said the stranger. "Beats all, don't it? Fools for luck."

It had been in Jed's mind to say "That's me," but he changed his mind.

"Of course, for one thing, it's a bum picture," he thought; "but you'd think that somebody would tumble to who it was."

If they didn't make any fuss about him on the Elevated, they more than made up for it when he got to the office. Everyone there had read the story and seen the picture, and they congratulated Jed according to their natures—some with sincerity, some with false smiles, some with studied nonchalance, some with humor; but in nearly all of them, if you had been there, you might have caught just the least tinge of envy—envy and something else, perhaps, as though they were musing, "To think that a thing like this should happen to a flat-footed guy like him, and not to a natural-born prince like me!"

Mr. Palmer and Mr. Myers had evidently seen it too. They had a consultation in Mr. Palmer's office and then they called for Jed.

"This is true, Mitchell?" said Mr. Palmer, pointing to the open newspaper.

"Yes, sir," said Jed.

They both shook hands with him. Mr. Palmer was bald, with a strongly marked face and a hooked nose, so that from the collar up he had something of the eagle about him. Mr. Myers was short and pudgy, and used l'Amour des Fleurs upon his handkerchief.

"I see that you intend to continue in the export business," said Mr. Palmer.

"Yes, sir," said Jed.

Mr. Palmer looked at Mr. Myers, and Mr. Myers looked at Mr. Palmer.

"Myers," said Mr. Palmer, his head on one side and looking more than ever like the eagle, "I guess we'll have to shake hands with this young man again—as a partner in our business—that is, if we can come to terms; and I don't think we shall quarrel much about the terms."

It was really Midge who framed the terms, which was only fair, of course, seeing that she was the one to whom the money had been left. It was finally agreed that upon receipt of Uncle Benny's legacy Jed should buy a tenth interest in the Palmer-Myers Company for one hundred thousand dollars, and meanwhile he was to have charge of a new department to be known as the new-business department—a position which carried with it a desk in the inside office and a drawing account of five hundred dollars a month.

It would have done you good if you could have seen Jed while this was going on. Every hour he seemed to grow younger, to regain his old snap and pepper. Gone was that sad look which had tried to hook itself upon the corners of his mouth; gone were his half-unconscious sighs and the barely perceptible stoop of his shoulders. One by one all the far-famed joys of life were perching on his banner again, like gayly colored birds, till finally only one was missing.

Among the Palmer-Myers office force there was one who had remained recalcitrant, and that was Bellows. Cowface sulked, frowningly and openly, called Jed Coal Oil Johnny behind his back, and grunted to himself whenever Jed made one of his cheerful remarks to the others. Jed waited until the partnership terms had been arranged, and then he let Bellows have it.

"Well, Mr. Bellows," he said in his newfound manner, all the others in the office pricking up their ears to listen, "I have followed your advice about that shine which used to adorn the seat of my trousers. And now if you can only help me to get rid of another shine that still exists in the office here I'm sure it will be of the greatest benefit to everyone concerned."

It was, as you will see, one of those cryptic sayings which are dear to the heart of the clerical worker—a clever, subtle way of calling Cowface a shine right to his face, appreciated by everyone from Mr. Johnson, the head bookkeeper, to Joe, the office boy.

And as a general laugh went around the room and Jed flipped the swinging door and vanished in the inside office there was an invisible flutter of wings above his head, and all the joys of life were perched on his banner again.

VI

WHEN Jed got home with his first five hundred he found that Midge had prepared a jamboree—flowers on the table, best dress, new silk stockings, fried chicken, silk underneath, gravy on the mashed potatoes and a quart of strawberries married to a quart of ice cream, with a plate of lady fingers for bridesmaids and a coconut layer cake for best man.

"The butler's off tonight, sor," she said, bobbing up and down with a quick little curtsy, "so if your lordship doesn't mind I'll wait on the table meself."

"Sure, sure!" said Jed. "That's all right!"

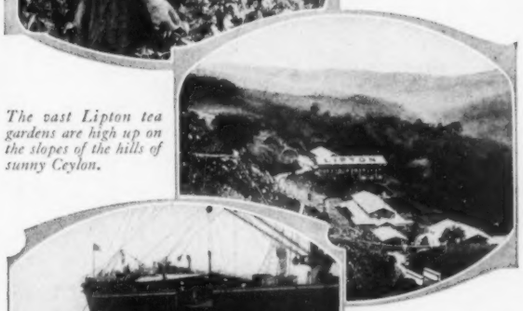
Which wasn't very good for a lord.

Midge more than made up for him, though. She trotted out for the chicken, and when she brought it in on the platter she had draped a lace handkerchief over her head and in some mysterious manner she had pinned up her dress behind, so that it was two or three inches shorter than the front—perhaps four or five—the net result being indescribably soubretty and chic. And, of course, she bobbed up and down with another little curtsy when she showed the chicken to Lord Jedson, and tittered with becoming respect when Jed caught his second wind and adjusted an imaginary monocle and said "Aw-w-w! Which is

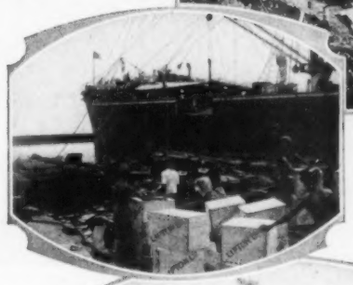
(Continued on Page 81)

A Million Dollars for a Cup of Tea

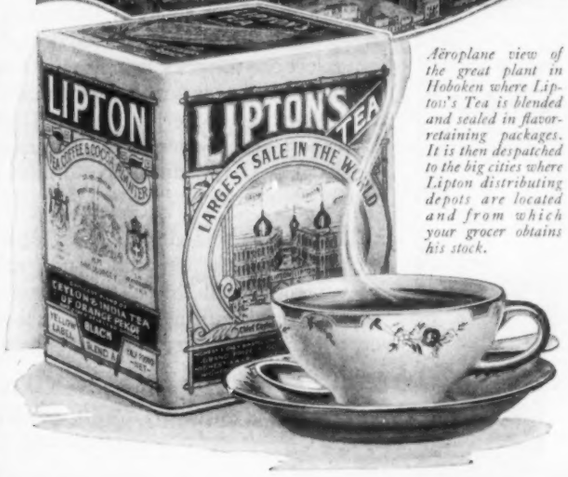
Nimble fingers of women pluck the tender, young leaves of the tea.



The vast Lipton tea gardens are high up on the slopes of the hills of sunny Ceylon.



Barges loading Lipton's Tea aboard ship. The tea is enclosed in large lead-lined chests to preserve its freshness and flavor on the 8,000 mile sea voyage to America.



Aëroplane view of the great plant in Hoboken where Lipton's Tea is blended and sealed in flavor-retaining packages. It is then despatched to the big cities where Lipton distributing depots are located and from which your grocer obtains his stock.

The story of a great planter's determination to give the world a perfect product.

WHEN Sir Thomas J. Lipton entered the business of growing his own tea he gave one order to his employees:

> "I want the best tea that can be produced. It's your work to produce that kind. If you have to spend a million dollars to get it, do so. Remember, the best tea and nothing short of that! Nothing else counts."

Money was freely spent to get definite quality results before the first tea was marketed. Standards of growing, picking, curing, shipping and packing were established so that uniformity would be certain, and those standards were highly expensive; but they have been justified because more Lipton's Tea is consumed today than any other brand.

Sealed in the well-known flavor-retaining package, Lipton's Tea reaches your table generally within ten weeks from the time it was picked in Ceylon, 8,000 miles away. The perfection you enjoy in your cup is no mere accident; no occasional experience, but the result of long, intelligent planning, and the expenditure of a vast sum of money—money spent to carry out the orders of the great tea merchant who said:

"The best tea. Nothing else counts!"

> The pride of the maker finds no higher expression than his name on the package. Look for the signature of Sir Thomas J. Lipton on every package of tea you buy thus:

Thomas J. Lipton

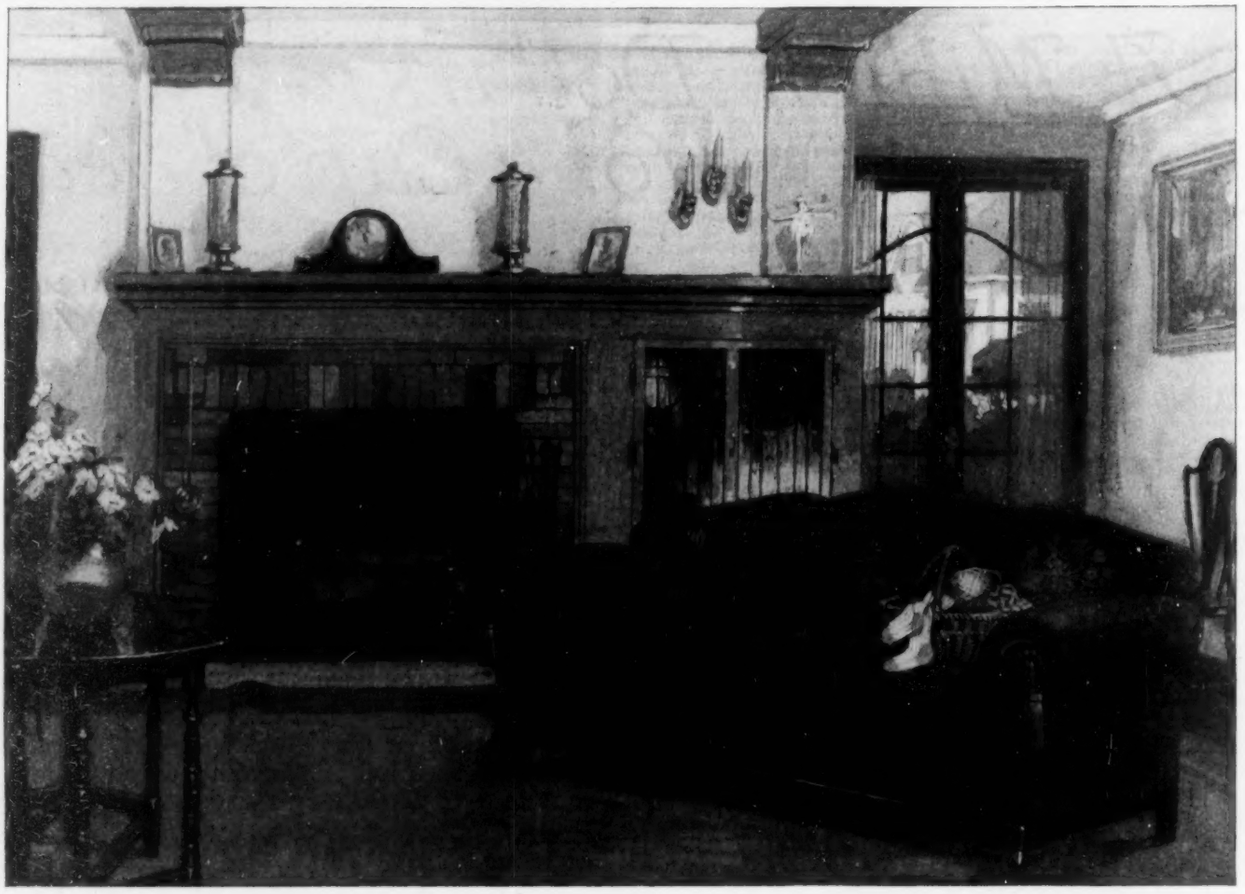
TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER, CEYLON

> It is Sir Thomas J. Lipton's guarantee that you have the utmost in tea quality and that you will enjoy tea drinking at its best.
>
> *Ask your grocer for Lipton's Yellow Label Tea, Sir Thomas J. Lipton's finest tea; therefore the finest tea the world produces.*

In every cup of Lipton's you get "A million dollar flavor" and Lipton's now costs you no more than any other good tea.

THOMAS J. LIPTON, Inc., Terminal Building, Hoboken, N. J.

San Francisco Chicago New Orleans



One Cannot Help Admiring It

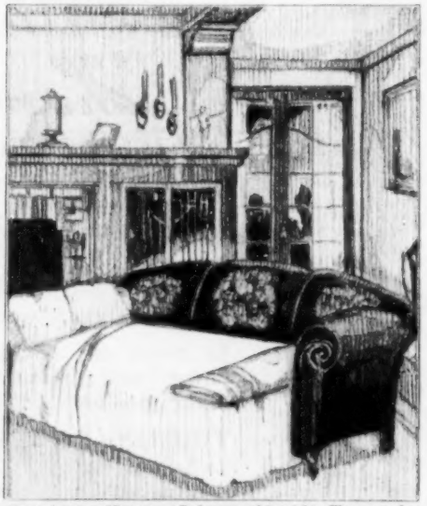
The Modern Davenport Bed Combines All Desirable Qualities of Fine Furniture and Adds Double Utility

Serves By Day and By Night

THE perfected Davenport Bed may be had in any authentic design, of a size and of materials that you prefer. Eighty-three manufacturers, sharing the progress that has been accomplished during recent years, now offer modern Davenport Beds through dealers everywhere.

By day, the Davenport Bed is a comfortable, well-made davenport of conventional appearance. Even a critical inspection will not reveal its dual purpose, yet a single, easy motion converts it into a real bed with mattress and springs of regulation type and size. Mattress and bedding are concealed from sight by day.

If you have failed to observe the recent designs in Davenport Beds you may think of the earlier models in which both appearance and comfort were compromised. But the Davenport Bed of today resembles its forerunners only in name.



A popular type of Davenport Bed arranged for night. There are other types—long and short models—of equally good appearance and utility

From the many styles of Davenport Beds now available to you at any good dealer's, you can select one for your living room to harmonize with your other furnishings; it may be had with chair and rocker to match. There are Davenport Beds for sun rooms, libraries, summer homes—a type and price to meet every family's requirements.

Think how a new, attractive Davenport Bed would increase the appearance and comfort of your surroundings! Take a few minutes to visit any good furniture dealer's and ask to see a variety of beautiful and luxurious Davenport Beds.

Send for our handsome brochure showing a great variety of Davenport Beds in a wide choice of styles, woods and covering materials.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
900 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

(Continued from Page 78)

the chicken, I wonder, and which is the waitress? What?"

And so they started their dinner with dignity and side, but by the time the last of the wedding procession had gone down Tunnel Hill, Midge was on Jed's lap and Jed was giving thanks that although his wife was probably growing a bit saucier every year—if that indeed were possible—at least she wasn't getting fat.

"We're going out tonight," she informed him, "as soon as our dinners have gone down."

"Show?" he asked

"Show? No!" said she. "Anybody can go to a show. This is better than a show where we're going."

She was still on his lap, and while she held on to his shoulder with her right hand her left hand was doubled up into a fist, and with it she was planting uppercuts against the point of his jaw, doing this with a great show of strength and ferocity, and eagerly asking him from time to time, "Did that one hurt?"

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Out," she told him, and gave him another young haymaker on the jaw. Of course, then he tried to hold her wrists; and, of course, then they nearly had the cloth off the table, poor things, both being young, as you have heard before, and not yet having joined the sad people.

"We're going over to Riverside Drive," she finally told him, "to look at an apartment that I saw today."

She made him put on his Tuxedo, and she dusted off the bamboo cane with which he had courted her, and she put on her Spanish cape, but left her hat off, pushing a maroon-colored velvet poppy into her hair instead. It was one of those romantic capes which hint at stilettos, elopements and Bedouin love songs, and Jed kissed her twice going down the stairs—she looked so good to him.

"You're a terrible man!" she murmured with satisfaction, and you ought to have seen the way Jed flipped his cane around when they reached the sidewalk—he, the terrible man.

It was a wonderful apartment house on Riverside Drive to which she guided him, with an entrance like something from Buckingham Palace; and if you can imagine darky senators in admirals' uniforms you can get some slight idea of the dignity of the hall boys in the Sulgrave Arms. Midge seemed to know one of them.

"Good evening, Edwin," she said. "Mr. Mitchell and I will look at the apartment that I saw this ahfternoon."

"Yes'm," said Edwin. "Ah'll take you raht up."

In the elevator Midge said to Jed, "Of course it's a ridiculous little place, but I think it will do while the Park Avenue apartment is being renovated, and as far as I could see lahst Chuesday, when I came to town, it will be months and months before the place is really fit to live in—months and months, my deah!"

Jed, getting his characters mixed, nearly said "Do tell!" but caught himself in time to say "Oh, really!"

"Of course, in a way, it's our fault," said Midge. "We shouldn't have imported so much of the material."

"Still," said Jed with a helpless motion, "what could we do?"

The elevator stopped, and when Edwin stepped back to let them off first he gave them the bow that only bent his admiral's uniform in the presence of quality folks. Midge hummed to herself in her cape as she led the way down the hall. Oh, anybody could see at a glance that Midge was quality folks!

"This is it," she said. "Number Fifty-one. And, Jedson, please don't lahff!"

It was a well-nigh air-tight little compartment that Jed inspected—three rooms and bath, with a fine view of a brick wall just four feet away from their windows.

"I shall miss my piano, of course," said Midge; "but there simply isn't room for it. This horrible wall, of course, you will never see when the curtains are up."

Jed didn't think much of it. When he had first heard that they were going to look at an apartment on the Drive he had pictured a far-flung view of the river and a suite of ten or a dozen rooms—a proper place, in short, to entertain your friends and let them see how fine it was to have an Uncle Benny and be rich.

"That's all right," said Midge after they had left the Sulgrave Arms. "We're not millionaires—yet. It takes at least a year to settle those large estates, and meanwhile we've got to do as well as we can on five hundred dollars a month."

"Perhaps if we went farther uptown we could get a better place ——"

"No, sir; that's not it," said Midge with unexpected earnestness. "You've no idea how lucky I was to find that empty apartment that we've just been looking at, and I wouldn't move anywhere else for all the world."

"For heaven's sake, why not?"

"That's all right," she said mysteriously, tapping the back of his head with her fingers as she sometimes did when she wished to intimate that hollow objects gave forth hollow sounds. "You leave it to little Midge. Little Midge knows what she's doing."

Even then Jed thought it was an accident when he first saw his next-door neighbor at the Sulgrave Arms. They had been living there a week and had just about got settled when, one evening as they let themselves out of their apartment for a stroll along the river, they saw a lion-headed old boy with a gray mane letting himself out of Number Fifty-two. They were so close together that you could have roped them all with the same lasso. Old Leo took a good look at Midge, gave Jed a careless glance and stumped over to the elevator shaft.

"That's old Deke Hauptman, of Hauptman & Co.," whispered Jed to Midge, staring goggle-eyed. "Say, wouldn't it be funny if he lived next door to us?"

"Wouldn't it?" breathed Midge.

They all went down in the elevator together. At first nobody spoke, the two men staring down their noses like mesmerized rabbits, while Midge was bringing silent treatment to bear upon her husband.

"Speak!" she was thinking to him. "What are you standing there looking goggle-eyed at the floor for? Speak to him; he won't bite you! What do you suppose I've got my cape on tonight for? Why do you suppose I waited until I heard him unlocking his door before I opened ours? Speak to him, you tongue-tied maggot! You're as big a man as he is now—perhaps bigger—and I want you to speak to him. Speak to him. Speak to him!"

"Pleasant evening, Mr. Hauptman," said Jed, suddenly looking up from the floor after swallowing hard.

"Yes, yes," said the old boy. Again he glanced at Jed and again he gave a good look at Midge. "You—er—know my name, but ——"

"Mine's Mitchell. I'm with the Palmer-Myers people—one of the firm just lately—and of course everybody in the export business knows you, Mr. Hauptman." Turning to Midge, he added, "Mr. Hauptman sells goods to practically every country in the world—has his own railways in some of them, and his own ships on three oceans."

"Why, Jed, you're actually clever!" said Midge's eyes as she beamed at him.

Jed did a bold thing then.

"My wife—Mrs. Mitchell—Mr. Hauptman."

"Very pleased to meet such a charming lady. With the Palmer-Myers people, you say?"

"Yes, sir; just taken into the firm last month."

They parted at the door. Mr. Hauptman seemed willing to walk along toward Seventy-second Street with them, but Midge turned Jed the other way.

"Mustn't overdo it the first time," she thought, and for the next few blocks she listened to Jed singing the praises of old Deke Hauptman and the business he had built up from a shoe string.

"Don't you think he looks awfully worried?" asked Midge.

"They're all looking worried," said Jed. "Exports are shriveling every day, and it looks as though it might be a darned sight worse before it's any better. That hundred thousand dollars of mine is going to be a godsend down at the office. If I had stood out for it I'll bet I could have got a bigger interest than a tenth."

Midge grunted a little.

"If you can find me a nice piece of stick," she said, "I'll scratch your back." And again, "Mgh! Mgh!"

"That's all right," said Jed. "I'll bet I could."

"I'll bet you could too," she told him. "But now listen to momma. When a business is hard up, what does it need more than anything else in the world?"

"Money," said Jed promptly. "M-o-n-e-y!"

"And when a man's worried, what does he need more than anything else on earth?"

"Something—to cheer him up?" hesitated Jed.

"Yes! So every time you see Mr. Hauptman in the elevator or in the hall or anywhere else, you just see if you can't give him something to smile at—the way you used to get me smiling before you became the dignified old maggot of Misty Mountain and were taken into the firm."

Jed laughed at that—it didn't take much to make him laugh those days—and when he met Mr. Hauptman in the hall a few mornings later he gave him a smile that caught the old lion right where he lived. They went downtown together, and anyone with half an eye could see that they were going to be friends.

Meanwhile Midge wasn't losing any time back at the Sulgrave Arms; and one evening when Jed got home he found his little cockalorum in a mood so proud that she seemed to think that her nose was some sort of an astronomical instrument which was only used to take a sight at the heavens.

"Come out of it! Come out of it, do you hear me?" said Jed at last. "Come across clean to your husband and tell him the latest!" To which he eagerly added, "Have they sent the first payment on account? Is that it?" And he looked around the room as though half expecting to see a chest heaped full of guineas and ducatoons.

"Nope," said Midge. "It's something better than that. We're going to take our first real step in Sock-eye-etty—we're going to call on the Hauptmans after dinner."

"Do they know it yet?" asked Jed. "Or have you only just thought of it?"

It seems that Mrs. Hauptman had invited them that afternoon.

"She's the loveliest old lady," said Midge; "silver hair and pink cheeks and blue eyes—just like mom—and last week I took in some parcels for her when she was out, and this morning I changed some corsets for her that she didn't have the nerve to change herself, because she had changed them twice already.

"And Mr. Hauptman," continued Midge—"Mr. Hauptman is a great old cribbage player; and you aren't as awful as you think you are, Jed, if you wouldn't keep forgetting his nobs. And while you men are playing crib I'm going to show Mrs. Hauptman how to make hatpins out of sealing wax. And whatever you do, Jed," she earnestly concluded, her arms suddenly going around his neck, her mouth to his ear, "I want you to be nice to old Mr. Hauptman—just as nice as you can be—and you can be awfully nice when you want to be, Jed; take it from one who knows."

Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley. . . . There is a quotation which is sometimes used in a case like this.

VII

WHETHER or not it was because of the instructions he had received, Jed was on his best behavior all the evening, his manner being that which is generally associated with the enterprise of charming the birds off the trees; and before he left he had old Deke in a mellow mood that was sister to contentment and mother of joy; and the Mitchells had hardly got back into Number Fifty-one when Mrs. Hauptman said to her husband, "Do you know, I think that's just about the nicest young couple I ever met."

The result was inevitable. The next week the Hauptmans dropped in to see the Mitchells, and on the following Sunday, if you had been sitting on one of the stone walls that line the Albany Post Road you might have seen a lordly sedan come swinging into sight, magnificent in color and line, but more magnificent yet in the expression of Jed's face as he sat in the front seat with Mr. Hauptman, and in the contentment of Midge's smile as she chatted away with the lovely old lady who looked just like mom.

That ride was the first of many.

Instead of lunching at restaurants and hotels, waiting half an hour in a funereal room for something that wasn't worth waiting for when it came, Midge started making picnic meals, and nobody knows what fun that is until one has tried it. In short, it wasn't long before the Mitchells and the Hauptmans were as thick as thieves; and although Jed and old Deke often had a few words about business, if you had been there you would probably soon have seen that it was the young people's cheerfulness that the older couple liked more than anything else—their joy of living—their differentiation from the sad people who mournfully moved around them on every hand.

"Do you know what the old boy asked me tonight?" Jed asked Midge one evening after they had returned from a ride to Coney.

"No," said Midge with a look that had suddenly become attentive. "What did he ask you, Jed?"

"He asked me if I was tied up tight with Palmer & Myers—said he'd been thinking lately of getting some young blood in his own company. I've got him thinking the same as I do about the best lines to handle, but I'll be darned if I can get either Palmer or Myers to see it."

"And what did you tell Mr. Hauptman, Jed," Midge breathlessly asked, "when he asked you if you were tied up tight?"

"Oh, I told him there was nothing signed up yet, but there might be any day. I told him that we were only waiting for Uncle Ben's legacy, and that the check might come by almost any mail."

"Some little business man, aren't you!" she gravely teased him.

"Look who's trained me!"

She threw him a dreamy-eyed kiss, her thoughts obviously elsewhere, and then she called on all the music in her voice and pitched it low, and turned to her husband and said, "Jed ——"

"Huh?"

"Listen! Today's Monday. Don't say anything more to Mr. Hauptman about business until Thursday; and if he starts talking about it himself you dodge the subject and begin to talk about something else—till Thursday."

"Why? What's the idea?"

"You leave it to me. Besides, Thursday's my lucky day."

"I thought it was Tuesday."

"No; it's Thursday now. I always get a bargain when I go shopping on Thursday. And you'd rather be with Mr. Hauptman than with Palmer & Myers, wouldn't you?"

"Sure! Anybody would! Old Deke's a real man, and he's got a real business. But Palmer & Myers haven't. They didn't even make office rent last month; and so far as I am concerned, they are only waiting to get my money. Anybody can see that."

"All right," said Midge, "you wait till Thursday."

She was quiet then—unusually quiet for her—and once, if it had been anyone else who was sitting there by his side, Jed would have suspected her of a sigh.

"Jed," she said at last.

"Huh?"

"You—you won't be awfully mad at me, will you, if you happen to find out something dreadful about me some day?"

Every husband knows the feeling that suddenly came to Jed's heart.

"I—I've been so anxious for you to get along," she continued, "especially with Mr. Hauptman, after all you had told me about him ——"

"Say, now, you look here!" said Jed, all the fooling gone out of him as though by the sweep of an evil fairy's wand. "If that old son of a gun ——"

"Sh!" said Midge, putting her hand over his mouth. "It isn't him who's been bad. It's me!"

"Bad? What do you mean—bad?"

She didn't answer him, but kept her face against his shoulder.

"Let's have a look at you, young lady!"

She lifted her face and they looked in each other's eyes.

"Bad! You bad!" he scoffed at last. "Any time that you turn bad there's nothing good left in the world, and we might as well all go to hell together." They kissed.

"What were you trying to do—get me on a string?" asked Jed.

"Well, maybe," said she.

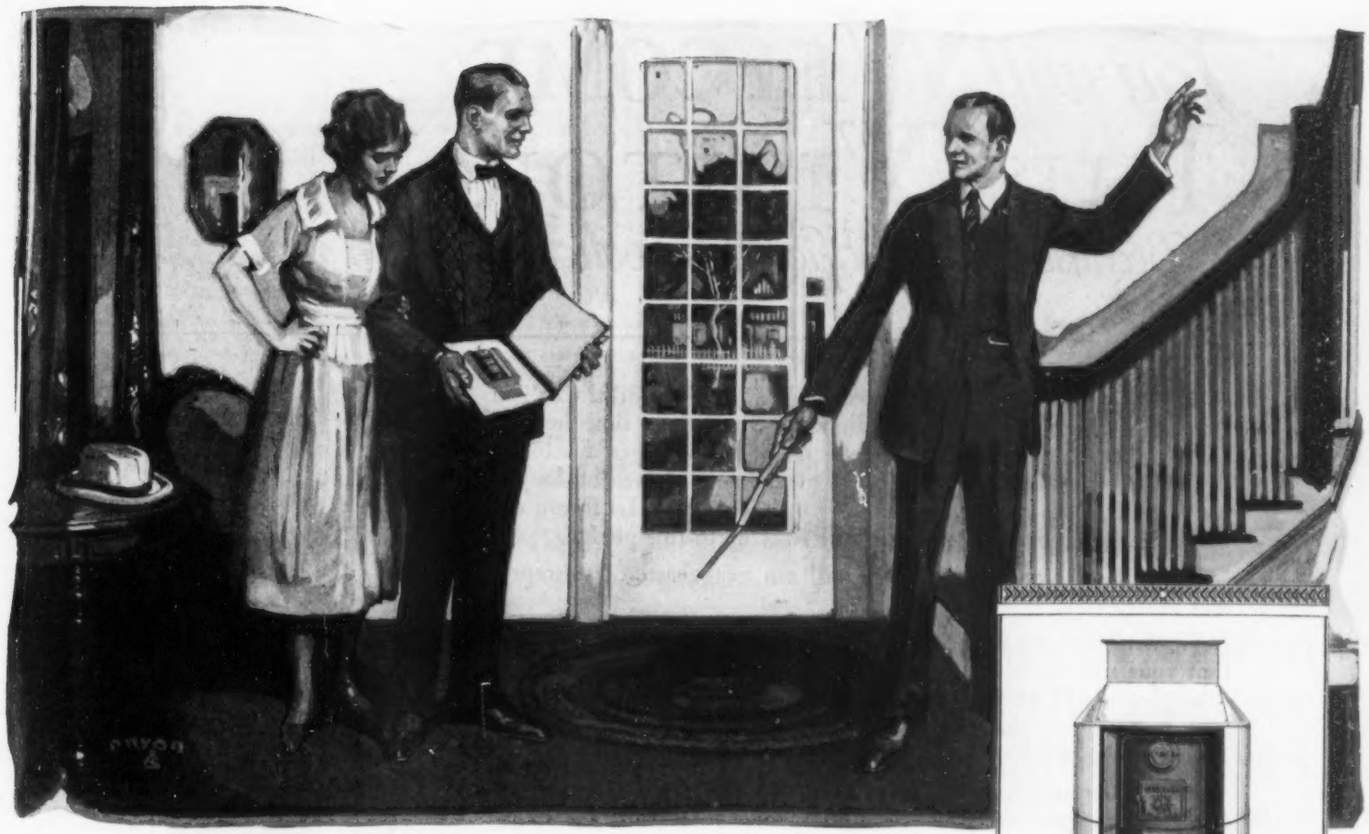
That night, waking as though by appointment, she propped herself on her elbow and presently heard him sighing in his sleep.

"Poor Jed!" she thought and, her mind going out to those dreary-looking, unsmiling ones who fill the trolleys and the limousines, the shirt sleeves and the furs, she found herself thinking, "I wonder if that's one reason why some of them look so sad. Poor things! Poor things!"

VIII

ON FRIDAY afternoon Jed went home like a high-explosive shell, five feet ten inches long, and he burst into Apartment Fifty-one of the Sulgrave Arms with such a

(Continued on Page 85)



Summer Planning for Winter Warmth

The seasons pass quickly. Cold weather is only a month and a half away. This is none too early to lay your plans for a winter of warmth and comfort.

And you can be sure of cold weather comfort with a "Sunbeam System" in your home. You will get value received for every dollar you invest in the furnace, and draw dividends year after year in comfort, convenience, dependability, and genuine satisfaction.

The "Sunbeam" will flood the *whole* house with its warmth. It is properly proportioned to produce the required amount of heat, and then distribute real comfort into every part of the house, and it responds to your needs, whether in the morning at breakfast time or during the day or evening when sudden temperature changes come.

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So plan now for winter comfort. Send for the "Sunbeam Book" which will give you still further valuable heating information. If you cannot locate the "Sunbeam" dealer in your town, write us or use the coupon below.

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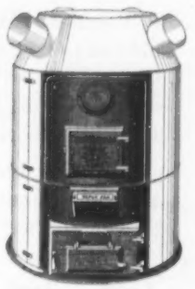

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Sunbeam Furnaces are built in two types—Sunbeam Pipe Furnaces and Sunbeam Pipeless or Single Register Furnaces, both based upon the warm fresh air system of heating that provides perfect, healthful ventilation.

Sunbeam Furnaces are made in many sizes to fully meet the heating requirements of every type of house from the eighteen-room home to the four or five-room bungalow. Both the size and arrangement of your building will determine the kind and size of Sunbeam Furnace that will best meet your needs. Through long heating-plant experience the Sunbeam Dealer can help you make the right choice and insure years of comfort and fuel saving.

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He will tell you *the truth*. He will not exaggerate or misrepresent in *any way*.

He will give you such information about the care of silk hosiery that your silk hosiery expense should be appreciably *reduced*. For example, he will advise you how to *prevent* "*runs*." He will tell you how to get *longer wear* out of the toes and heels of your silk hosiery. He will *show* you how fine, high-grade silk hosiery is made.

He is interested in rendering you a *permanent* service. He is permanently assigned to your community and must earn his return welcome by giving you unmistakable value for the time and consideration you accord him.

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TRADE MARK

For your protection every authorized Real Silk Representative wears this button on his lapel. This seal signifies silk stocking service.

(Continued from Page 82)

bang that Midge came out of the kitchen on the run, and didn't look any the worse because she was wearing a bungalow apron and had a dab of flour on the side of her chin. "Well," said Jed, slamming his hat down on the table, "I've got it!"

Midge didn't say anything—there are times when speech is foolish—but you ought to have seen the questions in her eyes!

"A job with Deke Hauptman—twelve thousand a year, and 5 per cent of the net profits on all the new accounts that I can get started! And I haven't got to buy in, or anything—I haven't got to put up a cent—Deke made that just as clear as he could. But say, Midge, when Uncle Benny's legacy does come in ——"

"But it won't," said Midge in a small voice.

"Won't what?" asked Jed, thrown out of his stride.

"Won't come in."

"What won't come in?"

"Uncle Benny's legacy won't come in."

"What do you mean—it won't come in?"

So she told him then: how one day after he had been singing the praises of old Deke Hauptman she had gone to the drug store to use the phone, and the phone was busy, and to pass the time without buying anything she had turned to the city directory, and it was open at the H's, and she looked up the Hauptmans' address; and the next afternoon she happened to take a walk on Riverside Drive, and she came to the house where the Hauptmans lived, and there was a sign "Apartment to Let"; and just out of curiosity she went and looked at it, and thought to herself, "If we could only afford to live there, perhaps we could make friends with the Hauptmans; and then—and then ——"

"And the very next day," she continued, "I had a letter from Uncle Benny, and he was sick and broke and said he couldn't live much longer. So then I had a wonderful idea, one of those wonderful ideas that make you tremble a little. Do you ever have ideas like that, Jed?"

"Yes," said Jed, breathlessly nodding. "I had one just before I asked you to marry me."

"Aren't they wonderful, though? So I wrote Uncle Benny a long letter, telling him exactly what I wished he would do; and I took the cork out of the kangaroo and sent him my spring-suit money, so he'd have something to pay the doctor and something to pay the lawyer. And sure enough, the old duck did it—the darling old duck, I shall love him as long as I live; and when we die, Jed, we must look him up and start loving him all over again; and—and—well, that's how it happened; and, oh, I feel so happy—if—if only they don't—snf!—arrest me for something—snf, snf!"

He took her to him then, bungalow apron, dab of flour and all, and after a while she felt better, her eyes as bright as two bachelor's-buttons just after a summer shower.

"I don't know what Deke's going to think—when the legacy doesn't turn up," said Jed at last, with the air of a man who is making his last objection.

"He won't say anything," said Midge in a faint voice. "I—I told him yesterday."

"You told him yesterday?"

"Yes; so there wouldn't be any deception about it. They're real people, Jed, both of them," she sighed; "and when it came right down to business—well, I wouldn't have belonged to real people myself if I had tried to fool them."

"What did he say?"

"You won't be mad?"

"N-no."

"Well, he—he said I was a wonderful woman."

"Where's my sword?" cried Jed, looking around; but underneath his foolery there was a note of concern, almost of fear, that wasn't far from bringing the tears again to Midge's eyes.

"No, honey," she whispered; "you know as well as I do that anything like that would have spoiled it all, and we'd have gone back to Amsterdam with the old flag flying."

"You bet we would!"

"Ngh! So I'm going to tell you exactly what he said—exactly!"

"Yes?"

"Yes. First he said I was a wonderful woman, and he liked me for that."

"Y-e-s?"

"And then he said I was square, and he liked me still better for that."

"Ye-e-es?"

"And then he said that you—that you and I—that, now, we ought to have some wonderful, wonderful children ——"

She hunched her shoulders after the manner of Signor Dempsi, and feinting with her right she caught him shrewdly on the side of the jaw.

"Hey!" said he, and took hold of her quickly before she could land a second blow. She pushed away from him as far as she could and pretended not to recognize him.

"Stranger, who are you?" she asked.

"Me?" said Jed. "I'm the maggot of Misty Mountain."

"And who am I?"

"You're my little cockalorum who was never too busy to write to a lonely old man."

At that they laughed together, and then they crowed together, and then they both went dreamy-eyed for a minute or two, thinking of what the future had in store for them. Midge was the first to recover herself.

"Jed," she said, "listen! Even when we get rich, and have children, and everything, we're never going to be one of those sad couples, are we?"

"Us?" said Jed from the bottom of his heart. "Not as long as you're alive, we're not!"

FLUX

(Continued from Page 4)

superior senator, but also, through Beveridge, could register their protest against the remnants of the organization, the last sad remains of the G. O. P. as typified by New. With the great and merited personal triumph for Beveridge was coupled a most emphatic declaration to the Washington outfit that it has not found favor with the people who made it, and equally emphatic notice that old organization obligations are out of date, and that the voters who formerly and habitually—almost religiously—made the cross under the organization column now put their crosses wherever their fancy dictates or their protests demand.

Practically the same thing happened in Pennsylvania, which is a state that has been bossed for many years, and apparently has been glad of it. The Cameron machine, the Quay machine and the Penrose machine continued a successive Republican organization control over the politics and government of Pennsylvania because the Democrats were either largely in the minority or adjuncts to the machine in considerable numbers. The organization control was occasionally weakened in spots, but, all in all, it persisted and performed with great skill and success.

Penrose died last winter, and left behind him a lot of lieutenants. None of these had following enough or personal strength enough to take the captain's place. All of them, however, were of the old organization type, and knew the processes even if they did not have the technic. They nominated a thorough organization man for governor, and Gifford Pinchot ran against him as an antiorganization candidate. Pinchot has a record of liberalism, a record of political Progressivism, and was the political antithesis of the organization candidate. Pinchot won.

Probably Pinchot would have won if Penrose had been alive, because the political conditions in Pennsylvania are the same as elsewhere and because the nominal Republicans had even a more direct opportunity for protest than they had in Indiana, inasmuch as the Pennsylvania organization was oligarchal—or was—while in Indiana it was somewhat paternal.

It is likely that Penrose would have sensed what was coming sooner than his committee of successors did, but whether he would have been able to hold off the result is another matter.

In any event the voters of Pennsylvania, who gave Harding an enormous plurality in 1920, walked up to the primary polls in the spring of 1922 and nominated Pinchot over the organization candidate for governor. They cut loose from the organization, voted their defiance and disgust, and

served notice on the Pennsylvania organization that the old days are gone, the old methods do not hold, the old ties do not bind. Their medium was exceptional. No voter in Pennsylvania who voted for Pinchot could in any way identify him with the organization, either national or state, with the promises of 1920, or in any way alibi that Pinchot vote. It was a vote in direct protest, notwithstanding all claims that Pinchot made his campaign on state issues, and other cuttlefishing by the defeated organization men, and even the statement by Pinchot himself that he is a supporter of President Harding.

The voters of Pennsylvania did not vote for Pinchot as a supporter of President Harding, nor on state issues except incidentally. If the nomination of Pinchot had been the only similar one in the country there might have been some validity to this claim. But the Republicans in Indiana selected Beveridge, and Brookhart won in Iowa.

Both of these men are Progressives. The result in Pennsylvania was not a local demonstration. It was part of a national demonstration. It signifies exactly what the Beveridge nomination signifies, and the Brookhart nomination, and many other political happenings that have already been noted and will be noted between this time and election day in November, and especially what will happen on that election day, which is that as an organized, cohesive, effective political organization, disciplined and directed, the Republican Party has passed over to join its predecessors in the obituary columns of the political almanacs and the historical records of the past.

Brookhart's Platform

Smith Brookhart was one of several candidates for the senatorial nomination in Iowa. Under the Iowa law it is necessary for a successful candidate in such a contest to attain at least 35 per cent of the vote. Brookhart is no conservative. His platform was radical enough to keep any conservative awake at nights. He stood for the repeal of the transportation law, the pumping of seven billions of dollars in water out of railroad securities, the stopping of capitalization of unearned increment by railroads and some other teasers for the railroad interests, which lean somewhat towards conservatism in their political affiliations; and for a 45 per cent farmer representation and a 25 per cent labor representation on the Federal Reserve Board, which cannot be construed as conservatism, either.

He supported the soldiers' bonus, opposed the sales tax and the ship subsidy, demanded the reopening of the Senator Newberry case, announced support of the agricultural bloc, the labor bloc, the mothers' bloc and the business blocs that, he said, "coöperate with them," and advocated various other policies that distinctly do not come within the pale of the Administration program.

The frightened Old Guard leaders multiplied candidates on Brookhart, with the idea of making it more difficult for him to get his 35 per cent of the vote, but Brookhart won, and the reason he won is because he very skillfully capitalized the discontent and the spirit of revolt that exist among the nominal Republicans, and offered a program that was in direct opposition to the program these nominal Republicans voted for in 1920, thinking it would relieve them of their burdens.

Smith Brookhart knew what was in the political minds and hearts of the nominal Republicans in Iowa, and he used his knowledge effectively. And furthermore, Brookhart, running in any one of several other states, in any one of a considerable number of states, formerly Republican, would have won just the same on the same sort of platform.

The conditions that brought about the nominations of Beveridge and Pinchot and Brookhart are not local to Indiana, Pennsylvania and Iowa. They are national. Although the demonstrations may not be so marked elsewhere as in these states, there will be primary demonstrations in other states—witness the defeat of the Old Guard Porter J. McCumber for United States senator in the North Dakota primary by former Governor Frazier, the radical, who was recalled by the fluxional North Dakota voters only last fall; and there will be a grand general demonstration next November. There are some faithful mourners at the bier of Republicanism who will stand loyal to the memories of the past, and some sad-eyed Jeffersonians who will remain true to the derelict and disrupted Democracy, but between these there is a vast body of those who were once Republicans and those who were once Democrats who are now free lances, and these will take apart that Sixty-Seventh Congress, made enormously Republican by their votes in 1920—take it apart at the November elections to see what makes it tick.

This nation-wide condition of political flux, this demonstration of ties that do not bind at all, this free-lancing disposition and determination, have brought out a welter of explanations, analyses, speculations, surmises and predictions, ranging from the throaty assertions of the overcome organization men that it is all a flurry and that the hearts of that great loyal congregation of Nature's noblemen and ladies who ought to remain true to the memory of the G. O. P. will so remain after they are reasoned with, to the wild claims of the visionaries that all this portends a political revolution and that the voters already are behind the barricades.

No other person can be so frightened as a frightened practical politician, and no other person so visionary as a theoretical politician. The facts of this situation are that in the sense of belonging to the Republican Party for good or ill, directed by its organization, amenable to its discipline, and accepting all it does and voting always for its candidates, there are a very large number of once Republicans, former Republicans according to these specifications to a greater or less degree, who are now Republicans only by name and who retain the party designation because there is no other name for them to adopt.

These voters are out in an indeterminate No Man's Land. They don't want to go back, and there is no place to advance to. Hence they are operating politically off their own and waiting for somebody to appear to lead them to a place of refuge and of strength.

The only choice they have now is to go to the Democrats, and that is no choice at all, because there isn't the shred of an issue between the remnants of these two ghosts of parties. There isn't an outstanding difference of policy. There is nothing, save the desire of the Old Republican Guard to stay in power, and the desire of the Old Democratic Guard to get back to power. All the voter can do is to stay out in the political Tom Tiddler's ground.

These middle placers have no definite idea of what they want, where they are going or what they will do when they get somewhere. There is nothing actuating them but protest. They voted for Harding because they thought they would get something they didn't get from Wilson. Harding can't deliver. Hence they are now voting against those they think represent Harding politically. They were assured that the trumpeted return to normalcy of the 1920 campaign, the sane and solid conservatism of the platform and pledges, would mean much to them. They have meant nothing.

Without Leaders or Issues

If their candidates are elected and fail to get results for them—as they probably will—they will turn on those unfortunates as fiercely as they turned on the Harding and organization candidates. Or they will vote in candidates that may be set forth under the label of what was once Democracy. They are milling around between the mausoleum that contains the remains of Republicanism and the tomb that holds the corpse of Democracy.

They have no actuating impulse except discontent. They have no leaders of any consequence. They have no issues, policies, conclusions or convictions except that they want something they haven't received and what that something is is vague in their minds. They are in a state of political flux. What they need is a leader. There never was a better opportunity in this country for a man with an idea, a personality, and a rational appeal to lift himself to power and place than this leaderless but highly susceptible-to-leadership body of voters offers; nor, on the disconcerting other hand, was there ever such an opportunity for a man with an idea, a personality, and an irrational appeal, to do the same thing.

Notwithstanding this apparent incoherence of action, these attempted shiftings from extreme to extreme and these irresolute pausings between, this lack of national objective, and this indefinite and almost inarticulate spirit of remonstrance against present conditions, there is in the back of the aggregate political mind of America the seed of a conviction that one of these days will germinate into an effective growth of protest.

That conviction is that what the people of this country deserve, need and must have from their governmental administrators is less governing, honester governing and simpler governing, and the people are doing what they can do—which, as it stands, isn't much—to bring that home to the politicians.

They have watched for more than twenty years the increasing interference of government in private affairs; the growth of a paternalism that is as obnoxious as it is expensive; the centralization of government to the destruction of state and popular individualism; the foisting of fool theories of uplift by law and by regulation on a people who have won to the front of the world by lifting themselves instead of being lifted by statute; the spread of a smear of messy socialism under the guise of commongood flubdub; the ceaseless forays against business—the agency that chiefly has developed this country to its present supremacy—that seek to restrict and hamper and direct and confuse business, not for sound economic reasons but for unsound political reasons, and do almost confiscate it by taxes; the capitalization of Congress by any special interest that comes with a threat of political reprisal unless its special demands are heeded; the spying, censoring, uplifting, reforming, regulating and restricting of liberties of both speech and action; the expansion of the class idea in legislative methods and influences; and with it all the vast complexities and the devastating expense of this sort of government that proceeds on the assumption that the United States is a corrective institution, with the people inmates, instead of a coöperative establishment with the people partners.

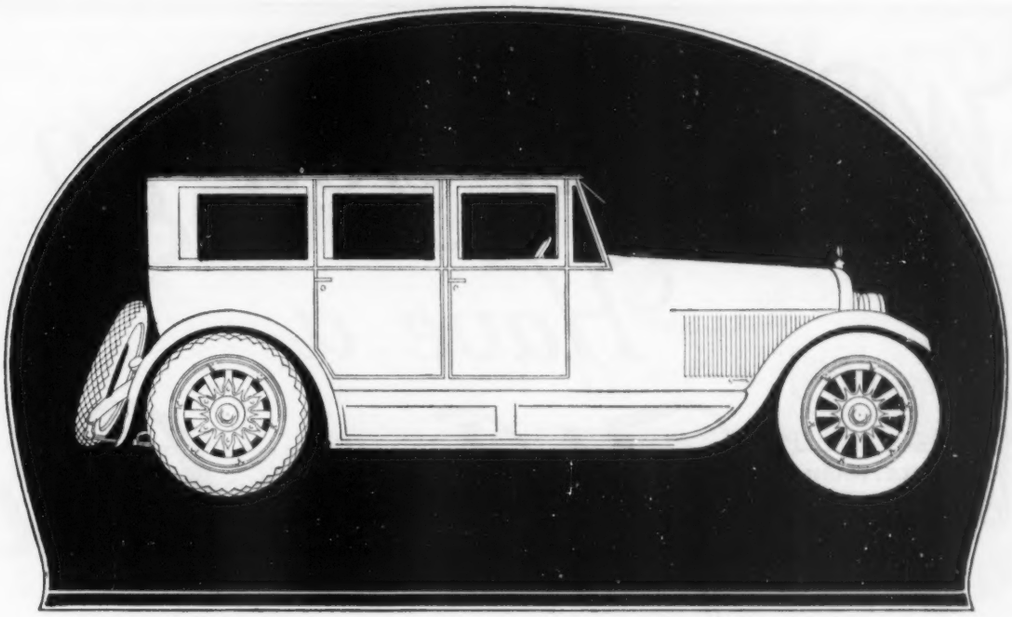
The Growth of Bureaucracy

They have watched for more than twenty years the decay, so far as government is concerned, of the old, vigorous and successful American policy and creed of individualism and self-help, and have been messed and mussed about; taxed to the point where thrift and effort are penalized; regulated, restricted, uplifted, reformed and directed in their ways and walks by a crowd of political shysters whose only motive is self-interest; overwhelmed by an avalanche of useless and expensive laws and exploited by class legislation that had its selfish warrant in the desires of the class legislated for, regardless of the people, and the political necessities of the legislators who framed it. The people have seen the growth of a bureaucracy that has increased tenfold since the beginning of this century, and the expansion of the commission idea until commissions barnacle the ship of state in such numbers that little of the original hull can be seen, each commission providing salary and sustenance to politicians at the expense of the people, and not one in ten of them worth 5 per cent of what it costs.

The people are coming, in a way, to realize that what they think is their democracy is in reality a political autocracy, and that all this benevolent and pious paternalism is, in fact, but the centralization of the power and authority of that autocracy, which extends not only to the regulation of their affairs, morals, enterprises, efforts, and the heavy and increasing demands on their capital and incomes, but seeks to dominate their opinion and to direct them all, like sheep, along stipulated lines that are agreeable and useful to those in power.

Further, they have found that the change of party in government does not change the character of the government in these respects, but merely changes the personnel of it.

Hence we find this state of political flux. The people are shifting, changing, trying this and trying that, doing what they can in a situation where there is no concrete instrument at hand or any explicit place to go. In Pennsylvania, fed up with the organization, they went outside of it. Presently a place to go may be apparent that will give them a political haven and offer a political remedy, and they will flock thereto with enthusiasm, unanimity and determination.



The New Jordan Touring Sedan

The day of the big, bulky enclosed motor car has gone.

The hour of the light weight, economical, fine quality enclosed car is here.

While some may satisfy themselves with enclosed cars of cheaper quality, those admirable people who can never be satisfied with the commonplace will prefer the Jordan.

Jordan quality is superior to that of many cars selling for $1000 more. The price is made because the world is turning to the enclosed car as a necessity.

The open car is now almost a luxury because it serves satisfactorily for only three months out of the year.

Compare the new Jordan Touring Sedan with the most expensive enclosed cars made.

All bodies are aluminum. More room in the tonneau. Roof with the new English custom car contour—lower than before. Front and rear seats twenty inches in depth, with lounging ease, close to the floor.

Wider seats. Longer windows with broad vision. New worm drive window regulator. Ventilator in cowl.

The latest and most expensive pure worsted Windsor cloth upholstery. Marshall Cushion Springs, of course.

Hardware of the latest Versailles platinum finish. Waltham clock. Finest glazing quality plate glass. Vanity cases. Rear vision mirror. Custom sun shade. Windshield cleaner.

Every detail the highest quality.

Colors in new fashionable shades of blue and green, with the Crane Simplex two-tone gray predominant in response to public demand.

Red dawn in the silent places of the north. Golden noon in the shade of pines. Crimson afterglow before the trout stop biting. A scarlet moon rising under the tent of night—a summer day undreamed of in a land like this.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

Wherever you go Have a White Owl

WHEREVER you are, wherever you go, you'll find the same strong preference for White Owl. It's a national smoke—just as popular on Broad Street, Philadelphia, as on the banks of the Mississippi in New Orleans, or on Second Avenue, Seattle.

And there's just one reason for it—VALUE! Production in quantities—vast quantities—has made it possible to put unprecedented quality into the cigar and yet keep the price down to a figure that makes a strong appeal to the cigar smokers of the country.

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

2 for 15¢

8c for one

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

about that last shipment of ours—them 2160's? Huh? Oh, that's good! Say, Schwartz!"

He drew him aside for a confidential talk, conducted mostly in whispers. Occasionally they looked over at me. Once I thought they laughed. After about five minutes they came back.

"Meet Mr. Coghlan," said Prentiss.

"How are you?" said Schwartz. He dropped his voice mysteriously. "Now—ah—you know we ain't supposed to do this. But I think we got just what you want."

He introduced me to two bird's-eye-maple atrocities, of about the class of '06. I explained diffidently that I wanted something rather simple and plain—gray with a dark stripe preferably—to match a chiffonier. He said "Oh" and showed me something in Circassian walnut. That was all he had, he said, and he was doing it just as a favor to Mr. Prentiss.

So we tried another one—a little place right beside the East River. We took a taxi. Here we were offered something splendid in the way of a folding bed—designed to fit right into the wall, if you had that kind of wall.

We tried four more, with taxis between. Mr. Prentiss began to get a little annoyed, although he was too much of a gentleman to say anything. In the last place, though, they had just about what I wanted—they were blue instead of gray, but I said they would do. Would they have them sent up to the house next week?

Oh, no. They couldn't sell those, but they would have a pair made up at the factory in South Bend, and I would almost certainly get them within four months. The price, as a special favor to Mr. Prentiss, would be $244, including freight charges. And they knew a place in the Bronx where I could get the mattresses wholesale. The slats, I learned upon inquiry, would come with the beds.

The beds arrived six months later, and I hired a wagon and had them carted up from the station. They turned out to be green with a yellow stripe. They didn't correspond with the measurements that had been given me for the mattresses, and there were two casters too few. The total cost, including taxis, freight charges and rebuilt mattresses, was $367.40. But I got them wholesale.

And oh, yes! On the strength of the favor Mr. Prentiss came around last week and borrowed ten dollars.

George S. Kaufman.

LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 19)

All at once the streets held a higher per cent of well-dressed folks. White flannels burst into view in great numbers. Four times I thought I saw Wallace Reid standing on a corner, and six times a head of blond curls turned around and it wasn't Mary Pickford. But I got considerable kick out of the thought that it might of been either or both, or would be, next time. And then before I had time to run into Charlie Chaplin or Tom Mix we drew up in front of the hotel.

A dozen pair of white flannels crossed themselves the other way as I crossed the veranda headed for the hotel entrance, and as many rocking-chairs come to salute while assorted ladies gave me the double O. All at once I felt with a uncomfortable sharpness that while a self-made girl was all right, self-made clothes are not so good. However, remembering that my face, hair and ambition was the real thing, anyways, I took courage to march into the office and inquire about board. A cheery, not to say sportsmanlike bird behind the desk allowed me to finish my sentence before he sprung the bad news.

"Forty-five to eighty-five dollars a week," he says, his head on one side, his manner all sympathy like a doctor that knew you couldn't last long. "American plan only. That's all your meals, room and bath."

"I'll take the cheapest edition for the present," I says, and he beckoned for a Jap boy which I had thought at first was a Japanese soldier and was sort of afraid of him, but not enough afraid as it turned out, because he was what was worse, a bellhop.

"In the pictures?" says the clerk. "Just sign here, please!" And he slipped me a pen, all politely dipped, and the register. I took it, and then I had to hesitate because I realized I hadn't taken time coming out to think up a good picture name. And now my mind went perfectly blank on the subject and all I could think of was Alla Nazimova, but I couldn't very well put that down, so I had in desperation to write my own. But I put New York after it, instead of Stonewall. That seemed safe, as New York is big enough so that nobody from there would be likely to tell on me. I give the clerical cutie back his pen and threw in a smile for luck.

"Pictures?" I says. "Why, yes."

"That so?" he remarked with professional interest. "Boy! Show Miss McFadden up!"

His air had shown me up already, but I could hardly expect him to fall dead at the honor of entertaining an almost-actress. So with my feelings perfectly healthy and intact, I followed the Jap private up two flights of stairs, along a light corridor to a door which he opened and let me into a big airy room with a little balcony outside, and a palmetto tree so close I could actually touch it! And this balcony was my private one, and even more exciting to me than my first private bath.

Well, I gave Japan two bits, and seeing my case was hopeless he let me go at that, and when he had, I shut the door after him, took off my hat and stepped out into the sunshine on my little porch and let it beat on my bare head—the sun I mean—and stood with my elbows on the railing, looking down at the friendly, smiling city.

What a place! Everybody so snappy-looking. Far more so on an average than New York, for a fact. And everybody gay and in no hurry, yet just hurry enough to seem pleasantly occupied. Jazz? The very air had jazz in it! Even the trolley-car drivers jazzed their gongs, and the autos honked to syncopation. Three phonographs was pouring the same jazz number out upon the blue air, from different rooms near by, but each with a different start, and the one nearest to me was half a chorus ahead of the other two. I may remark in passing that from that day to this I don't believe I have been out of earshot of some new record at any hour of the day or night, and I have never seen the coat of arms of the city of Hollywood, but I am willing to bet it has got a phonograph rampant upon it.

Well, anyways, I stood there like a jazbo Juliet upon my sleeping porch, enchanted by everything I saw and heard, and wondering could it actually be me, and quite seeing now what Stricky had meant when he says there is no argument about which shall it be—California or Connecticut? A person couldn't help but make good out here. Why, just to be in such a place was inspiring. I felt like I belonged, all right! As if I had been waiting to get out here ever since I had been born, and didn't know it until now. I felt full of pep and like tearing things wide open generally. Sweet daddy! Some fairyland!

The first number on the program was of course to get action from Stricky. So after I had tore myself away from the balcony and put on a new layer of make-up with extra-heavy beading on my eyes, and using liquid face powder so as to look as professional as possible and not to be taken for an amateur any more than was absolutely necessary, I had still to make up my mind regarding the best, most casual, yet most interesting way of letting Stricky know I was here, and where.

At first I thought I would telephone him and kid him along by making him guess who it was, but then decided that would be old stuff, and besides, sort of small-town, and I dreaded to be recognized for what I was. Then I thought I would drop into his office and get some action direct, but dismissed the idea almost at once because it seemed too anxious. So in the end I wrote a formal little note and said "Dear Strick, well I am here at last and will drop into your office sometime tomorrow morning between ten and ten-thirty."

I decided to just send it along and went downstairs to do so by messenger. At the desk I asked for Anita, but she wasn't there. Hadn't shown up at all. Well, I thought that was funny, but after all none of my affair unless she chose. So I just says "Oh, indeed?" and after seeing my letter off, went out and parked myself on the front porch, assuring myself that I had as good a right to as any there, but not really believing it. And hardly had I sat before I saw Adele.

No one who has ever seen mommer will be likely to forget her, and if only she wouldn't mug so she could of played mother parts to perfection, and only think of the salaries they command now that mothers have come into fashion on the silversheet! But Adele mugged. She even did it when not in front of the camera; at least always when she imagined somebody was looking at her and saying what a sweet, motherly older woman that is over there—so aristocratic. Which they frequently did.

The very minute I set eyes upon her I thought the same. Her gray hair was dressed just beautiful—smart, but not girlish, you know. She had a proud way with her head, too, and simply sweet black clothes. Not dowdy, but typical of a refined, well-brought-up mother's things, plus the inexpensive jewels suitable for an oldish lady. She give me a little smile, or so I imagined, but I sat off by myself instead of following it up, because I thought maybe she is Madame Estancia the famous author of Still Weaker, who I see in the papers was out there making her own pictures, and I was afraid she would think me fresh.

Well, you know how lonesome a gay place can be to one which isn't acquainted there, and all around me the folks was rubbing it in. Big cars would fly up to the door and dolls with basket lunches would dash out of the hotel and into the cars and yell "Are you going to the beach?" but not to me. And handsome actors with patent-leather hair and sports clothes de luxe would bring their tennis rackets out and get some healthy exercise nursing them in a big piazza chair, and rock and talk for a while and look at me hard and go away. And still I sat like a lost sheep, beginning to feel I had been there about twenty years.

Another favorite form of outdoor sports seemed to be getting weighed on the outdoor scales which was parked on one end of the veranda, but this was a form of solitaire, for they would sneak up one at a time, slip a nickel or a penny, for both seemed to work equally good, into the slot, and step on and step off quick, as if they didn't like to be noticed. One boy even put a button in. A thin, mother-of-pearl button of a gent's underwear type, and I guess he hoped I didn't see it, but wasn't sure. He looked so worried over it that I got up and went indoors, desperately hoping that the dining room would by now be open; and mercifully it was. And even more mercifully, I got put at the same table with Adele.

Well, from the beginning of our talk, over the American plan, I could never of dreamed how important our knowing each other was to be. Which is generally the way big things start.

"In the pictures?" says Adele after asking me for butter as an opening.

"I hope to be," says I.

"And what was the name, dear?" says she. I told her, and Adele threw her rings into the air.

"My dear!" she says, horrified. "McFadden will never do! You will have to think up something much better. Not that I blame you, because God does not give everybody a stage name at birth. My own is Delane. Mrs. Adele Delane; and it's genuine."

I says how nice, and so forth, and then Adele fired another shot.

"Did you bring your mother with you, dear?" she says.

"No," I says; "I have no mother."

"I'm so sorry, honey," says she, real gently. "A girl's best friend is her mother, especially in pictures, as I used often to say to dear Ruby Rohmer, when I was her mother."

"But aren't you that any more?" I says. "Did she die?"

"No; Ruby married a millionaire and retired," says Adele complacently. "It was largely due to me, too. That shows the value of a mother! And she naturally didn't need me any longer. A mother may be useful, dear, but what is thought of mothers-in-law is well known."

"Oh!" says I, not yet getting it.

"Yes, indeed!" says Adele. "I know when to stop. But a girl does need looking after. When I was Helen Murrell's mother she always used to say that she never would of succeeded like she did only for me."

"The great Helen Murrell!" I gasped. "She your daughter, too?"

"Yes indeed, until she married that banker from Pittsburgh," says Adele, plucking at her salad with all due modest pride. "I was Helen's mother; and before that I was Lila Lavelle's."

Dumb-bell that I was, I just begun to get it then.

"Oh!" says I. "You mean you only pretended to be their mother?"

"Well, a girl in this business really has to have one, you see," says she. "And I certainly have done as well by all six of mine as if they had been my own. Lila married pretty good, too. Only she fell in love, and while he's a handsome actor, he's a bad one. He give her several expensive rings, but she'd never of got that plain gold one only for him being mortally afraid of me."

"But now," I says, "who is your daughter at present?"

"Oh, I'm on a vacation," says Adele. "I just naturally got to have a rest from domesticity oncet in a while, and I still got some money left from Ruby's wedding present."

"Are you a widow?" I went on, for the old lady begun to interest me deeply, and evidently personal questions was in order.

"A widow!" exclaimed Adele. "Why, bless your heart, honey, I've never been married! Mrs. is only my professional name, as you might say!"

"Well, it's a funny business!" I says, real interested.

"An important one!" says she quickly. "When a star gets to a certain prominence she needs a background, and a lot of personal sentimental publicity can be got out of home-and-mother stuff—you know that! Why, even the male beauties ain't above it when the publicity department runs a little short. But I never was one that contented myself with being a mere figurehead. I always looked after contracts and gave advice, and the advice of one who's been in the theatrical world all their life is neither to be pitied or scorned."

Well, I could believe that, and I had a feeling right off the bat that she was the real thing, even if she did have the most completely cuckoo way of earning a living I had ever heard of. There was something about Adele made you believe that her mothering was done partially for the sheer love of it. As though she was kind of trying to make up to herself for having been cheated out of kids of her own by cruel fate or something, and that she was really proud of those six girls, and fond of them too. Later on she showed me their pictures on her dresser, all with "To darling mommer" written over their own signatures, and she was as wistful about them as any genuine one could of been.

But in the meanwhile we got real friendly and confidential over our choice-of, and she told me who was who in the American-plan, beginning with the beautiful Madame Estancia in a far corner surrounded by young admiring men, and ending with some of the old standbys of the place, but never mentioning who was the very classiest-looking male in the dining room, which was the young man who had paid for his weight with the button, but who sat there eating in such handsome clothes, face, hair and general manner that you would not of believed it possible, and left one only to the well-known conclusion of how stingy the rich and famous can be! He certainly was handsome, and formal, and looking over to our table a great deal.

"See that little couple over by the window?" says Adele chattily. "Them are the Gosmers—Lulu and Paul—that make the serials, you know. They live here in the hotel. Sweet girl, and has a great future! Next to them is that man draws the animated cartoons—I can't think of his name. And beyond him the man with the monocle? That's Lord Rexford, the famous English writer. Yeh—he's out here with Silvercrown. Writing continuity, I think."

Well, of course Lord Rexford was a world-famous novelist, so at first I thought Adele must be kidding. But not at all, it really was him. I had yet to learn that celebrities in Hollywood is as common as flies in August, and if a native was to meet

(Continued on Page 92)

He was careful about Oil and Batteries. He always carried a Spare Tire and a Pump

But He Was Unprepared To Stop Water Leaks

You may be in his place tomorrow

You pay *when* you get oil and gasoline. You will pay *after* you get water, if you are not prepared to instantly stop leaks.

Until now, thousands of car owners who have suffered this needless expense *thought* the trouble was caused by lack of oil or something else. But the loss of water through leaks caused it. And today, everywhere, owners are driving cars that are being overheated and ruinously damaged from the same cause. Are you one of them?

It happens every day— are you prepared?

He could have: Saved the Radiator; Saved Damaging the Engine; Saved $300 Repair Expenses; Saved Loss of Time and Trouble; Saved Loss of Use of Car — with a Dollar Can of Warner Liquid Solder.

On a nation-wide survey of repair shops we found cars of all makes and sizes laid up for repairs that could easily have been avoided had the owners appreciated the importance of water.

We found many cases where neglected water leaks made it necessary for car owners to go to the expense of buying new radiators—the result of owners' unpreparedness to stop leaks in the water system. (There are eight or more places besides the radiator where leaks develop.)

The owners are chafing under the loss of the use of their cars and the big repair and parts bills. All of this damage could have been avoided had Warner Liquid Solder been used to stop the water leaks, either by putting it into the radiator to prevent leaks developing, or by using it to instantly stop them the minute they began.

Are you one of the unprepared owners? If so, get a can of Warner Liquid Solder at once. The positively safe and sure way to avoid trouble and expense others suffer daily.

Water is not only indispensable in order that your car may run efficiently, but that the engine will not *destroy itself*.

Any car, any minute, may spring a leak. Do not wait until you are hopelessly stranded or until your car is laid up in the repair shop. It is better to buy a can of Warner Liquid Solder today than to wish for it then.

Warner Liquid Solder is guaranteed not to retard the flow of water or injure metal or rubber. On the contrary, it aids circulation as it prevents scale and rust that clog the system, thus causing leaks. It is not affected by heat or cold. It is time-tested and endorsed by engineers and car owners. There are positively no *sediments* or *solids* to cause trouble. It is sold on a money-back basis. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. INSIST UPON GETTING WARNER LIQUID SOLDER. IT IS GUARANTEED BY A. P. WARNER, THE INVENTOR OF THE WARNER SPEEDOMETER.

This shows an automobile radiator with *many* times more leaks in it than would ordinarily happen.

The *same* radiator after Warner Liquid Solder has been added. *All the leaks* have been stopped almost instantly.

Dealer contracts now being closed. Write for our proposition

16-oz. Can, $1.00
Ford Size, .75
Prepaid Anywhere

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

Finds Leaks and Stops Them

In Radiators, Hose and Pump Connections, Gaskets, Etc.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO. 914 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Makers of Famous Patterson Lens, Legal Everywhere
914 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed please find (_____) for a can of Warner Liquid Solder

Name _____
Town _____ *State* _____
Street _____

(Continued from Page 90)

the Prince of Wales on the street they would merely say "Hello, how's tricks, Walesy? Working in the pictures?" and then before he could answer they would go on to tell him about the big offer they had just got from Jago, but for only fifteen hundred a week, so they couldn't afford to take it.

Well, anyways, I swallowed Lord Rexford after the second gulp, and then had another flock of the famous called to my attention.

"See that tall man going out the doorway?" says Adele. "That's John Austin Nickolls, the great director."

"Not the one who directs Trixie Trueman!" I says.

"Yes, dear, that's him," says Adele. "He has a great future. He's with Silvercrown and maybe you will meet him. Trixie is married to Taylor Trueman, you know. He's a wonderful actor, but they say he's a hop fiend. But I say one never knows, for you can hear anything in Hollywood. You should of seen Taylor playing the traps in the orchestra out to the Inn last night. You must go there next Wednesday. Wednesday is movie night there. And you must come to the dance here tonight. Put on a pretty dress, dear, and I will introduce you to a lot of prominent people. No, no pie, thanks! I lost two pounds last week, thank goodness! Did you lose any, dear?"

"I don't know!" I says, sort of breathless.

"What!" shrieked Adele. "Don't you diet? Well, you must, dear! Watch your weight every moment, and don't put on a ounce if you can help. When I was Lila's mother I always used to tell her, 'Now, Lila, just remember that slimness is the first requirement for blue-sash parts.'"

"But I don't need to lose!" I says.

"Well, you ought to diet just the same, to make sure!" says Adele. "There goes Trixie Trueman now. She's looking for Nickolls, I guess. She runs after him like water off a duck's back. They say she's mad about him, but I say there's more evil to them that thinks it!"

Well, I hardly heard the last of what Adele said because of staring at Trixie Trueman, who was outside at the desk talking to the clerk. For of all the hard-to-realize people, she was the hardest. To begin with she didn't have on a scrap of make-up—not a dash of it even! Her clothes might of belonged to any schoolgirl; good, but in no ways loud or even very snappy. Why, if I had seen her on the street I would not only of not recognized her but would have actually taken her for a lady! Quiet, refined, inconspicuous. That was her all over! And a English accent I could get even from where I was!

"She don't look a bit professional," I says.

"No, but she has class, and they have just built a handsome home out in Beverly Hills," says Adele. "She's a wild woman, though. At least they say so. But I always say 'The less said, the less you have to take back.'"

We got up from the table after that and went out into the lobby, where the after-luncheon crowd was hanging around. Miss Trueman had already gone away, much to my disappointment, and so had her director. But my aristocratic button man was still hanging around, and I was just about to ask Adele who was that undoubtedly great actor, when another boy who had been staring at me for the last half hour came up to us with a great air of welcome.

"How are you, Mrs. Delane!" he says. "How's tricks?"

"Oh, Mr. Rolf!" says Adele. "They are just fine, thanks. Meet Miss McFadden, Slim. Mr. Rolf is publicity director with Jago," she added for my benefit as I murmured the conventional "pleased-tomeetcher."

"Doing anything this afternoon?" Mr. Rolf inquired. "Won't you both come for a little ride? I got the old boat outside."

"Miss McFadden is just arrived out here, and she'd love to go, I'm sure!" replied Adele for me, her mother mind working automatically. "I believe I'll just go up to my room and have a quiet afternoon with my newspaper. I'm real interested in this Beverly murder, aren't you? And there's a lovely new case of a girl being missing, and that big hold-up on the Valley Road where three was killed. So I think I'll just spend a restful hour reading. But you go along with Slim, Bonnie dear! He lives right here in the house and he's a real nice boy!"

Well, not being accustomed to mothers and their methods, I was more or less knocked cold by this, but submitted to be led away by Mr. Rolf to where his old boat—a miserable Colby-Droit of that year's vintage, with only a hundred and forty-two inch wheelbase and solid nickel disk wheels on it—was moored to the front porch. Sweet daddy! The world was certainly opening up for me!

"Adele certainly is a great reader!" says Mr. Rolf as he helped me into the front seat.

He took the wheel and in this chariot of fire we slid smoothly out into the Boulevard. "A very cultured woman."

"Yes," says I, too dumb with all that was happening to me to have any snappy small-talk. Staying in the same hotel as English titles, great directors, in the middle of a country like a stage set, and being at once invited out by a publicity man in his own super six was pretty nearly more than I could endure with grace.

"She's an old peach too!" Rolf went on. "The salt of the earth, for all her affectations. Everybody who knows Adele loves her."

"I think she is wonderful!" I says. "And so is this heavenly town, and everybody is so kind to me. I feel as if I'd just been elected."

"I hope it keeps that way for you, girlie!" says Rolf. "How did you happen to come out?"

I told him then, as we slid along past beautiful houses, with the dream hills looming behind them, and the sky as crystal blue and cloudless as a great bubble above all. I told him about Stricky and the contract. Only I didn't say I had not actually got the papers yet.

"I know Stricky," he says when I was through. "Although I haven't seen him for some time—that's where Wallace Reid lives, over there—and I am glad you have come out with a contract. Work is hard to get right now. Things are pretty slow, or I wouldn't be having an afternoon off. And so many girls land in this burg with only a few dollars and not a friend in the world. It's pathetic to see them storming the offices. God knows how they exist. It fairly makes me sick sometimes. That's Bill Hart's house up on that hill."

Well, I thought it sure was lucky about Stricky, and then forgot it, because we were traveling through such a strange and lovely open country by now, with straight, endless avenues of tall eucalyptus trees marking off a broad valley like a chessboard, with oil wells for chessmen springing up all over, the whole framed in by great, rolling, treeless mountains. It seemed so funny to see the oil wells right in between the best residence districts.

"That's nothing out here!" says Mr. Mr. Rolf when I remarked it. "People have often grown to be millionaires right out of their back yard. Just pull up a couple of orange trees, and zowie! No more work for father. And the devil of it is, you can't tell where they will find it next. See that place with the tan-bark ring? That's where Will Rogers lives."

We were in Beverly Hills now, a suburb of Los Angeles, and dashing along toward the Pacific. I felt actually bewildered, but happy the way a person is in a dream. The air blowing in my face was sweet and dry and clear, but with strong, pungent scents in it of crude oil and burning eucalyptus leaves, and cedar-wood fires. That country smells like no other place on earth, I guess. And then the Pacific come into view over the cliff edge at a perfect little toy city—Santa Monica. I saw that ocean first over the top of a flaming hedge of red geraniums four feet tall; jade green the water was, honest, with bursts of foam flaring on the tops of the waves like vast ruffles of white lace. The picture post cards, even the colored ones, can't give you any idea of it.

Well, you can imagine I didn't care any more for this trip than I did for my right arm! To begin with, the gayest motor ride I had ever had before was once when Bert Green took me up to Cedar Lodge back of Stonewall, in his flivver. And here a snappy if rather fat young man was whirling me around through paradise in a nickel-plate gunboat the size of a whale.

Pretty soon my escort parked his boat on a sidehill among about five or six hundred other cars, and we got out and walked down to the beach, which was so cluttered up with enormous gayly striped canvas umbrellas that at first I couldn't really see the contents of said beach.

Of course I am used to it now, but at first I was actually ashamed to look, because them bathing girls which you see in the movies is conservative beside the ones you actually see at a California beach. And not at the time having any theories about art in the abstraction, or the classic beauty of the human form, but only a strong New England prejudice in favor of giving the garment industry fair play, the first sight of the Santa Monica beach in full undress parade was pretty near a haymaker to me.

Apparently the fact of people going in swimming so very much in public in a personal sense meant nothing in Mr. Rolf's life, however, and his calm indifference, which was shown by the way he give a "Hello, Al," or "How's tricks, Nellie?" here and there to the bathers, proved to me that this wasn't one of them sights of Paris like I had at first supposed, but just the usual thing. So I passed no remarks about it, and indeed I would of been embarrassed to in any case, but just stood beside him with burning cheeks and little dreaming how matter-of-course all this would seem some day when I had learned to swim and let swim.

Across the sands a short, powerful-looking middle-aged man in a striped suit caught sight of us and come over to where we stood on the edge of the walk.

"Howdy, Slim!" says this bird, looking at me with considerable interest.

He had an awful hard face and a blond beard, and somehow made me at once think of one of those ancient satyrs. But he was friends with Slim Rolf, that was plain, when we was introduced.

"This is Jack Blum, the great playwright, Miss McFadden," says Rolf.

"I'd like to write one for you, dearie!" says Mr. Blum. "I'll give you a part just before dinner tonight anyhow, if you'll make this low-life bring you around to my bungalow. I got a case of the real stuff this morning, and I'll cast you two to try it. How about it, Slim? Drop around around six?"

"You said it!" exclaimed Mr. Rolf. "We'll be with you!"

Well, Mr. Blum had two chickens with him. A thin Leghorn of a blonde, and a cute little Barred Rock. At least she was dark, and what little bathing suit she had was barred. And if ever I saw girls cuckoo over a man they were it over that man. And he the homeliest ever, with his square shoulders and great trailing blond beard!

"Jackie shakes a wicked drink!" says the Leghorn. "And we'll need it after our swim. See you later, dear!"

And then the three of them dashed off for the water, and Mr. Slim Rolf and me went over to a booth, and he bought us a couple of hamburger specials, all pickles and tomatoes and hot hamburger, and we ate them right there along with a big bunch which was doing the same, and I commenced to feel chatty and at ease, it was all so grand and intimate and informal and easy to break into. My heart was fairly bursting with gratitude to Stricky for getting me out there after all my wasted years at home. I was afraid I would just about fall upon his neck in his office tomorrow morning, and the thought of that contract I would be signing at not less than seventy-five a week or probably a hundred, or even very likely a hundred and fifty, didn't dampen my spirits any either.

Then first thing I knew Mr. Blum and his poultry was dressed beyond words and jumping into a huge yellow car that was parked a little way from ours, yelling for us to come ahead. So we did, I at the crest of the wave, so to speak, and with my only regret the fact that I had caught sight of my distinguished button actor on the beach. "But what of it?" I thought. "I will undoubtedly meet him when I get into the most exclusive circles."

Then Mr. Blum dashed off ahead, and we followed, the strangely scented wind pressing upon my face once more.

"Does everybody come down there to bathe?" I asked Mr. Rolf.

"Sure—all but the very big eggs," he says. "A lot of them have their own swimming pools at their homes, and stick around there and invite their friends."

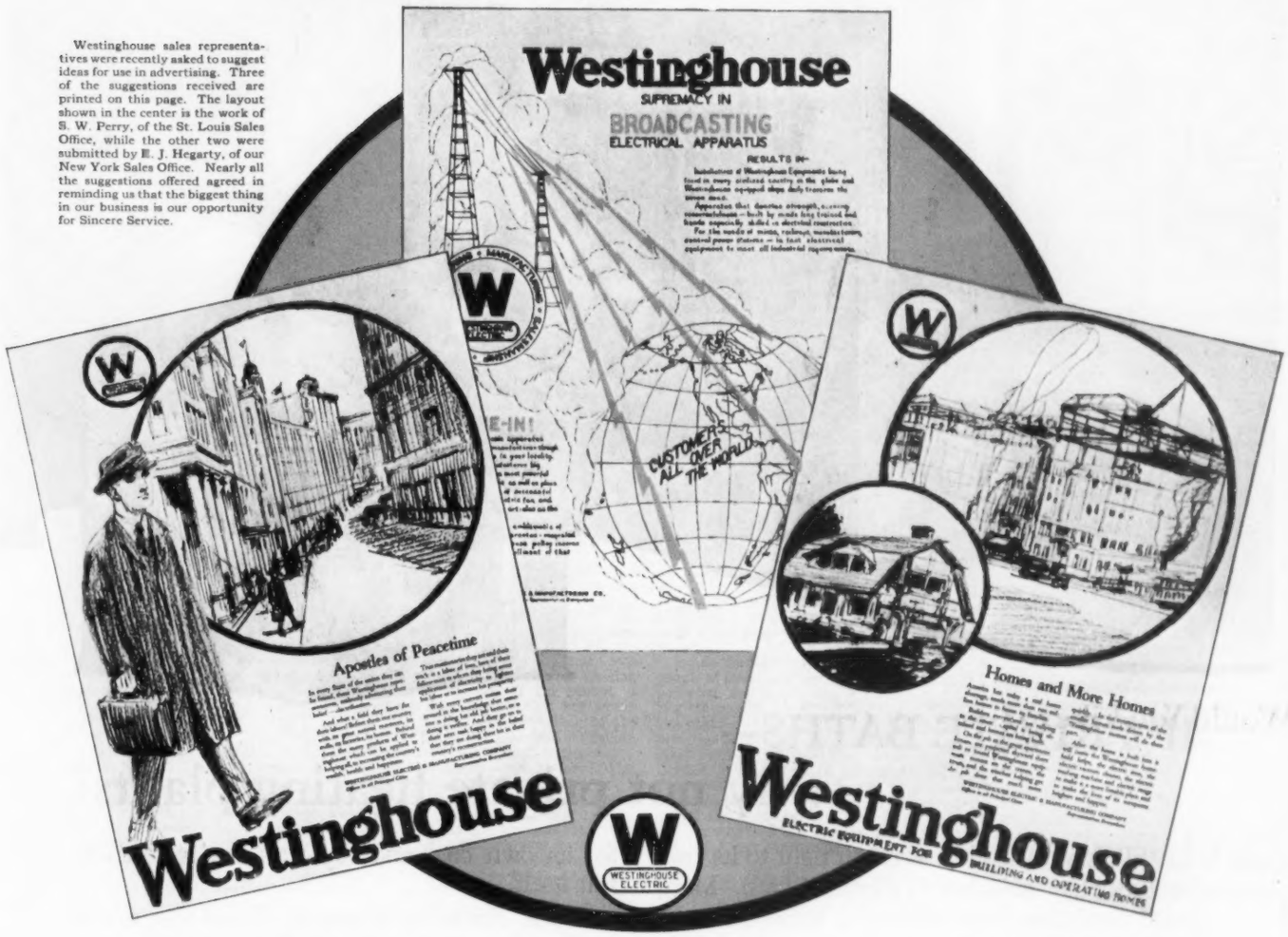
"Oh!" says I, a little disappointed to think I would not be likely to see them on the beach, but thinking well, some day I might be at such a home, who knows?

Mr. Blum had one of the bungalows I had admired, on a street near the hotel. A street fairly smothered in pepper trees, which trees look like they are made out of light-green feathers and coral beads.

(Continued on Page 95)

Our Salesmen Remind Us of Our Opportunities

Westinghouse sales representatives were recently asked to suggest ideas for use in advertising. Three of the suggestions received are printed on this page. The layout shown in the center is the work of S. W. Perry, of the St. Louis Sales Office, while the other two were submitted by E. J. Hegarty, of our New York Sales Office. Nearly all the suggestions offered agreed in reminding us that the biggest thing in our business is our opportunity for Sincere Service.



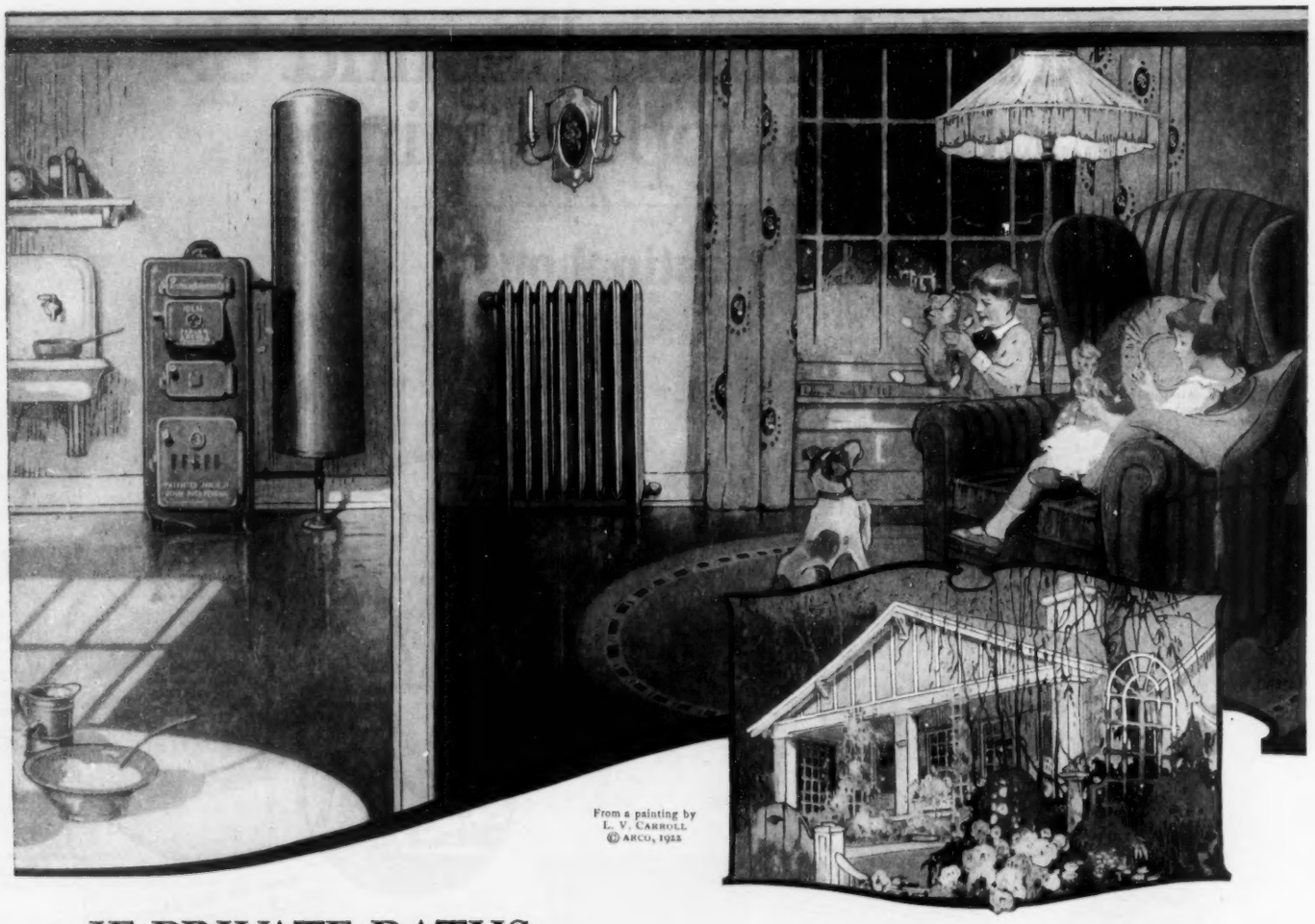
These advertisements were suggested by men who go out every day to sell Westinghouse products, who work and struggle daily with the details of prices and specifications and deliveries; whose whole time is spent in selling a selected few of the thousands of Westinghouse products. These men say, in effect, "Tell people about our part in the building and electrification of homes, in the electrification of industry, and in the broadcast Service that makes electrical apparatus of integrity and quality available to people all over the world!"

They would have us speak of the economies and the production increases that electrification has brought to manufacturing; of increased safety for workers; of improved transportation on land and sea; of simplified and extended communication; of better and healthier and happier living; and of the sincerity and earnestness with which Westinghouse views its great opportunities in the field of electrical Service, whether expressed through the medium of great turbines and generators or through a small device that heats a little water in a tumbler.

Never, we believe, has Westinghouse failed to be conscious of its obligation to design and to build long and useful electrical Service into its every product. Nor can it be anything less than an inspiration to have our salesmen remind us that this is our first and greatest responsibility.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY · *Offices in all Principal Cities* · *Representatives Everywhere*

Westinghouse



IF PRIVATE BATHS—
why not private heating plants?

EVERY FAMILY has as much right to its own heating plant as it has to a private bath. Many good neighbors have fallen out because an old-fashioned heating plant favored one side of the house, or gave most of its warmth to one flat.

W. T. FITZPATRICK of Nashville, Tenn., and many other builders of flats and duplex houses, have solved the problem. They put an ARCOLA in every kitchen, connected with an American Radiator in each room. So each family pays only for its own coal and regulates the warmth to suit itself.

MR. FITZPATRICK WRITES: *"I find that two or three scuttles of coal will keep the rooms over seventy in the coldest weather. This heating system has resulted in greater efficiency and economy than any other heating system I have ever used."*

For the small building, whether it be a house, a flat, a shop, or an office, no other system equals ARCOLA with American Radiators. It fills every room with healthful radiator warmth and pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Send to either address below for an ARCOLA book with pictures in full color, and get an estimate on ARCOLA for your home from your Heating Contractor today.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

AMERICAN IDEAL RADIATORS BOILERS

104 West 42nd Street, New York Dept. 57 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

(Continued from Page 92)

Inside the cottage were Indian rugs and baskets, big broad sofas, a phonograph going full blast, a huge open fireplace full of eucalyptus leaves, and a big center table full of liquor, glasses, ice and siphons. All around it were people, gorgeous people. I wouldn't of believed there was so many pretty girls in the world as they was in that one room, and none of them famous either. The men was wonderful-looking too. It was Stricky repeated twenty times. And above all was the fierce blond viking ruling the roost, with his feet planted far apart like two solid columns, mixing endless drinks and roaring jokes at the mob.

Somebody handed me a glass, a frosted glass like a chalice on a long stem, and filled with something pink and frothy, with a sprig of mint on the top of it. A more innocent-looking portion of liquid I never set eyes on, but when I drank it down it made me blink, and only then I realized that I had taken a cocktail; because of course the only cocktails I had ever seen before was in coffee cups. I got chummy and talkative right away and even called the Leghorn dear. Then the Jap servant brought another load of these around, and I would of taken an encore only Mr. Rolf grabbed me by the arm.

"Do you know those are absinth?" he says. "Come on, we'd better be going."

Well, that second drink was certainly, as he said, absent as far as I was concerned, for I didn't get it. But it was late by then and I was willing to go back to the hotel, especially as it seemed the whole crowd was coming there for dinner and the dance. So we slipped out, Slim and I did—because we was by then Slim and Bonnie to each other—and I fairly danced up the stairs to my room and put in a careful hour's work framing myself in a black satin evening gown which I had copied off of that French fellow, Callot Sœurs, who has so many extreme models in the fashion papers. I did up my yellow curls like Pickford's, beaded my eyes real black, and went down feeling like the Queen of Sheba with a mortgage on the world.

Adele was already at our table when I come in, and she was dressed in a simple little effect of gray satin and actually a cameo brooch and a taffeta bag full of a sweater she was knitting. Not that I ever from that day to this seen her knit so much as one single stitch, because it was really only a prop, but a mighty effective one.

"Did you have a nice time, honey?" says Adele as I took my place. "My, but you look wonderful! Did you make that dress yourself? Never! I don't believe it! Well, it looks like there will be a big attendance here tonight!"

And she said it! The big room, bobbing with gay baskets of flowers on every table, was crowded to the limit. Some of the tables had been set together, and big parties was gathered around them, many in evening clothes. The equal of that crowd for looks most certainly don't exist any other place in the world. I fell in love with at least six hams that evening. One right after another, including my distinguished-looking foreigner, who I finally met, and whose name turned out to be Axel Something, I couldn't say what, but who danced in English even if he couldn't talk much in it.

The lobby had been cleared and a jazz orchestra was telling the world from one corner of it. And when Adele mothered me out of the dining room I come like a brave soldier, all prepared for the worst, meaning that I would not know how to dance modern enough for this crowd. But my fears was in vain, because when Adele had caught me a partner and introduced me by saying, "Oh, you must know my daughter—that is, Miss McFadden, Ed, dear!" and I and Ed had started dancing, I discovered that camel-walking was forbidden, and so was cheek-to-cheek stuff, and that the dance was due to stop at 11:30 prompt! Say, if they ever tried to pull that stuff at any dance back home in Stonewall, there would of been a riot! But the wild movie crowd never murmured, and I naturally got an impression of great purity from all this.

Well, anyways, it was a pretty good night at that, with the crowd shifting from hour to hour, and nearly everybody that was ever on the screen showing for a little while and going on to some other place. After 11:30 it seemed perfectly natural to me to be sitting in the room of some perfect stranger, with a big crowd having drinks, and putting on a new number and dancing until nearly two o'clock, and then six of us going for a hot egg sandwich at a place called Billy's. And after that I crawled up to my room too excited to know I was tired, and feeling I was on the big time for fair!

But I wasn't to sleep, not yet. The walls of the hotel let in all kinds of mysterious sounds. It seemed as if the place never would grow real quiet. And then, when I was just drowsing off amidst a wild, half-pleasant, half-terrifying whirl of thought in which Jack Blum and the Leghorn, Slim Rolf and striped umbrellas, big automobiles, rushing trains and crashing jade-green breakers was all mixed up, I heard someone tapping softly at my door.

Sweet daddy, how my heart beat! I was wide awake in a second, sitting up in bed and listening with every nerve. The tap come again, and I managed to choke out a hoarse whisper.

"Who's there?" I says.

"It's me!" says a female voice. "I just wanted to be sure you was all right, dear!"

It was Adele. I hopped out of bed and opened the door for her, and she stepped softly inside, all kid curlers and flannel wrapper.

"Of course I ain't your mother, honey," she says in a whisper, "but I am interested just the same. I wanted to know you had come in."

"Say, you are a darling to!" I says, very touched and comforted.

"Well, good night then!" says Adele. "And if you don't mind me speaking of it, don't take a drink, honey. Lay off that stuff, beginning right now. Don't touch it! This is a mighty rough town, dear, or so they say."

"I give my word of honor!" I says earnestly. "You are dead right!"

"And if you ever need me, just come right to me, dear," says Adele. "I may be a mother by profession, but I like my work. It won't cost you anything and I have taken a fancy to you, honey!"

Well, we kissed on that, and I went back to bed with the one thing I needed—a warm, secure feeling that I had a friend behind me—and slept like a log.

Next morning I was up long before I needed to be, and spent a long while getting dressed. Going to the Silvercrown concern to sign a contract was no light matter. Also I had a double reason for wanting to look good—business, and Stricky, for I will say I was pretty well stuck on him, and I was anxious he should find me as good-looking as he remembered me, if not better. I changed my mind about what hat would I wear three times, and come back to the mirror three times for a last dash of powder. But finally I was all set and on my way.

The sun was shining again, in that bright, permanent fashion it has out there, and I felt full of it as I stepped into the boulevard, all pepped and prettied up.

While I walked down towards the Silvercrown lot I begun turning over in my mind whether or not I ought to sign up for as little as a hundred. You see that had been Stricky's own figure and it hadn't occurred to me back East that I had maybe ought to ask for more. But since arriving in Hollywood I had already heard so much about big salaries that I begun to wonder would the Silvercrown people think less of me if I didn't show that I knew what salaries run to? Why, even the Leghorn was drawing down two hundred and fifty per, on her own confession! I decided, however, that in the end it would be better to start modest and kind of feel things out a little before asking too big a price.

PHOTO. FROM WALLIS D. MCPHERSON

Sunset Over the Sierras, Mono Lake, Cal.

And by this time I was at the palatial front of the Silvercrown Studios, which was built in reproduction of our New England Early Cow-barn architecture.

Parked in front of the studio under the spreading palmetto trees was hundreds of cars, and standing around in front of these was about a hundred snappily dressed people, all with make-up on. A couple of camera men climbed into a big bus and drove off amid shoutings and cameras just as I come up, and then a man in riding breeches and a flannel shirt and no tie, but a wrist watch, came dashing out of a little side door and everybody made way for him, and then I saw Axel the Magnificent, my button hero and distinguished partner of the night before.

Well, he had on a high silk hat, and a flower in his buttonhole, and believe me, he might of been John Drew's younger brother, he was so full of dog! I naturally thought, well, I was always sure he was a big man and I suppose this is his own company and it's a shame to keep him standing around waiting that way, when all at once the rough-looking bird in the corduroy breeches and old flannel shirt, which I now, to my amazement, recognized through his day's growth of beard to be Nickolls, stood up on the seat of a car and called out in a big voice.

"Hey! Atmosphere for location on the Nickolls picture! Hey, you folks—hustle now! Shove 'em into the cars down there, Billy! Hurry now! What the hell's the matter, you big Swede! Tell that Swede to come along if he's going!"

And by the Swede he meant Axel the Magnificent! I nearly died. Axel saw me, and had stopped to bow, and this was what got him his bawling out. The poor kid blushed a deep red as he was hustled off like so much cattle, but I guess he didn't dare protest. An extra! Axel was an extra!

With a very thank-heaven-I-am-not-as-they feeling, I walked on to the main office, ashamed for Axel's mortification, and also not a little ashamed for Silvercrown's biggest director. As I mounted the steps I decided I would speak to Stricky about what I had seen. I felt he really ought to know.

Inside the luxurious reception room was a couple of mourners' benches, at present unoccupied, and in one wall a window like a box office, with bars in it besides, to keep the wild hams out, and also a door leading into the Great Beyond, which had a sign, Keep Out—This Means You, in the middle. Behind the cage sat a harassed-looking young lady playing a little jazz on a typewriter to pass the time away. I pulled out a card and shoved it through.

"For who?" she says, picking it up with one hand, but continuing to jazz with the other.

"I want to see the casting director, Mr. Gregory Strickland, please!" I says.

"Huh! Lemme see—I don't think he is here any more," says she.

"But he must be. He's expecting me!" I cried.

"Well, I don't think he's here any more!" she persisted. Then she give a yell at some person that I couldn't see. "Say, Mabel!" she says. "Strickland ain't here any more, is he?"

"Naw!" said Mabel's voice. "He ain't been here for the last six months."

"Know where he's workin'?" says the first young lady, still to her friend.

"I don't think he is working!" says Mabel. "He got fired from here and I think he went to New York."

"He's gone to New York," the girl in the window explained to me as though I had been deaf. "He used to be Mr. Nickolls' assistant, but he's not here now."

"But are you sure you got the right man?" I gasped. "I mean Mr. Strickland, the casting director!"

"Mr. Johnston," says the girl, giving my ignorance a rancid look, "has been our casting director for the last five years."

"Thank you!" I says, sort of weak and faint. Just then Mabel's voice broke in again.

"I think Mr. Strickland is in town," she volunteered. "I think I heard someone say they seen him, but I don't know where."

"Thanks a lot," I says again, weaker and weaker. And then, hardly knowing where I was going or why, I turned and walked back out into the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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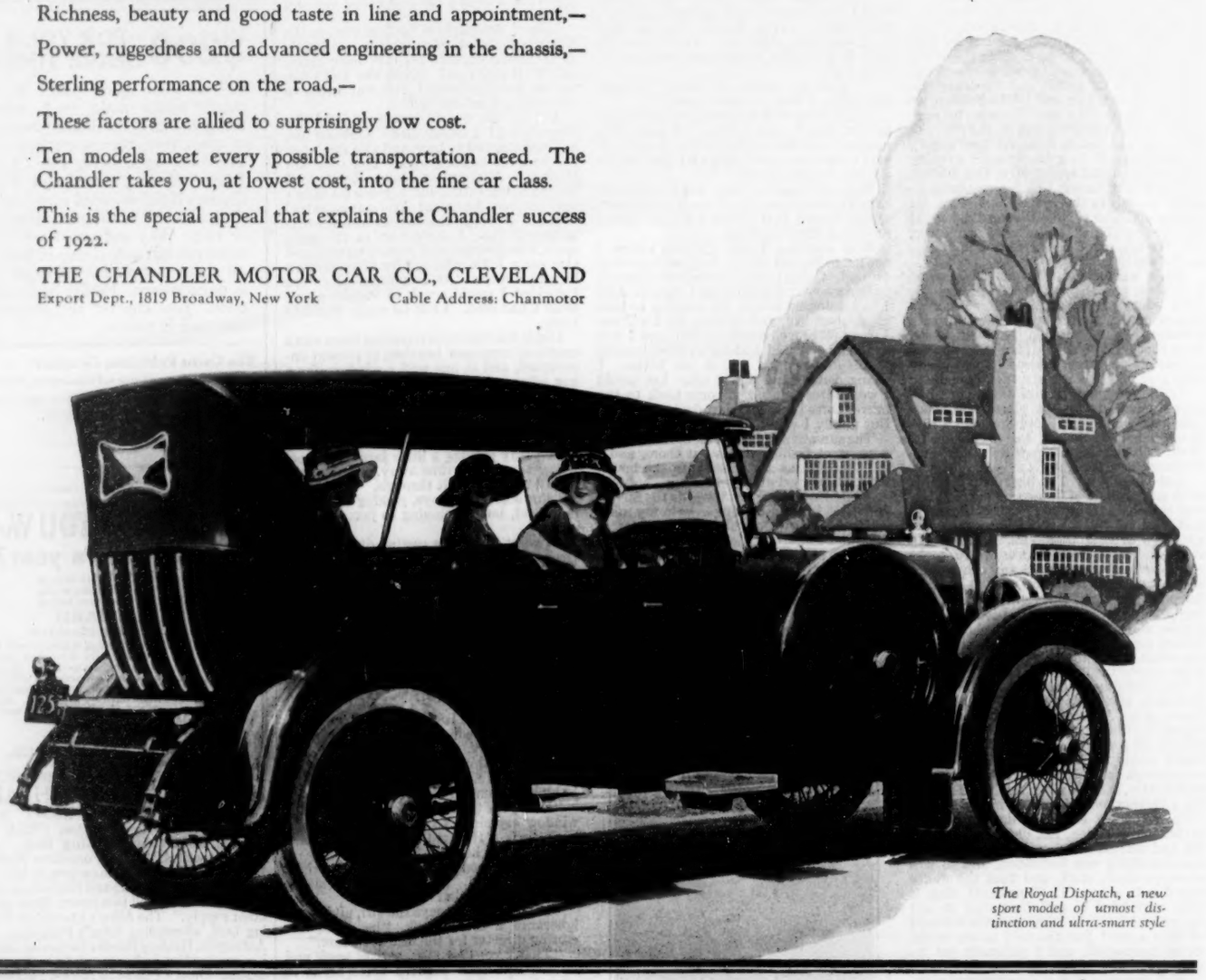

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CHANDLER SIX

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 9)

incidentally abuse each other unmercifully. The messages are usually sent to the president, all cabinet ministers, *tuchuns*, civil governors, and in fact to almost any other official equipped with the facilities and the mental capacity to receive them. Just as the movement of troops blocks up traffic, so do these unending serials impair telegraphic communication.

I started out to keep a collection of these circular telegrams. Before two weeks had passed I had filled two large envelopes, and quit. Chang Tso-lin accused Wu Pei-fu of being an obstacle to unification, while Wu Pei-fu in turn hurled back anathemas at Chang Tso-lin, calling him a bandit, usurper and general national menace. Between them even the large possibilities of the Chinese language for invective were nearly exhausted.

While the war of words raged both chieftains were getting ready for action. Chang Tso-lin's troops poured into Chi-li by the thousands, and traffic was further demoralized. The protocol between China and the allies, signed after the Boxer uprising, provides that the Chinese must keep the road from Peking to the sea open. This means that the railway from the northern capital to Tientsin must be kept free at all hazards. The incessant movement of Chang Tso-lin's troops blocked this route and the Peking Government was unable to exert its authority. A little thing like public convenience is never permitted to interfere with Chinese civil war.

Rumors of Fighting

Life in Peking, which in many respects is the most fascinating capital in the world, is always diverting. You have the color and glamour of storied centuries and with them a picturesqueness of street life that is not duplicated in Cairo, Calcutta or Constantinople. The uncertainty and tension of impending civil war added to the interest. The place sizzled with rumors. It was worse than Wall Street in a bull market. Everybody not only had a pet *tuchun* but a theory as to when and how the war would end. As usual, most of it was misinformation. Meanwhile the legation guards were increased and prudent people began to lay in stores of food.

During most of the civil wars in the past four years Peking was more or less isolated. This was largely due to the precautions taken to keep out straggling looters. A part of Peking is surrounded by the famous Tartar Wall, and once the gates are closed the city is fairly safe from native intruders.

Then came rumors of fighting to the west of Tientsin and the cutting of the railway from Tientsin to Hankow. People now realized that the compromise which usually comes just before Chinese hostilities seem at hand would go by the board. President Hsu bestirred himself and sent a frantic appeal to Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin to get together and avert a civil war, but no attention was paid to him. Each day the rumors flew thicker and the tension became more acute.

It was on one of the final days before the actual outbreak of war that I had an audience with President Hsu. I must confess that my curiosity to see him was keen. It was not based on his achievements, for they are negligible, but I was anxious to get a first-hand impression of the person who at that moment occupied a position unique in the history of rulers. Napoleon forsaken on the rocks of St. Helena was not a lonelier figure than this chief executive of four hundred million people, installed in the former setting of the emperors. Discredited and distrusted, he was a spectacle to arouse pity.

It was just as if President Harding sat in the White House without a human being whom he could call friend. To add to this isolation, imagine him absolutely ignored by Congress and cabinet. Picture further the New England and the Middle Atlantic States on the verge of going to war with the Middle West. You can cap the parallel with a vision of the New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads practically commandeered by the opposing factions and the public left to make its way and do business as best it can.

Such was the situation when, accompanied by one of the undersecretaries of the Foreign Office, I proceeded to the Prince Regent's Palace in the Imperial City early on a blazing afternoon. Presidential etiquette dictated that I wear a morning coat and silk hat. I faced the same dilemma that confronted me in Tokio just before the audience with the Japanese Prince Regent, for I had no silk hat. Once more I had to borrow a tile, this time from Ray Atherton, first secretary of the American Legation. Where Ambassador Warren's headpiece had been too small, this one was too big. This, however, was purely incidental, for I did not have to talk through the hat.

The Prince Regent's Palace is a low building roofed with the familiar imperial yellow tile, with long, cool, shaded corridors and innumerable courtyards, where fountains play. Its peace and seclusion were in sharp contrast with the tension outside. Save for the soldiers that guarded every doorway there was no sign that the inmate of this palace faced the crisis of his career, and that China herself was on the verge of a bitter struggle. Only that morning the president had gone to pray at the Sea Palace, a favorite shrine of the emperors, and to ask whatever gods rule the destiny of China to avert what he regarded as a public calamity.

I arrived at the palace at five minutes before three o'clock, and was received by the chief chamberlain, who wore a conventional frock coat. He spoke excellent English and told me among other things that although the President was giving no audiences, in view of the acute situation, he was very glad to receive a representative of so great and influential a publication as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Promptly at three o'clock he rose and asked me to follow him down a long corridor. On every side were soldiers literally armed to the teeth, for the fear of assassination is in the heart of every Chinese official, high and low. At the end of this corridor was a magnificent pair of lacquered doors. As we approached they were opened by frock-coated officials who seemed to have come from nowhere.

I crossed the threshold and found myself in a really striking salon. The walls were covered with heavy yellow brocades and from the carved ceiling hung jade lanterns with trailing red tassels. On all sides were blackwood cabinets filled with exquisite porcelains. Through the windows I could see one of the gardens in the full glory of spring blossoms. There was an atmosphere of simple dignity that extended to the benevolent-looking old gentleman who stood, clad in Chinese costume, in the center of the room. I was face to face with President Hsu of China.

Received in State

I had seen innumerable pictures of Hsu, but they were all taken either in uniform or in a frock coat. In them he looked rather commonplace, as do most Orientals when they are out of their native garb. This day he wore a long dark blue robe and over it was a beautifully embroidered black coat. His shoes were of black satin with felt soles. With his broad forehead, seamed face and drooping white mustache, he looked the scholar that he is, for he is one of the greatest living authorities on Confucius.

I expected to find him sad and depressed, for there were rumors that he would flee from the city at any moment. Instead a smile wreathed his countenance, he seemed in good spirits, and he was most gracious. This, however, was a characteristic Chinese performance. The Celestial always masks anxiety with cheerfulness. The worse the tangle the more amiable he becomes.

After I had made the three preliminary bows which are customary on such occasions, the president, through an interpreter—for he speaks no English—asked me to sit down at his right. He then took a seat near by. He said he was glad to welcome me to China and apologized for the critical state of affairs. I told him it was a great privilege to meet him. At that juncture servants brought in the inevitable tea, which is a part of every Chinese meeting, whether it be in home, shop or palace.

With an American President an interviewer would go straight to the heart of his subject at once, but in China nothing is ever hurried. Even in ordinary conversations various conventional questions about family and health must be asked. As in

Japan, I was looked upon as something of a heretic because, being unmarried, I could not exchange enthusiasms and confidences about wife and children.

After all the preliminaries of polite inquiry had been disposed of we finally got down to brass tacks. I told his excellency of the talk I had with President Harding before I left America and of his keen interest in China, whereupon he said:

"The President of the United States did a great service for the world in general and for China in particular when he called the Washington conference. It was an event in history. I kept myself informed of its progress day by day and I was especially pleased to know of the moral support that the American people gave to China, particularly in the Shan-tung matter."

China Democratic

"What will be the conference results in China?" I asked.

"They can only stimulate the Chinese consciousness to renewed efforts for law and order," was the reply. "China has every natural resource and her people are thrifty. As a result of the Washington conference we shall take a definite step forward and become a great power among the nations of the world."

"Is China fundamentally democratic?" I next asked.

"Absolutely so," came from the president. "The Chinese are as democratic as any other republican nation anywhere. But China at the moment is in transition. The old order has been uprooted and the country has been a prey to many anxieties and jealousies. But the Chinese are fundamentally sound. I am Chinese and I know my people. For years I have studied our philosophy. We Chinese know ourselves better than any other people know us, even our critics.

"Up to the present time we have been a democracy in form. You cannot uproot the traditions of thousands of years. First the form had to come and now will come the spirit."

"Will the present crisis mean a united China?" was my final query.

The president pondered a moment and then said, "All this present trouble can only mean that out of the turmoil will come a united and federated nation which will be the work of a moral and democratic people. Every true Chinese feels that we owe such an outcome to America, whose disinterested friendship has meant so much to us in the past and will continue to mean as much in the future."

With these words the president rose. It was the signal that the audience was over. He extended his hand for a final shake and with it he told me that he hoped I would return to China and find her peaceful and prosperous. He made one of those courtly bows which only the high-placed Chinese can make, and I in turn bowed myself out of the room. Once more I passed down the long corridor, through the lane of armed guards and out into the brilliant sunshine. I believe that this interview was the last one that he gave for publication prior to his retirement. Less than a month later he was an exile.

Whatever blunders Hsu Shih-chang may have perpetrated, one thing is certain—he does not lack the charm and courtesy of a gentleman. Even the crudest and the craftiest Chinese have a sense of good manners that can shame many Westerners.

The interview with the president was an interlude. The larger drama was not only shaping but marching inexorably to its climax.

It was on a Tuesday, as I recall it, that I went to the palace. The next morning every rumor monger in Peking was put out of commission, for actual fighting began near Machang, which is beyond Tientsin. At once everybody in the capital realized that there was trouble ahead. The first brush meant that the real battle would be not far away, and battle in China means looting.

The legations put such pressure on the municipal authorities that they braced up to drastic action. The police and gendarmerie were reënforced with troops until there were nearly twenty thousand men available for the protection of the city. By Friday morning Peking looked like an armed camp, for every gate was guarded. Meanwhile some of Chang Tso-lin's troops had come in—in his mind's eye the Master of Manchuria had already won the war—and they were added to the police force.

These troops were not so much interested in guard duty as in boosting their own personal game. They began to commandeer food and vehicles. Now began a picturesque process of protection. Almost overnight Peking burst forth like a rainbow. From hundreds of buildings, motor cars, rickshas and even handcarts fluttered national flags. These flags meant "Hands off" to the gentry who were taking advantage of the situation to dramatize that well-known axiom, "All's fair in love and war."

It was no uncommon sight to see the head cook of some foreigner riding down one of the thoroughfares with his groceries and fresh meats wrapped in an American or a British flag. I was making a round of the gates in a motor car when I saw what seemed an endless procession of empty carts, each flying a tiny American flag. At the head rode an American, whose ricksha flaunted the Stars and Stripes.

When he came nearer I discovered that it was the chief purchasing agent of the Rockefeller Institute, and he gave me the following reason for his turnout: "We are out of coal over at the institute and must have some immediately. The coal merchants are afraid to send in the fuel from the suburbs for fear of having it commandeered, so I must go out and get it under the protection of the American flag."

On Saturday morning, April twenty-ninth, I was awakened by a familiar sound. For a moment I thought I was back in France, for through the clear air there came the unmistakable boom of artillery and the sharp rattle of machine guns. The hotel where I lived was in the heart of Peking, with the Imperial City on one side and the famous Legation Quarter just across the road. I rushed to the window and saw the first crowd of refugees flocking in. There were men, women and children, carrying or hauling their household goods. It was precisely like some of the scenes I had witnessed in Northern France during those unforgettable days when the victorious German armies were swooping down. All the while the sound of gunfire was becoming more distinct.

When the boy—and all male servants in China are boys, whether ten years old or sixty—came in with my breakfast he was much excited. From him I learned that fighting had begun near the race course, which is only about fifteen miles from Peking, and that all foreigners who lived in the vicinity had been warned to come within the city walls at once.

Ready for Trouble

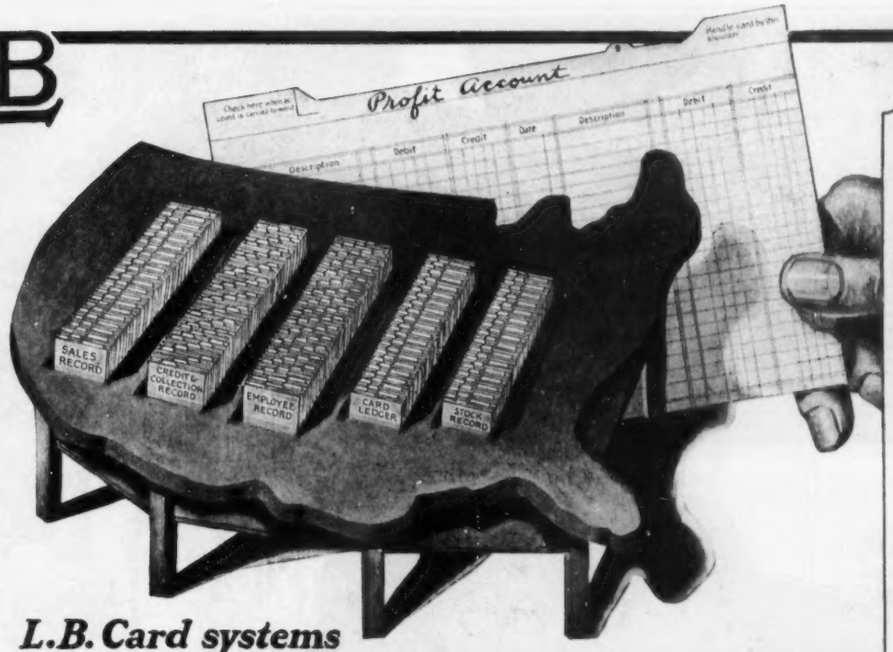
When I went out I found the city profoundly stirred. The rich Chinese were flocking to the two big hotels with their valuables or sending them under guard to the foreign banks in the Legation Quarter. Every street patrol had been doubled, there were more allied flags than before, and even the Chinese-owned automobiles were being camouflaged under British, Belgian and American emblems. The stream of refugees increased with every hour. Most of them came from the country immediately around the capital, while hundreds who owned shops or lived in the native city were seeking the sanctuary to be found within the Tartar Wall.

Late in the afternoon I walked through the famous Ch'ien Men Gate to the street of the same name, which extends for miles beyond the wall. It is one of the great highways of Peking, with important cross streets intersecting, and on it are located many of the most important Chinese restaurants and shops.

Two days before, it had hummed with business. Now nearly every shop was shuttered, and instead of trafficking people I saw only a vast crowd of curious people lining the sidewalks, watching the marching patrols. Every merchant who could move his goods inside the wall had done so or was doing so.

Martial law was declared and every precaution was taken to prevent looting. Strict orders were issued to the guards to shoot at sight any man caught stealing. Although I left Peking before the war ended, it must be said to the credit of the city authorities that both life and property were fairly well safeguarded throughout the six days of fighting which took place around the capital. As an extra measure the city gates were fortified with sandbags, and when two thousand of Chang Tso-lin's deserters got within rifle range of these gates

(Continued on Page 101)



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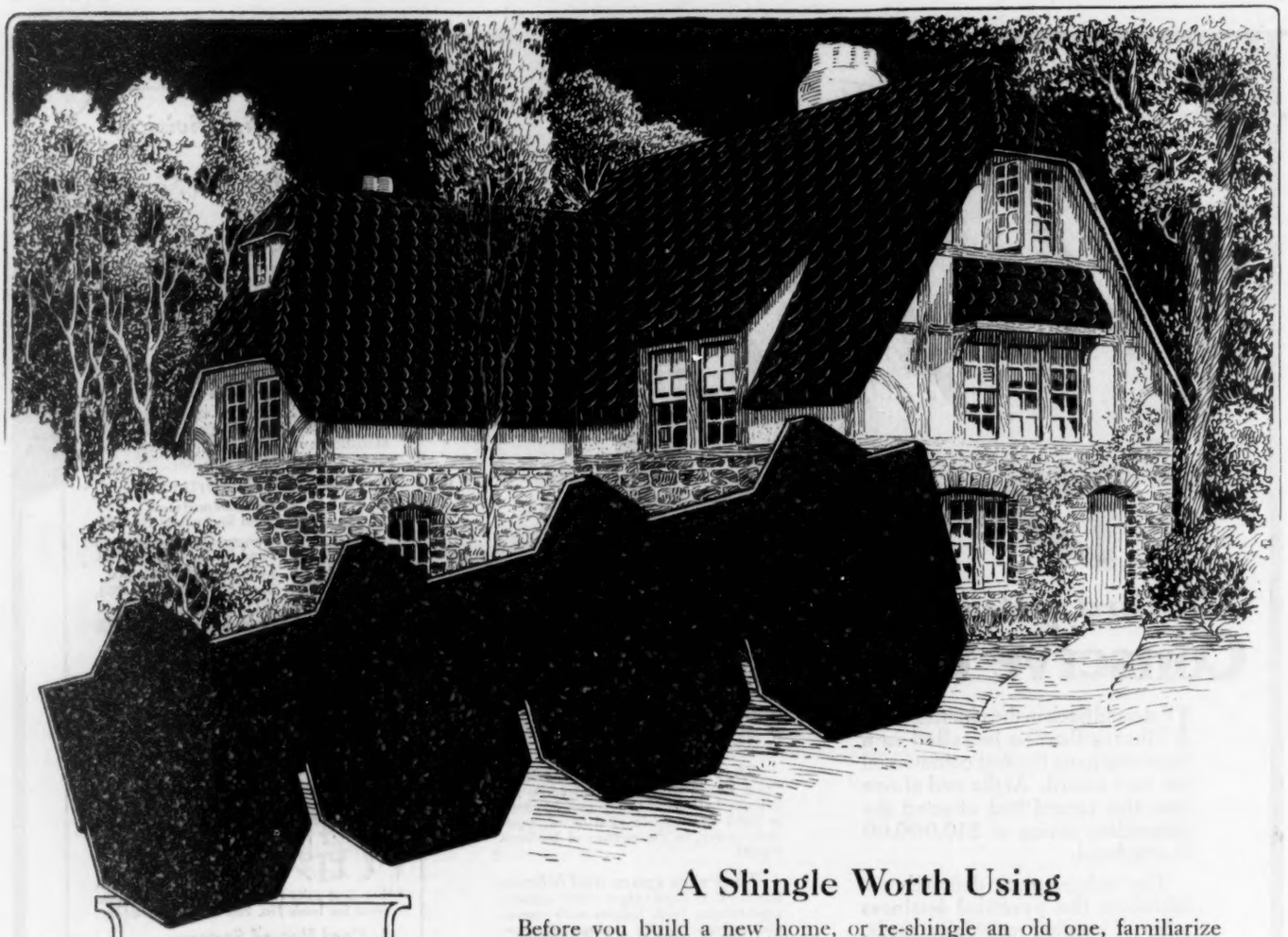

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SHINGLES AND ROOFING

(Continued from Page 98)

and saw how they were defended they turned and fled.

I have run a little ahead of my story, however. I had no particular emotions about the war as such, and my main desire as the fighting progressed was to continue my journey. I still had to go to Tientsin, Shanghai, Hong-Kong and Canton, where I had an appointment with Sun Yat-sen. I had seen the beginning of the show and it looked as if it would duplicate most other Chinese civil wars—that is, expend itself solely in the waste of ammunition. In other words, noise is the principal feature. The problem was to get out of Peking. Once at Tientsin I could easily go on to Shanghai by sea.

Despite all the protests of the legations the railway between Peking and Tientsin was interrupted, and, now that the war was on, Chang Tso-lin's troops had full possession of it. His generals had a nice little habit of parking their special trains on the main tracks and living there. It was impossible to go north from Tientsin or south from Peking.

There had been no train for some days and I wanted to get out on a Sunday when, it had been announced, the first train would run. I found that Ray Atherton, the same good angel who had loaned me the silk hat, was trying to leave on the same day; so we mobilized whatever connections we had with the government, and decided to take a chance. He got the Foreign Office on the job, and I secured the aid of the minister of communication, C. S. Liu.

Leathernecks on Guard

Thanks to Atherton the government made the strongest possible representation to the railway people to get our train through, but we took no chances. We tied American flags to every piece of luggage we had, and as a final piece of insurance the American Legation sent four big buck American marines to guard our trunks in the baggage car. I should like to have seen the physiognomy of a Chinese bandit who tried to molest one of our trunks. Those marines were spoiling for a scrap.

When I reached the station I found, to my great joy, that Mr. Liu had decided to chaperon us down to Tientsin. The train was packed to the roof because hundreds of Chinese were trying to get out of the zone of trouble. The journey was through the zones of the fighting armies. Just out of Peking we struck the first of the wounded and from that time until we reached Tientsin we were in the thick of the contending forces. Every now and then one of Chang Tso-lin's contingents would stop the train and the officer in charge would give us the once-over and then let us go on. It all seemed very tame, however, after the European War. The Chinese soldiers themselves appeared listless and their whole attitude confirmed the statement that I made previously in this article, that their hearts were not in what they were doing.

Tientsin was keyed up to greater pitch than Peking, for Chang Tso-lin with the bulk of his army was only fifteen miles away and his wild Manchurians had boasted that they would loot the city, in spite of the fact that there are more than five thousand foreign troops there. As a consequence of this threat a volunteer force of Europeans was organized, which patrolled the streets day and night in company with the regular troops. British gunboats had been rushed up from the Taku bar and were anchored off Tientsin, cleared for action. Like Peking, Tientsin escaped serious trouble; in both instances this immunity was due to the really strong measures taken by the authorities.

During the four days that I was at sea between Tientsin and Shanghai the war was fought and won. It is not necessary to go deeply into any of the details. What concerns us are the results, which at the moment seem so pregnant with possibilities for the future of China.

The beginning of the fighting that I saw at Peking developed, to the surprise of everybody, into some semblance of a real engagement. Chang Tso-lin's forces outnumbered Wu Pei-fu's troops two to one, and they were better equipped. In the preliminary skirmishes Wu Pei-fu's troops were driven back. Chang Tso-lin's generals immediately believed that they had an easy victory. They advanced recklessly, and the inevitable happened: Wu Pei-fu sent in his veterans of the Anfu War and they literally drove everything before them.

Chang Tso-lin's army was routed and more than twenty thousand surrendered. The remainder did not even take time to loot, but beat it back beyond the Great Wall as fast as they could seize rolling stock. This performance tied up the Peking-Tientsin line a second time. The Mukden war lord himself narrowly escaped capture as he was trying to rally his shattered forces. Just beyond the Great Wall he halted, dug some trenches, and announced that he would make a stand here. Chineselike he was merely trying to save his face, as the phrase goes.

No sooner was he back at Mukden than he announced the independence of Manchuria and declared himself out of the pale of Peking authority. Just how far he can go with this no one knows. The big fact is that so far as interfering with the central government is concerned, he is temporarily eliminated as a factor, although he will probably remain overlord of Manchuria and sooner or later begin his intriguing all over again. Thus in defeat he is still strong.

Far more important than any speculation over Chang Tso-lin's future is the succession of events, dominated by Wu Pei-fu, that followed the close of the war. Figuratively the whole of Northern China lay at his feet, a vast and plastic mass, waiting to be molded afresh. According to every Chinese tradition Wu Pei-fu should have marched into Peking at the head of his triumphant army and begun to boss the president and the cabinet. Everyone expected him personally to capitalize the fruits of victory. Being Wu Pei-fu, he did nothing of the sort. He went back to his base at Paitong-fu, reorganized his armies and left the job of statesmanship to statesmen. He frankly said, "I am a soldier and not a politician. My work is to prepare the way for the people to get what they want."

It was the general expectation that he would order Hsu Shih-chang to vacate the presidency, and end the farce of government at Peking. With characteristic sense he waited until scores of officials and public bodies had written or telegraphed Hsu that his position was untenable. Then and then only did he intimate to the old man in the Prince Regent's Palace that he ought to step out.

Looking for a President

It was then that Hsu formally resigned, owing to age and illness, as his valedictory read. Like Chang Tso-lin's camouflaged stand outside the Great Wall, the retiring president was saving his face. It is an interesting fact that a Chinese, whether in public or private life, will often go to any extreme of prevarication to explain the reason for an obvious failure. As a national trait this face business ranks with squeeze.

The first problem was to get a president. There was no wild chorus of candidates, for at best it is a ticklish job at Peking. Ordinarily a Chinese vice president succeeds his chief when the office is vacated, but China has had no vice president since 1918, when the northern militarists threw out Li Yuan-hung, the president, and installed our old friend Hsu Shih-chang as president. There being no vice president, it was up to parliament, or the disorganized and widely scattered group labeled a parliament, to turn the trick. It would take a supergenius really to analyze and explain this Chinese National Assembly, for it has had as many lives as the proverbial cat.

In any event apparently enough members were convened to elect Li Yuan-hung president. After some days of deliberation he accepted, came up from Tientsin, where he had lived since his retirement, and assumed office. This was about the middle of June. With his advent into power the new deal in China may be said to have really begun, for Li Yuan-hung is a strong and commanding figure, and, what is more important, he has Wu Pei-fu squarely behind him.

In the formation of the new cabinet, which was approved by Wu Pei-fu, another advance was made. The new premier is General Wang Shih-Chen, who was minister of war under Yuan Shih-kai, and who more recently has been a super *tuchun*—that is, inspector general of the provinces of Kiang-su, Anhwei and Kiang-si. Dr. W. W. Yen, the one capable and outstanding character in Hsu's cabinet, was retained as minister of foreign affairs, and Chow Tze-chi was put in as minister of commerce. Chow Tze-chi has not only had long experience in the consular service but

also practical business contact. After much persuasion Wu Pei-fu himself took over the portfolio of minister of war. This is the most cheering phase of the whole business, because it means that if the present order continues militarism in China as exemplified in the huge armies of uniformed ruffians is at an end.

Putting Chang Tso-lin back in his place was only one rock out of the way of unification. There still remained the obstacle embodied in Sun Yat-sen and his Southern Government. Happily for Wu Pei-fu, the time was ripe to strike a blow at it.

Sun Yat-sen and his cause, together with the whole Canton enterprise, will be dealt with in detail in a subsequent article. Since Wu Pei-fu precipitated the crisis in his affairs there must be a reference to him here. Sun Yat-sen owed his inauguration as president a year ago last May solely and entirely to General Chen Chiung-ming, who is in many respects the ablest civil administrator in China. It was General Chen Chiung-ming who drove out the Kwangsi usurpers who had seized the Kwangtung Province, in which Canton is located, and enabled Sun Yat-sen to set up what he considered to be the only constitutional government. For his services he was made civil governor of Kwangtung, where he has instituted many notable reforms, including the wiping out of gambling.

Just before I reached Canton in May Sun Yat-sen, in a fit of temperament—being a visionary he is a highly temperamental person—summarily dismissed General Chen Chiung-ming as governor of Kwangtung. The governor was not alone the only real soldier in the southern outfit but was immensely popular with the Cantonese. Sun Yat-sen now put in Wu Ting-fang as civil governor and launched an expedition against the north, having previously made an alliance with Chang Tso-lin. Despite Chang Tso-lin's defeat he persisted in this enterprise and was engaged on it when I saw him at his headquarters near the Kiang-si border.

Wu Pei-fu now saw his chance to eliminate the Southern Government. He enlisted the aid of Chen Chiung-ming, who, seeing that the hour for unification had come, seized Canton. Meanwhile Wu Pei-fu sent an army down to attack Sun Yat-sen's forces in the field. Sun Yat-sen was routed and became a fugitive on one of the gunboats that remained loyal to him. This is the situation at the time I write this article, which is at the end of June.

Although it is impossible to forecast what Sun Yat-sen will do—he persists in maintaining that he is the only legal president—there is a growing impression that he is being gradually eliminated from the situation, and with Chen Chiung-ming in control in Kwangtung this immense and prosperous province, which was the center of the whole southern movement, will probably join with the north.

The Question of Unity

The big Chinese question is, Can the republic be unified? In the opinion of Wu Pei-fu and Chen Chiung-ming—and henceforth they must be considered as the two outstanding personalities in China—the hope of the country lies in a system of federated states modeled after our own country and which will be called the United States of China. The reason for this plan is obvious. Each province in China is so big that it must have an almost absolute autonomous government. Unofficially this autonomy has been going on for a great many years, even under the empire, because, as I have already intimated, Peking, the imperial center, was merely the receptacle for tribute. This autonomy also explains how and why China has got along all these years with practically no central government at all. The Chinese are a communal people and the center of life is usually in the village.

General Chen's creed, which has been indorsed by Wu Pei-fu and which is likely to become the established order, calls for the wiping out of the pernicious *tuchun* system; making civil governors responsible to the central government and not to the military authorities; the recall of the old parliament and the completion of the provisional constitution, which, by the way, has never been rounded out; the preservation of law and order by the police and provincial gendarmes and not by the army; the collection of taxes by the central government; the building of roads; the encouragement of forestry; and the development of agriculture. A final recommendation of immense import to China is that district magistrates must be elected by the people. After the *tuchun*, the magistrate in China is the all-important functionary. He almost wields the power of life and death, and up to the present time was usually named from Peking. This meant that the wirepulling and corrupt politician got the job.

Here you have a constructive program which can start China on the road to solvency and stabilization. If Wu Pei-fu and Chen Chiung-ming can hold their own it seems reasonably certain that it will be carried out. In China, however, no man knows what the morrow will bring forth. Just as soon as a strong man raises his head above the muck and mire of the endless bicker and jealousy he becomes the target of a new coalition, and Wu Pei-fu may suffer this fate. Meanwhile, all real friends of China wish him luck.

Three Outstanding Figures

It remains only to present close-ups of the three leading actors in the spectacle of changing China. Taking them in the order of their rank, we must consider the new president first.

In meeting Li Yuan-hung I played in great luck. When I arrived in Tientsin after that not unexciting dash from Peking, I exhausted all the war thrills and other diversions of the city in a single day. I still had three days before my steamer left for Shanghai. In the course of a conversation with H. G. W. Woodhead, editor of the Peking and Tientsin Times, and one of the ablest journalists in the Far East, he remarked, "The only living ex-president of China lives here in Tientsin, and I think you ought to see him. I can make the appointment for you."

Of course I had heard of Li Yuan-hung and was familiar with his story. After a long experience as soldier he had served as vice president under Yuan Shih-kai, but that imperialistic person had practically kept him a prisoner for two years in one of the island palaces within the Forbidden City at Peking. He escaped only when Yuan died and he succeeded as president.

Woodhead made the appointment that night, and the following morning at ten o'clock I took a ricksha and rode over to see the man whom the circumstances of civil war returned to a high post at Peking. At that time no one dreamed that this would transpire. When you know China, however, you soon discover that anything can happen at any time.

Li Yuan-hung lived in a magnificent foreign establishment on Parkes Road in the British concession. Tientsin, as most people know, contains many foreign areas. Most of the rich Chinese prefer to live in these quarters because in times of civil strife they are immune from attack. Li Yuan-hung retired from office with an immense fortune and lives in princely fashion. Among other things his house includes a private theater which can seat five hundred persons. He also has a gold service with enough pieces to serve a dinner for one hundred guests. Thus the presidency in China is not without its compensations.

I have already remarked on the grace and courtesy of the Chinese gentleman, and Li Yuan-hung is no exception. He is a powerful, almost thickset individual with strong face, fierce mustache, but kindly eyes. He wore a foreign gray business suit and looked more like a prosperous banker than an ex, and about-to-be, president. He understands English but hesitates to speak it, so our conversation, which lasted several hours, was carried on through an interpreter. He received me in a stately room almost literally packed with magnificent specimens of jade and porcelain. On one silk-covered wall hung an etching of a Corot landscape. It seemed strangely out of place there.

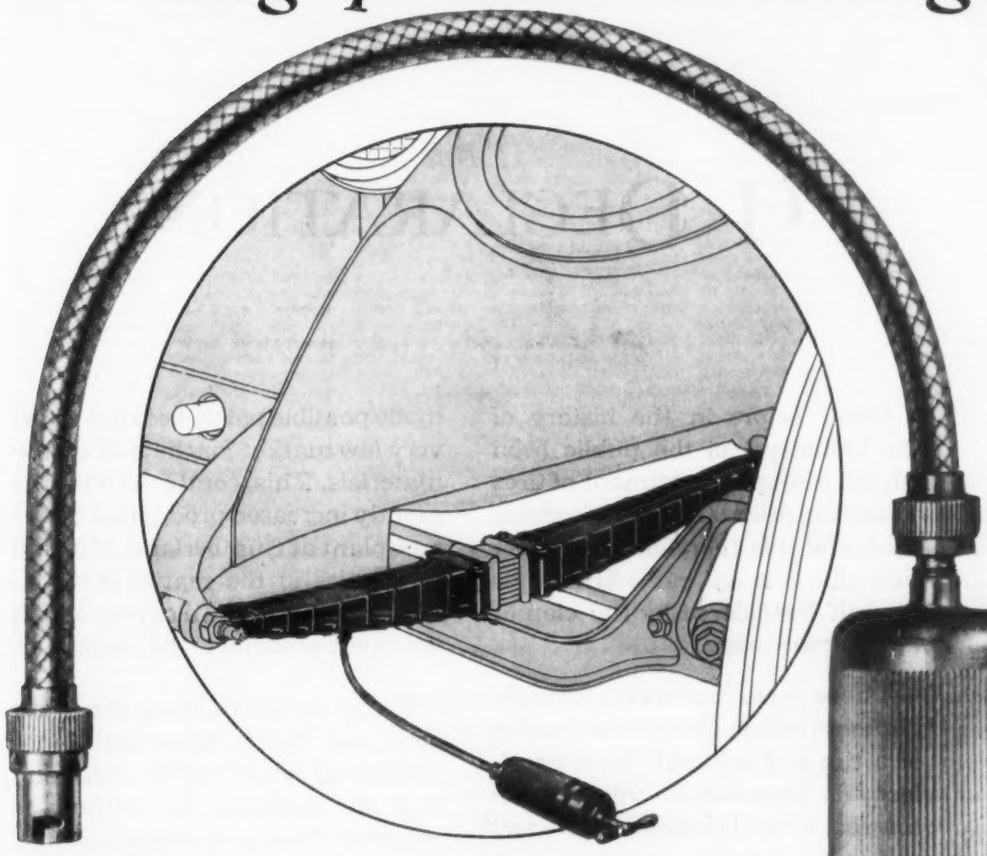
When I asked Li Yuan-hung to express himself on the situation he minced no words in stating his views. He said:

"I am out of politics, and in this present civil war I am absolutely neutral. The curse of China is the *tuchun* system, which only enables selfish and sometimes unscrupulous men to play with the country. If China is to be salvaged the army must be reduced to not more than two hundred and fifty thousand men and these must be employed for the public protection exclusively.

(Continued on Page 105)

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system



THE Alemite Lubricating Spring Cover is a flexible armor of lead-coated, rust-proof steel. It is filled with lubricant by means of the Alemite Compressor, after which it bathes the spring leaves constantly in clean lubricant, stopping all squeaks and making the car ride much easier than before. This is the only all-metal spring cover on the market. Quiet and trouble-proof it retains the lubricant and will last as long as the car itself

IF you want your car to render the good service of which it is capable, be fair—see that it is equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System and lubricated thoroughly at regular intervals. . . .

The complete Alemite System includes the Alemite Lubricating Spring Cover which makes it possible for you to lubricate the springs by means of the regular Alemite Compressor. This spring cover protects the spring leaves from water, rust and grit, adds greatly to resilience, makes the car ride easier and cushions the road shocks which destroy tires and rack the car. It is an investment which will pay for itself many times over in the repair bills it saves and in the added comfort it gives.

IMPORTANT: We strongly recommend the use of Alemite Lubricant (pure solidified oil) with the Alemite Compressor. It is the finest lubricant obtainable.

ALEMITE LUBRICANT is packed in patented, auto-loading containers for convenience in loading the Alemite Compressor. It is sold by Alemite dealers everywhere in half-pound and five-pound containers.

A Product of

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A Declaration

Never before in the history of the industry has the public been offered a larger assortment of tires at alluring prices than at the present time, and it is therefore no wonder that the average car owner finds himself bewildered by the clamor for his patronage.

There are, however, certain elements which govern the quality of a tire and without them excellency is impossible, unless some magical formula is employed—and this is not the age of magic.

The principal ingredients of a Kelly-Springfield Tire are the finest rubber, the best fabric and a high degree of skill developed by nearly a quarter of a century of experience. It is this combination which has resulted in the Kelly reputation and earned for Kelly products a measure of prestige which even our competitors have never questioned.

Kelly prices are now down to those of many other tires that have never borne the Kelly reputation, and this reduction has been made possible partly because of the very low market for the best of raw materials. This, combined with the greatly increased production of our new plant at Cumberland, Md., and economies in the matter of distribution, has effected a saving which we have passed on to the consumer.

Today we are building the finest cord and fabric tires and inner tubes that we have ever made and it is our intention to continue to improve them whenever possible, and to sell them always at only a reasonable profit.

One thing we shall never do, and that is, reduce the quality to meet competition. We shall always strive to build the best tires and tubes at the lowest possible price, but no matter at what price we may sell them, the consumer may rest assured that we have put into Kellys everything that is embodied in the word "Quality," and that we stand squarely behind them with that most valuable of our assets —our reputation.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT: 250 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 102)

"The great trouble with the Chinese army heretofore has been that most of the officers are absolutely ignorant. Every ranking officer in the army should be educated at some academy. Unification in China depends upon whether the victor in the present war is the right type of man."

Happily for Li Yuan-hung, he is.

In response to my query as to the effect of the Washington conference on China he responded in this wise:

"The Washington conference should have been a great inspiration for China, but at the moment when she should be redeeming Shan-tung and capitalizing the other benefits she is engaged in a civil war. We Chinese are great believers in parables and the best way that I can express the aid that America rendered to China at Washington is to say that hers was the hand that removed the Japanese grip from our throats."

A Message to America

"Japan can easily afford to have a professed change of heart about China, first because of her economic penetration in so many of our rich areas, and second because of our immense financial debt to her. There was never anything altruistic about Japanese aid to China. We had to spend half of the loans we got from her in buying military equipment, and the other half was filched by my dishonest countrymen who figured somewhere in the loans. Japanese help is always selfish and destructive.

"I shall be glad if you will tell the people of the United States how grateful China is, not only for the help she rendered us through the Washington conference but through her aid in our last famine. Whatever may happen in China she will never forget the debt she owes to your people."

The best side light that I can give on the character of the new president of China is to say that among the foreign residents of Tientsin he was the most popular Chinese. Nor was this due to the frequency and magnificence of his entertainments. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the foreign life, learned how to skate, and even took a chance at the fox trot. Thus, there is at least a human being on the job at Peking.

The rise of Wu Pei-fu illustrates that China, in addition to other things, is also a land of opportunity. Four years ago he was practically an obscure general in charge of a division, which he made the most efficient in the country. Today he is the man of the hour. He is almost undersized for a Chinese, with a sharp gaunt face, scant hair, and an energetic, almost nervous manner. He believes in a simple, almost Spartan life, and it is to his everlasting credit that, unlike the other *tuchun* gentry, he has remained a poor man, comparatively speaking. His integrity of purpose has almost made him a marked man. Unlike Chang Tso-lin, he is aloof and not given to elaborate pronunciamientos. He entered into the battle of circular telegrams only in self-defense.

Measured by every standard of the Chinese general, he stands in a class by himself. In the first place, he is honest. Secondly, he has violated all traditions by turning over to his troops all the government revenues that came to him for this purpose.

Usually the commander and his favorites get the bulk of these moneys. By disregarding the rules of the game he incurred the hostility of practically all the other military chieftains. In every financial dealing he has displayed the same moral purpose. One curse of doing business in China is that it is almost impossible to collect bills. When Wu Pei-fu buys oil, for example, he pays in advance.

In still another detail he is conspicuous, for he has an iron courage and exposes himself with his men. In the late war he was reported killed, and no one was surprised. The usual procedure in China is for the general to dig himself into the safest possible place behind the lines.

That Wu Pei-fu is not without shrewd resource is revealed by this incident: In one of the many civil wars in which he has engaged the front trenches of the opposing forces were only about six hundred yards from his own. One night he said to his chief of staff, "Send a trusted man over into the opposite trenches and find out how long it has been since the men received their pay." The adjutant returned with the news that the men were five months in arrears. This is small for China.

"All right," said Wu Pei-fu; "offer them enough money to cover their back pay and see if they won't come over to our side."

The proposal was enthusiastically received, and on the following night the specie was sent over in bags, whereupon the enemy trooped over en masse and became loyal adherents of Wu Pei-fu's cause. Such is soldiering in China.

Wu Pei-fu not only acts swiftly but metes out justice with an unrelenting hand. Last year the principal civil official at Wuchang turned his troops loose and looted the town. Wu Pei-fu personally came down with a division and not only executed the chief grafter but shot a thousand of his adherents. There are no halfway measures with him.

When the central government at Peking refused to allot him funds for his soldiers he seized the revenues of the Peking-Hankow Railway. Ordinarily in such a circumstance there would have been a grand carnival of spoliation. Wu Pei-fu, however, kept the accounts carefully audited and devoted the proceeds to legitimate purposes. On more than one occasion he has urged the minister of justice at Peking to make embezzlement a capital offense.

Like every man of parts, Wu Pei-fu has a sense of humor. Just about the time that Chang Tso-lin's troops were on the run and surrendering by the thousand somebody asked him if he did not favor army reduction, whereupon he replied, "I think that Chang Tso-lin's army has saved us the trouble and expense."

Wu Pei-fu's enemies have invariably said that he would be good only until he got into power. This, however, has not proved true, for his attitude since the triumph over Chang Tso-lin has indicated a complete lack of desire for personal preferment. He has steadily refused to meddle in civil affairs save for the national good. Taking him all in all, he stands revealed as the hope of the nation.

The exact opposite of Wu Pei-fu in every way is Chang Tso-lin. In him you have the Oriental Machiavelli, incarnating every element that makes for subtlety and intrigue. I have seen this remarkable man in various circumstances and must confess that for romance and picturesqueness he is a fascinating study. So far as human, and I might add unhuman interest is concerned, he is a much richer subject than his conqueror.

An Invitation From Chang Tso-lin

When I met him at Mukden in March he was generally acclaimed as China's strong man, with a hold on the Peking Government that seemed impregnable. Already he had begun to fling his troops into Chi-li, with the idea of putting Wu Pei-fu permanently out of business. I had heard much of him during my stay in Japan and was naturally eager to meet him. From Tokio I wired to his principal foreign adviser, E. Carleton Baker, asking him to make an appointment, and when I reached Seul I found a telegram from him saying that the viceroy was to give me a dinner the night after my arrival.

In arranging this dinner—and I speak of it only because it had some historic significance—Chang Tso-lin did a characteristic thing. He wanted an opportunity to acquaint the leading foreigners in Mukden with his plans to eliminate Wu Pei-fu, and he used me as the peg upon which to hang it. He invited all the foreign consuls except the Japanese, and also the leading foreign business men.

The dinner was set for half past seven and I went with Baker. Chang-Tso-lin lives in a rambling group of buildings known as a yamen, in the heart of the Chinese quarter. The moment I entered the district I began to see his soldiers, who, armed with rifles and wearing a uniform that reminded me of the German field gray, patrolled the streets. Every Chinese house of any consequence is surrounded by a wall, and the entrance is usually through an ornate gate. The portal of Chang Tso-lin's establishment was flanked with troops, and the big courtyard was alive with them. Everybody who enters this domain is under suspicion until he can prove himself eligible for entry. The reason is that Chang Tso-lin lives in fear of assassination. Every morsel of food that he eats is first tasted by a trusted servant, and he goes about in an armored car.

Although I was accompanied by one of the marshal's advisers and was dressed for dinner, I had to give my card to a major in uniform, who passed it in to a colonel for scrutiny. After a wait of a few moments the minister of foreign affairs, for Manchuria came out and escorted us in. We were the last guests, so we found everybody assembled.

I entered a large room in which Chinese and European furniture clashed. There was a buzz of talk and I could see about forty Europeans and Americans grouped about an almost slight figure clad in a blue brocaded robe, who sat on a sofa in the center of the chamber. His head, surmounted by a black silk cap adorned with a single pearl, was closely cropped; he wore a straggly mustache, and he talked in a low voice. He seemed almost an insignificant figure. Yet this was the feared and famous Chang Tso-lin.

He rose and I was introduced to him. He speaks no English, and I told him through an interpreter—a young Chinese student, by the way, who graduated from Columbia University—how glad I was to meet him.

He replied that he was always glad to see Americans, and that he had a great interest in my country.

Chang Tso-lin speaks almost in a whisper. His eyes are dreamy and he has a curious habit of folding and unfolding his long slender hands while he talks. He looks more like a scholar than a warrior. As I watched and listened to him it seemed almost impossible that this seemingly placid and almost ascetic person, who spoke so softly, could be the same Chang Tso-lin whose name twenty years ago was synonymous with banditry, whose depredations had struck terror to a vast region, and who at that moment was the real dictator of the Peking Government.

Dining in State

After a brief interval he led the way to the dining room. The guests sat at three round tables. Chang Tso-lin presided at one, his eldest son, General Chang Hsiao Liang—the Young General, as they call him in Mukden—did the honors at the second, while the minister of foreign affairs was host at the third. I sat at the marshal's table, directly opposite him. In China, as in Japan, this is the place for the guest of honor.

On this eventful evening I obtained not only my first glimpse of Chang Tso-lin but my initial taste of Chinese food and hospitality. For years I had heard about birds'-nest soup and shark fins, to say nothing of hundred-year-old eggs. I got them all in a heap. The menu—it was the usual thing—was about a foot long, divided up into innumerable courses. Happily for digestion and waistline, you eat only a mouthful of each course.

I had another interesting experience. At Chinese dinners the food is placed in the center of the table and everybody helps himself. When the first course arrived Chang Tso-lin rose and beckoned me to rise and hand out my plate, whereupon he served me himself. I then discovered that this was real Chinese hospitality, because the host invariably serves the guest of honor. This applied to every course.

The real sensation was sprung after dinner when we assembled in the drawing-room. Chang Tso-lin made a speech in which he declared that Wu Pei-fu was the stumbling block to unification and that if Wu Pei-fu did not eliminate himself, he, Chang, would do it. He also said that he had no personal ambition to be president or vice president of China.

Continuing, he declared: "Everywhere you hear it stated that China is poverty-stricken. Nothing could be more ridiculous, for China is one of the undeveloped treasure houses of the world. Her revenues are ample. The trouble has been that they are misadministered. I myself could take over the ministry of finance and run it so as to give the republic a good surplus. Manchuria alone is vastly rich, and it is my great aim in life, after the unification of China, to exploit her resources. I want to make Harbin another Shanghai. I am not only most amiably disposed towards all foreigners but I shall do my utmost to maintain the open door in Manchuria. I want to cooperate with foreigners in every possible way, and I hope they will appreciate the difficulties with which I have to contend.

"I must say that Japanese aggression in Manchuria is not quite so active as it was before the Washington conference, but it is needless to say to you, who are familiar

with conditions in Manchuria, that the presence of the Japanese here in such strength and numbers only increases the difficulties under which I labor in developing the three provinces under my control."

The following afternoon I spent two hours with the viceroy. He repeated much that he had said the previous evening, but his statements about Japan were startling in view of the fact that the Japanese have invariably claimed him as friend and brother.

Among other things he said: "The Washington conference was a warning to Japan. You will recall that I stated last night that her aggression has not been so active during these past few months. Japan now wants China's friendship, but it is too late. Japan sought to despoil us when we were helpless and when our friends among the great powers were fighting for their lives."

The marshal then turned to one of his favorite subjects, which is the development of Manchuria. "I hope that American capital will come into Manchuria," he said. "One reason why I am anxious to have Americans in my provinces is that it will be an antidote for Japanese aggression. But aside from this, Manchuria offers exceptional opportunities to America. The United States needs both a naval and a commercial base in these parts, and the port of Hulutao, located on the Gulf of Liao-tung in the province of Mukden, is ideally adapted for this purpose. It has many advantages over New-chwang, which was formerly the principal port of this whole region, for it is practically ice-free throughout the whole year. In fact it is the most satisfactory place in the whole of North China for a deep-sea port. American financiers have been interested in its development at various times, but Japanese opposition has usually interfered. The hinterland which Hulutao would serve is unusually fertile and rich, and contains vast possibilities for agriculture, mining, stock raising, manufacturing and commerce. The possibilities for the soya-bean industry alone are almost unlimited."

Chang Tso-lin's effort in the long talk was to convince me that he was not allied with the Japanese. The truth of the matter is that he is neither a pro nor an anti Japanese; he is plain pro Chang Tso-lin. He has used the Japanese when they have been useful to him, and the Japanese have reciprocated.

I could devote a whole article to a succession of stories about Chang Tso-lin. He is not only intensely human but has a keen sense of humor. Like most high-placed Chinese, he has many wives and there are times when his domestic ménage is not altogether serene. He exacts strict discipline from all his domestic retainers and to keep them in order maintains what he calls a family jail, which is located within the precincts of the Mukden yamen. When wives or children become fractious they are immured in this jail for a brief space, and they usually come out better behaved.

Apropos of this syndicated domesticity is a story that shows the resourcefulness of the war lord of Manchuria. One of his friends came to him with the complaint that he had what is known in China as a positive wife; in short, she was a nagger, and among other things refused to let him have a concubine.

Chang Tso-lin listened to the story and then said, "Go home and forget all about it. I will see that the situation is changed."

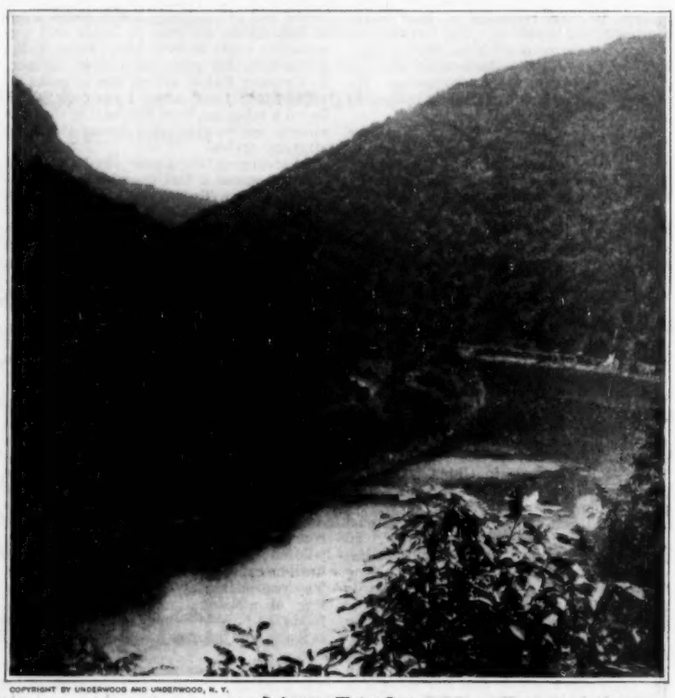
A few days later a beautiful concubine turned up at the man's house, with the compliments of Chang Tso-lin. Since she was the gift of the viceroy, not only was the man obliged to accept her but his wife was forced to acquiesce. No man in Manchuria can turn down a gift of its uncrowned king.

After two attempts to assassinate him with bombs Chang Tso-lin had an armored car built in America at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. His negotiations for the car with the American motor-car agent who lives at Peking were typical. He declared that he wanted the most powerful automobile that could be built, whereupon he was told he could not go beyond a twelve-cylinder car. At this Chang Tso-lin remarked: "If it is not possible to get a car with more than twelve cylinders I suppose I shall have to be satisfied, but I don't want anybody else in China to have a car with more cylinders than mine."

No one who visits Manchuria can believe that Chang Tso-lin is permanently eliminated as a factor in Chinese affairs. He has the three eastern provinces solidly behind him and will probably continue as their ruler as long as he lives. Already Wu Pei-fu has signed a truce with him, which means that he will most likely be left undisturbed in his own particular domain, for he is a dangerous animal to arouse. He is worth fifty million dollars and can easily build up another army, for the Japanese are only too willing to aid and abet him. Whether he will take another crack at his enemies beyond the Great Wall remains to be seen. Whatever happens, he remains a diverting and intriguing personality.

It is China's good fortune that Wu Pei-fu and not Chang Tso-lin is master in her hour of real transition.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan and big business.



Delaware Water Gap

"Sales to Leading Farmers Bring Other Customers"

"Our advertising in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN has paid us better as we increased space and used more frequent insertions."

writes the Ottawa Manufacturing Company of Ottawa, Kansas. "That is why we advertise consistently in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

"Our experience has proved that when one of its subscribers buys an Ottawa Log Saw a sale to a neighboring farmer is a natural result.

"Also the inquiries produced by THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN lead all others in the size of orders.

"The superior character of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S *readers has been apparent ever since we began using its advertising pages in 1918 and was especially outstanding during the recent depression."*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

When Marconi heard the AERIOLA GRAND

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"IT comes closest to the dream I had when I first caught the vision of radio's vast possibilities. It brings the world of music, news and education into the home, fresh from the human voice. It solves the problem of loneliness and isolation.

The Aeriola Grand is at present the supreme achievement in designing and constructing receiving sets for the home—a product of the research systematically conducted by scientists in the laboratories that constitute part of the R C A organization."

G. Marconi

In tone quality, in simplicity of manipulation the Aeriola Grand is unrivalled. A child can snap the switch and move the single lever that tunes the Aeriola Grand and floods a room with song and speech from the broadcasting station.

The Importance of the Symbol R C A

RADIO has taken such hold of the public that it quite naturally has attracted the attention of a host of inventors and manufacturers.

Crude radio apparatus of a kind can be made even by embryonic organizations. But the vitally important inventions that have made radio the possession of every man, woman and child are those protected by patents owned by the Radio Corporation of America and developed as the result of costly research conducted in the engineering laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

The name-plate of a Radio Set is all-important in the purchase of radio apparatus. If it bears the letters "R C A" the public and the dealer are assured that at the time of its introduction it is the highest expression of the advancing art of radio.

No other organization has manufacturing facilities equal to those of the Radio Corporation of America, and capable of meeting the demands of the public and the dealer.

We Have Caught Up with the Demand

SUCH was the shortage of Radiotrons for transmitting and receiving sets last spring that early in May we published in the leading newspapers and radio magazines of the country an advertisement in which we pledged ourselves to increase our manufacturing facilities and to do all in our power to meet the demand.

This increased program with its pledge to the public has been fulfilled and we are now abreast of the demand with a stock which enables us to make prompt deliveries.

The Radio Corporation of America is fully conscious of the widespread interest in radio, and of its obligation to serve the public faithfully and intelligently.

Any R C A dealer will be pleased to show you the Aeriola Grand and to let you judge its wonderful tone quality for yourself.

There is an R C A set for every purse—Prices range from $18 to $350.

Aeriola Grand with stand $350

Radio WORLD WIDE WIRELESS **Corporation of America**

Sales Department 233 Broadway New York City

District Office 10 South La Salle St. Chicago, Ill.

FELLOW SINNERS

(Continued from Page 15)

With an effort that set his leg into a flaming torment, Mackellar tossed the wad of blanket at the spring. The first cast was a miss, and several minutes passed before thirst goaded Jamie to the torment of a second throw. This time he was luckier or else more careful, for the blanket plopped down into the spring.

Jamie let it lie there for some little time, absorbing water, before he drew it back. Then holding it above the pail, he wrung out the chilly contents into the receptacle. The throw had netted him something more than three quarts of water. True, it was somewhat grimy of hue and was plentifully intermixed with fuzzy hairs. But it was water, and it was cold.

"Bobby lad," he commented, "this is the kind of water we call a dog a beast for drinking."

The man thrust his hot face into the pail and drank noisily. When he raised his head from the long draught there was scarce enough water left in the bottom of the pail to make the strong black coffee his weakened system craved.

The drinking problem was solved. The cooking problem was easier. The woodpile was just beyond Jamie's reach—all except a few armfuls of split boards and fagots. But by pointing to the heap and giving the needful orders he was able to make Bobby drag to him one big stick after another to keep the hearth fire going. The dog entered eagerly into this new game. When a stick was too large for him to carry he would take it by one end and haul it along. Yet as soon as Jamie ceased to point and to command, Bobby ceased his wood carrying. Evidently he had no idea at all that he was expected to continue or that his was the duty to supply firewood for the camp.

A little after sunrise Jamie fished a pencil and an envelope back out of his pocket. Lying on his stomach and using the uneven floor as a desk, he scrawled a few words, stating what had befallen him and where he was. This note he showed to Bobby. Then he tied it to the ring of the dog's collar.

"Go!" he ordered. "Find someone!"

Bobby understood this command beyond question. Often he had been sent to Belden or to one of the kennel men with a note tied to his collar and had brought back the reply. It was one of Bobby's many accomplishments.

Off he galloped. But at the end of the first hundred yards he came to a halt and stared back inquiringly, his head on one side. Apparently it had just occurred to him that this was a section of the world where none of the people familiar to him were likely to be found. He was in much doubt as to the person to whom this note was to be delivered.

"Over yon!" called Jamie, waving a feeble hand in the direction of the distant farms. "Give it to someone! Go!"

Off went Bobby, no longer hesitant. He was to travel in a certain direction and deliver the note to some human—presumably to any human he might find. Thus, twice had he been sent to a store in the suburbs of Midwestburg and had delivered a note to the clerks there. He had known what and where the store was. But the clerks had been strangers. So now he was going in the direction indicated by Jamie and to give a message to someone he should find there.

For the best part of three miles galloped Lochinvar Bobby before he met a human. Then by scent and sound and soon by sight he found a farm hand. The man was loafing along a rutted road, driving to pasture six gaunt cows. Up to him frisked Bobby. The man looked wonderingly and somewhat in fear at the huge dog advancing so swiftly toward him. The note was invisible, the collar's ring having as usual slipped down under Bobby's throat, where it was hidden from sight by a mass of ruff.

At the dog's galloping approach the cows scattered and fled in every direction, some of them making threat gestures with their horned heads as they cantered clumsily away. Bobby paid no heed to them. His business was with the man. In his memory still lurked the stark anguish and need in Jamie's voice and gesture. His master was in frightful trouble, and presumably this fellow human could be of use in some way. Up to the gaping farm hand bounded Lochinvar Bobby.

But the flight of the cows and the dog's undeviating rush had stirred the rustic into apprehensive wrath. Whirling his stick on high he brought it down with full force at the approaching collie's skull. Bobby's skull was not there when the blow fell. Ever distrustful of strangers since his early avoidance of them when he was living in the wild, Bobby had noted the glint in the man's eye and the tensing of his muscles. As the club whizzed downward the dog dodged to one side with the lithe speed of a timber wolf. The stick smote the rutted road so hard as to break in three.

Disarmed, the man made a frantic kick at the collie. Again Bobby dodged, this time showing a menace glimpse of white teeth. Ordinarily a blow and a kick would have been punished by him with instant ferocity. But he well knew he was on a terribly urgent errand and that he had no right to gratify personal grudges. Accordingly he contented himself with avoiding the kick and with a fiercely warning growl.

The man waited for no more. With a scrambling upward jump he caught the low-hanging branches of a scrub oak that grew at the roadside and he wiggled his way to the safety of the higher boughs. There he crouched, huddled in a heap, like a sick raccoon, while the puzzled dog stood in the road beneath and looked up at him.

The man's yells soared to high heaven, and in another few minutes Bobby caught the sound and scent of a newcomer. A second man was rounding the bend of the road, a man who ran with a rheumatic gait and who bellowed questions of the treed rustic.

Up to this oncoming human trotted Lochinvar Bobby, still hoping that someone would detach the note from his collar. But at a squalled sentence from the first man this second arrival caught up two heavy stones and hurled them viciously at the dog. Bobby dodged the first stone. The second grazed his side, bruising and angering him.

It was very evident these humans were in no mood to find and read notes and then to praise the messenger. The man had stopped and was hunting for another stone to hurl. Bobby, as a last resort, ran up to him and caught his coat hem in appeal. The man kicked frenziedly at the dog, and then, his nerve deserting him, broke for the thorny shelter of a locust copse.

Bobby blinked from one to the other of the gesticulating and panic-smitten men. Something, somehow, had gone wrong. He could not deliver his message. He could not lure these men along with him to Jamie's rescue. There was nothing to do but to go back to camp. There was no sense in continuing to approach people who first assailed him and then ran away. Moreover, his loyal heart ached at the absence from his suffering master. Back galloped Bobby to the lakeside hut.

Jamie, lying in a stupor of fever and pain, was roused from a topsy-turvy dream of leading his throbbing leg around the ring at a dog show. He was roused by the softly cold touch of Bobby's nose on his hot cheek. Mackellar's first gesture was toward the dog's collar. The note still dangled from the ring. Pointing authoritatively toward the far-off railroad settlement, Jamie said "Go!"

And, unrebuffed by his former ill luck, Bobby went.

Half an hour later, among the few loafers and roustabouts at the railroad's station shack, sprang up a screech of "Mad dog!" This because a huge and excited collie had rushed into the center of the group of idlers on the platform and had seized the station agent by a corner of his jumper and striven to draw him along by main force. The agent shed his jumper and ran backward out of reach. Whereat the dog, barking in frantic appeal, trotted a few steps toward the trail and then, coming back, sought to pull along a second member of the group, this time by the trousers leg.

In another quarter minute everyone in the settlement was bawling "Mad dog!" and bombarding the unhappy Bobby with any available missile. One or two more resourceful folk ran indoors for firearms. But before they could bring these into action Bobby had seen the futility of his efforts and had fled into the woods beyond range.

The avengers followed him—or sought to—for some distance. Still at intervals

hooting their slogan of "Mad dog!" they gave noisy chase.

Ever at the back of the human throat and in the illogical fear swamps at the bottom of the human brain lurks this insensate cry of "Mad dog!" At sight of any sick or lost or frightened cur the cry is ready to burst forth and a crowd flocks gleefully to the slaughter. Though there is perhaps not one genuine case of rabies a year in any city or village, yet thousands of harmless and friendly dogs are slain each season on the altar of this asinine fetish.

But Bobby was not of the number. He had no notion of letting these rackety humans catch him. Thanks to his early wood lore, he melted into the undergrowth and was lost to sight before he had traveled a hundred feet. Back to Jamie he sped, sick with fear for his master and with the hopelessness of bringing him aid.

Mackellar was no longer drowsing feverishly when Bobby at last came in sight of the hut. The dog paused in amaze at the change in his master. Being only a collie, the various phenomena of pain and fever were strange to him. At first glance it appeared that the man had ceased to suffer and was hilarious.

No longer was Jamie's face a greenish white. It was deeply flushed. His eyes were shining. His set leg propped in front of him, he was sitting bolt upright in the doorway. As Bobby drew near Mackellar burst gleefully into song, interspersed with fragments of high-pitched speech:

"Now's the day, an' now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour:
See advance proud Edward's power—
Chains an' slav——

"Hey, Bobby lad!" he broke off. "Whaur ye been the while? I've missed ye, sair.

"The tither was a plowman's collie . . .
He was a gash an' faithful tike
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
His honest, sonsy, bawsn't face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His ——

"That's you, Bobby boy, if ever was! And to think of him maundering of *Willie* Burns—the blasphemer!"

His voice trailed drunkenly away. Bobby had stood in growing consternation at sight and sound of this human who had his loved master's aspect and voice, and yet who by some horrible change was not his master but some stranger. The collie shivered all over and came creeping up to Jamie, crawling close to the ground, his dark eyes clouded with perplexity.

Sighing, the great dog laid his head on Mackellar's foot. The contact started Jamie from his brief hiatus. Squinting dazedly down at Bobby, he laid his hand on the collie's head and stared owlishly at some invisible person behind him.

"What's your dog's number?" he rasped. Then rebukingly: "Can't you teach him better ring manners than to lie down whilst he's being judged? Walk your dogs, please! That's enough! Bring yours forward alongside this one, on the block. So! I ——"

He broke off again in his muttered ramblings. Through the delirium haze came to him a whirring sound that struck him as irresistibly funny. He glanced upward. Over the lake, and flying low, an aëroplane was approaching. At sight of it Bobby sprang to his feet, barking in a deafening ecstasy of appeal. Jamie laughed aloud and waved a blanket strip in greeting. To him the advent of this plane was one of the most mirth-evoking things in his career.

Howard Tapley, government forest ranger for that district, had received a telegram the night before from the all-powerful Rufus G. Belden, asking him to drop in on Jamie during one of his patrol trips and to see that the little man was all right. Wherefore, at the outset of his day's patrol, Tapley had made a detour to include the lake and the hut.

Looking downward now as he passed, he saw a big dog barking up at him, and then he saw and recognized Jamie, lounging lazily in the cabin doorway. Mackellar was laughing and was waving to him in gay greeting. Assuredly the man was not only all right but in a mood of friendly merriment.

Tapley returned the wave and flew on. That night he telegraphed Belden that the kennel manager was in fine health and spirits. In this season of forest fires there was no time for the ranger to make unnecessary visits, and the hut lay some miles off his regular beat.

The next morning Jamie Mackellar awoke pitiably weak and sick, but clear of head and with no faintest memory of anything that had occurred during his delirium. He woke to find Lochinvar Bobby standing over him like a mahogany-and-snow statue. Sleeplessly the collie had stood guard thus for more than twenty hours. Now, at sight of his sane master, he went into wild rejoicings. He danced about the supine Jamie, licking his face, yelping, patting at him with flying white paws. In his relief at his master's return to the body that had held that singing and mumbling stranger the stately dog reverted to puppyhood in the madness of his joy.

Jamie put up a trembling hand to Bobby's collar. The note was still there. On Bobby's flank was the graze of a rock. One of his white forelegs was cut by a broken bottle hurled at him by one of the station crowd. Jamie knew Bobby, and he knew the ways of the average dogless human with a strange dog, and he guessed what had happened. Tearing up the note he patted Bobby remorsefully; then he began to take account of stock.

Being an old camper, it was Jamie's custom to travel light. He had brought to the hut only enough pork and coffee and flour to last him for two or three days. He had planned to tramp to the station store when he should not be weighted down with his duffel bag and other camping outfit and pack to the hut the food needful to last out the remainder of his vacation. This he had done in other years. It saved the almost impossible carrying of double weight on a single trip. But now that plan threatened to result in starvation for him.

"We're up against it, Bobby lad," mused Jamie as he went over for the second time the pittance of provisions in the hut. "Not that I'm honing for food. But I've got to eat it, unless I want them to find my bones at a time when the soul of me is playing sweetly in Glory on an instrument of ten strings. By all chance, not a soul will look in on us for another four weeks. I can't walk a step. Forby I can't so much as creep without its half murdering me, Bobby. There's a wee peckle of flour here, and maybe a pound or so of pork, and a hantle of coffee and a few beans and crackers and a can of condensed milk. And there's pepper and salt and sugar and the like; none of them sustaining. They won't last me four weeks, Bobby. They'll not last me a half week, to say nothing of yourself. How about it, Bobby lad? What's the answer to that? D'ye ken? Ye do not. No more do I. There's water aplenty, thanks to the spring and to my sweet gift at blanket-casting, and there's firewood and shelter. But that's all. How do we solve the eating riddle?"

Bobby listened with grave interest if with scant understanding. The sight and scent of food reminded him he was ravenous. But when he saw Jamie put back into a bag all the provisions except the coffee and one pilot biscuit his spirits fell.

"I'm eating this biscuit myself, Bobby," expounded Jamie. "Not that I'm hoggish, but you can live off the country and I can't. You've done it before, Bobby, and you can do it again. Moreover, you've got to. Breakfast, Bobby! Go catch it! Breakfast! Go!"

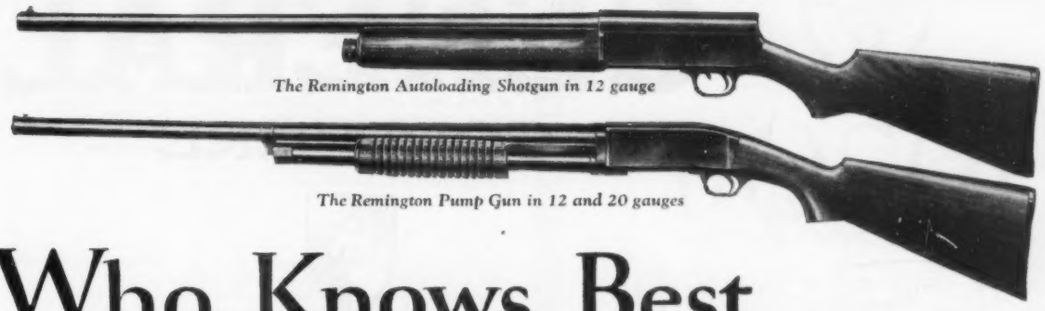
Now, here were words whose meaning was wholly familiar to Bobby, and the underlying earnestness in his master's tone set him athrill. Wheeling, he ran down the slope and into the forest. Jamie noted the dog no longer galloped like a collie, but had assumed the slinking sidewise run of a wolf. He had been ordered to go and get a breakfast, and in getting it he must revert to the wild.

Jamie sank back on his blankets, nibbling the hard biscuit and sipping at his triply strong mug of black coffee. Starvation awaited him—he knew that. He could see not one chance in a thousand of its prevention. Here he must stay, tied by the leg, until all the carefully hoarded food should be gone. Then ——

At any rate, there was water, and he had brought his own full supply of coffee, remembering how poor was the stuff sold under that name at the station store. Also his leg was a little less intolerably agonizing than it had been. He strove gallantly to push from his thoughts the almost inevitable hour when the wilderness and Mother Nature should cease to be his playmates and turn upon him.

Through the tangled second growth, silent as a ghost, slipped Lochinvar Bobby.

(Continued on Page 113)



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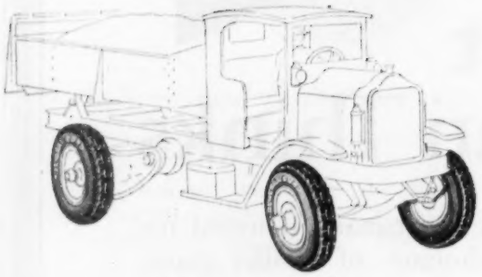

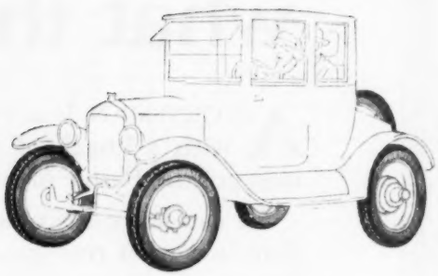

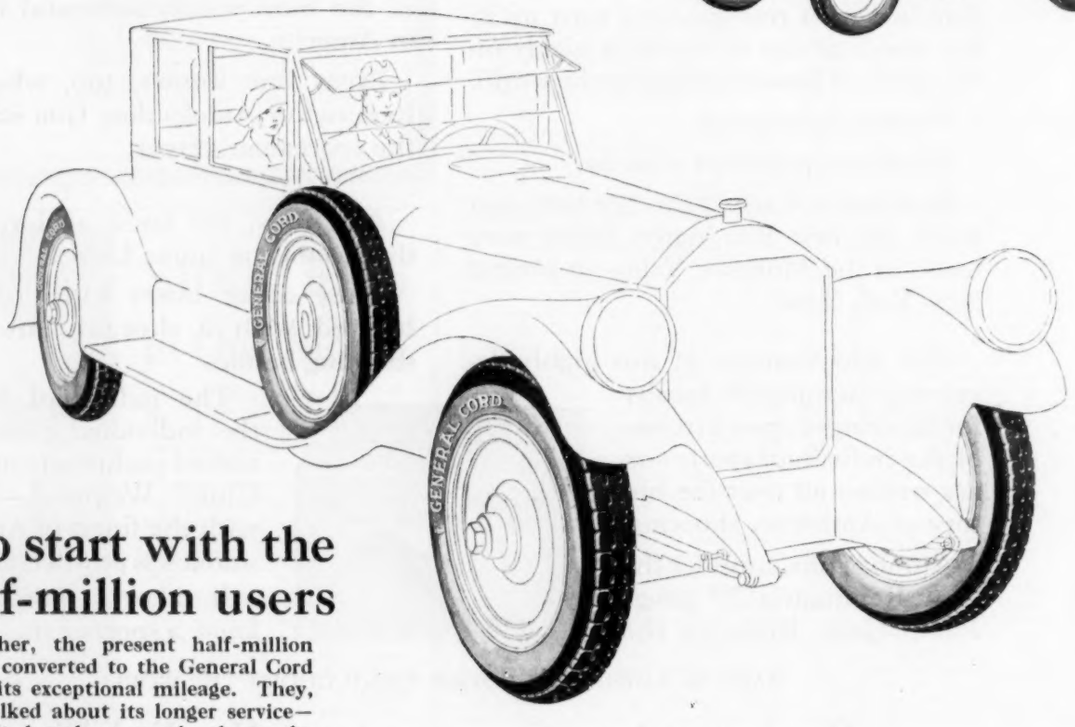

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BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 110)

His nostrils were working every instant, sending their expert messages to the skilled brain. Through the forest, in every direction, ran the tracks of foxes, and that, he knew, was why the scent of rabbits was absent. For when a colony of foxes choose to haunt some particular district of the woodland such rabbits as do not fall quick prey to them desert the neighborhood.

For two hours Bobby ranged, covering many miles of hill and wooded valley, of gorge and ridge and slope. And at last, nine miles from the hut, he caught the scent he sought.

Out from between the rocks, a bare inch ahead of Bobby's snapping jaws, bounced a fat rabbit, fleeing for dear life. Like a thunderbolt Bobby was after it, and in less than twenty paces he had run down the confused and awkwardly dodging cottontail.

His foot on his prey, he bent over to enjoy his repast. He was cravingly hungry, for he had not eaten in more than twenty-four hours. But with his jaws still parted for the first mouthful he paused. Of old he had foraged for his mate and for her helpless brood, and perhaps such memory brought back to him a vision of the stricken Jamie at the far-distant lakeside hut. Or possibly he obeyed only the impulse which bids dogs bring to their masters the spoils of the chase. In any event his crunching teeth did not close rendingly upon the slain rabbit. Instead he picked it up with the fastidious daintiness of a collie and set forth through the woods with his burden.

Less than an hour later Bobby trotted out into the clearing and dropped at Jamie's feet a plump rabbit. Then he stood back with wagging tail and eyes alight with fun to watch Mackellar's reception of the gift.

Jamie praised his dog loudly and long. Jamie's effusiveness had a much more cogent purpose than mere gratitude. He knew dogs as it is given to few humans to know them. He knew that this extravagant meed of praise would incite the adoring Bobby to earn further laudations by repeating the same exploit.

Jamie made shift to skin and dress and broil the rabbit. Then he and Bobby sat down to a veritable feast. Every mouthful strengthened and heartened the invalid. By reason of his spare body's iron health the fever had departed to a great extent and his system was rallying from the shock. True, many weeks must pass before he could hope to stand on his broken leg, even with the aid of a crutch. But if the firewood should hold out and if Bobby could forage successfully for him he might keep alive until his wife or Belden, alarmed at his prolonged absence, should send out a search party; and Mackellar ate with something approaching relish.

The meal over, man and dog snoozed in the warm Indian-summer sunshine. The afternoon was half spent when they awoke. Then, his nerves twitching a little at the bare chance of failure, Jamie said loudly, "Breakfast, Bobby! Go!"

At once he was ashamed of himself for having doubted his chum's brain power. For, like a shot, Lochinvar Bobby was off amid the undergrowth, running wolflike through the still forest.

He had ranged for barely a mile when a scent assailed his nostrils. A dog's sense of smell is miraculous. But no miracle was needed to catch this scent. A human, with chronic catarrh, could not have missed it. Twice as a forest-ranging puppy and once when he and his collie mate had lived in the wild, Bobby had encountered the same unforgettable scent and had traced it to its source.

Swiftly, craftily, Bobby darted in pursuit of the odor's source. In a bare two minutes he came to a tiny glade. In the center of this, and crossing it in leisurely fashion, was a furry animal about the size of a small cat. It had a long and bushy tail.

Across the glade thundered Bobby. The skunk halted, faced about and set its four feet firmly. Heavenward whisked its bushy tail. Ten feet away from his victim Bobby made a lightning-quick detour and a lunge. The sudden detour saved him from the fate in store for most dogs that attack a skunk. The lunge brought him head on to the skunk before the latter could turn or could brace itself a second time. A single snap of the mighty jaws ended the brief duel.

Dusk was falling when Bobby, for the second time that day, trotted into camp and deposited a gift of food at the feet of his master. Before the killed beast touched ground Jamie knew well what manner of supper Bobby had brought him. This, although his eyes chanced to be closed at the time. For a moment he was minded to throw the unsavory morsel as far from him as his strength would allow. Then he paused.

Such sign of repulsion might well make Bobby think his forest offerings were no longer desirable and might cause him to cease hunting. Besides, there was a bare chance that the day might come when even this unsavory beast would stand between the man and famine. So, awkwardly, disgustedly, he tied the skunk's hind leg to a string and hung it on the outer wall as far up as he could reach.

In the days that followed Bobby did not happen upon another skunk. Once, it is true, he found a bit of choice carrion in the shape of the vertebræ of a very dead deer. This he lugged with much difficulty to camp, and was grieved at Jamie's failure to eat it. But for the most part he stuck to rabbit hunting.

Then, as when he and his mate had hunted game, there came a day when no rabbit could be scented in a twenty-mile radius of the lake. By this time the collie had grown to understand that Jamie depended on him for food as much as had the helpless puppies of long ago, and he hated to return to camp empty-mouthed. It was then that Bobby broke the law.

From the first Jamie had taught him that it is mortal sin for a dog to steal chickens. To save himself from starving Bobby would not have broken a law taught him by Mackellar. But back in camp was the master who relied solely on his collie for daily food. So the law went by the board.

Leaving the forest, Bobby crept, noiseless and unseen, to the nearest of the several scattered farms. Leaping the five-foot chicken-yard fence, he wriggled through the narrow opening of the coop and emerged a second later with a six-pound hen in his jaws. He had reverted to the fox method of catching and killing a sleeping hen without arousing the coop's other inmates.

It was a dejected and cringing Lochinvar Bobby who padded meekly into camp that night and laid his trophy down before Jamie. As a rule the dog capered gayly about Mackellar when he brought food to him. But now he stood with head and brush adroop. He had broken the law. For all he knew, death might be his portion. But he had done it for Jamie's dear sake and not for his own. So he waited unflinchingly to learn what penalty was to be his.

Mackellar, sick to death of eternal rabbit diet, welcomed the advent of the tender hen with a whoop of joy, and he praised Bobby even more than usual. This he did, realizing that it was better to keep alive than to enforce the law; and resolving to send cash payment later for all murdered fowls. It would be time enough when he and Bobby should return to civilization—if ever they should return to it—to teach anew the law that chickens are not to be molested.

"We're fellow sinners, you and I, Bobby lad," he said ruefully at last. "Fellow sinners and sharers in guilt. But it's a hantle better than to be fellow starvers. The ravens, in Holy Writ, fed Elijah, and I doubt me did he ask if they stole the food or bought it over the counter. Am I better than Elijah? I am not. Fall to, Bobby!"

Then began a season of well-being to the convalescent. Fowls were ridiculously easy to catch. Often as many as three a night came to Jamie's larder. Never a day passed without the capture of at least one of them. But, wise in the ways of trapping, Bobby now made most of his excursions after dark or in gray dawn, and never visited the same farm twice in succession. His was the craft of the wolf plus the trained mind of the collie. Once in a while the chicken diet was varied by a young turkey, a duck or even a goose. Bobby was ranging wide and hunting brilliantly.

The winter cold was beginning to seep into the unusually late fall. A few snow flurries varied the November rains. The woods took on a new silence and bareness, but the hut's firewood and fare were holding out and the set leg was knitting steadily.

Then of a morning, after a light fall of snow, Bobby was returning to camp at daybreak with an enormous turkey gobbler tossed over his shoulder. He had waited patiently for an hour beneath the barnyard

tree in whose top branches the gobbler roosted. The bird had at last flown earthward and the dog had sprung before it could launch itself into the air again.

Halfway to camp, Bobby paused. Far behind him he could hear the confused gabble of human voices, and instinctively he knew what the noise implied. He had heard it more than once in his own old days of lawless forest living. The hue and cry was after him.

For weeks the farm neighborhood had been agog over the depredations to henroost and coop. Men had sat up at night, guns in hand. Spring traps had been set. From youthful experience and from his uncanny hunting instinct Bobby had avoided these pitfalls with ridiculous ease. But now, on the first morning of a tracking snow, the hunt was up in good earnest. The slaying of the turkey had been seen by one of the hunters as he set off to join the rest. Bobby had been forced to move slowly because of the heavy weight he carried. His tracks in the snow were plainly visible. Six men were following fast.

Now it would have been absurdly simple for the dog to have slunk off into the undergrowth, wolflike, confusing the trail and reaching the camp by a roundabout route. But the weeks of wilderness life with Jamie had sharpened his civilization-dulled wits. He knew Mackellar had sought vainly to get in touch with the outer world. He knew that Jamie not less than three times had tied notes to his collar and sent him forth to deliver them. Evidently Jamie wanted the presence of humans. Evidently, too, in his helpless condition he was in sore need of such human presence. Bobby's course of action was taken, as usual, without a moment's hesitancy.

The six men rounded a curve in the trail and saw, not a furlong ahead of them, a big brown collie trotting unconcernedly along, bearing the stolen gobbler. They broke into a run. Bobby did not hasten his leisurely gait. They gained on him. One of the men halted and fired. A few spent buckshot spattered around Bobby. He ran a little faster, but not much; and he stuck to the trail, ignoring the shelter of the bushes on either side.

The men redoubled their speed, panting and puffing and swearing. Once in a while one of them would stop and take wabbly aim and fire. But the distance was long and the dog was not easy to hit there in the elusive daybreak shadows. One pellet raked his ribs, but it was spent and did no more than raise a welt.

When the pursuers were forced to travel more slowly for a few rods by reason of impediments in the trail, Bobby accommodatingly slackened his pace to fit theirs. Marveling but raging they kept on.

Out of the forest into the lakeside clearing they pounded their way after the elusive despoiler of their henroosts. Bobby modestly dived into a copse before they could fire again.

But directly in front of them sat a man in the doorway of the hut; a man with a bandaged leg and a gaunt face; a man who hailed them rapturously.

It was mid-January before Jamie Mackellar was able to take his first unaided walk around the Beldencroft grounds. Beside him frisked Lochinvar Bobby, vastly elated that he and his god could once more take up their happy strolls together.

Passing around the kennels, they came by accident upon a new chicken yard that had been built since Jamie last had wandered through the grounds. In the yard, basking in a patch of winter sunshine, were a flock of pedigreed Penciled Hamburg fowls.

Bobby came to an involuntary pause, ears cocked, eyes questing. He stared yearningly at the fowls, then mischievously over his shoulder at Jamie Mackellar. Then, with ears flattened back against his skull, he went mincingly past the yard, every line of his magnificent form the embodiment of conscious virtue. Jamie scowled after him, unable to forget that fleetingly roguish glance over the shoulder.

"Yes, you self-righteous tike!" he grumbled. "You're all-fired virtuous now, aren't you? But it was a mean, insulting look you gave me! The look one might give a chap who shares a monstrous guilty secret with him. I'll never get back all your respect, I s'pose, now that you know my inner man spent three weeks receiving your stolen goods. But there's no need of your rubbing it in like that, Bobby lad. Take shame to your glorious worthless self!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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August 19, 1922

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

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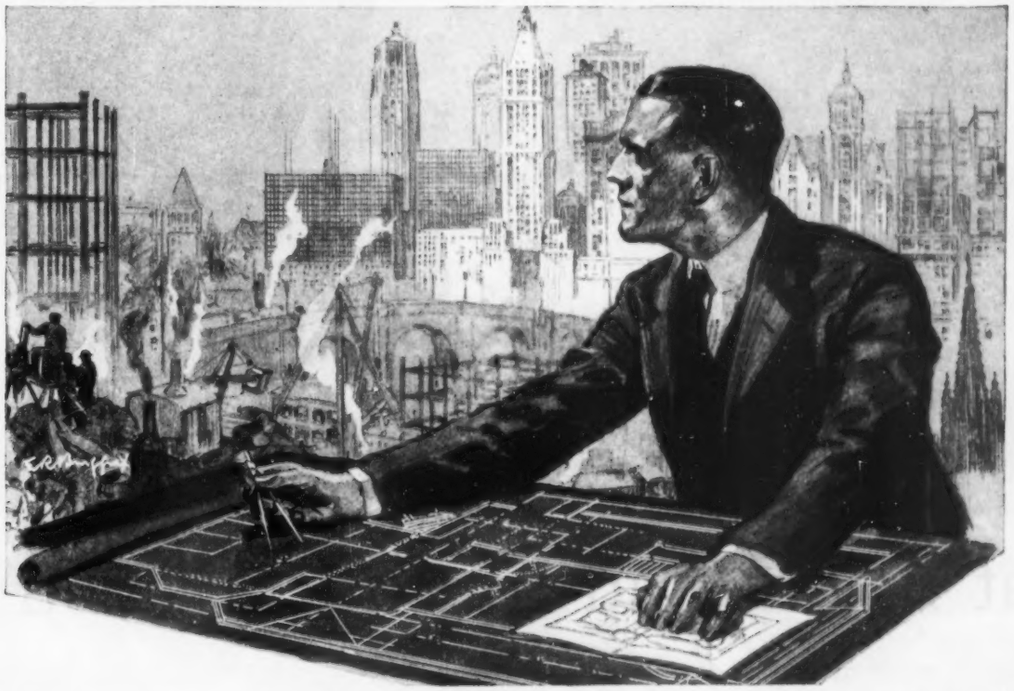
BUILDING TRADES NEED TRAINED MEN!



Thousands of Good Positions at Good Salaries

THE business tide has turned! And the building trades are leading the way back to prosperity! Building contracts made to July 1 of this year are the largest in number and in value ever awarded in any six months in this country's history. Government experts estimate that more than four billion dollars will be spent for construction in 1922.

And this is only the beginning of a building campaign that must last for years. There is a shortage of more than a million homes, and half a million more are needed each year to provide for normal growth.

"It will take us 12 years, working 25 per cent above normal," says John Ihlder, Manager of the Civic Development Department of the United States Chamber of Commerce, "to provide as adequately for our population as before the war."

Thousands of schools, churches, hospitals, banks, office-buildings, warehouses, grain elevators and public buildings are needed and must be built. Millions of dollars will be spent in the building of roads and bridges.

Trained men needed

Today the most vital need of this great building program is men—trained men—men who can step right in and do the skilled work that building construction requires. Those needed most are draftsmen, architects, foremen, contractors, structural engineers, concrete engineers, surveyors, mechanical engineers, civil engineers, electricians.

Right now there is a shortage of men in these skilled trades and professions. E. J. Brunner, Editor of the American Contractor, says: "The construction industry is reaching out with a fine-tooth comb for all available skilled mechanics of the building trades."

If this situation exists *now*, think what it will be six months, a year, two years hence, when other industrial activities are back to capacity and men cannot be drawn from other fields.

What this means to you

It means that if you are now employed on construction work, you can, through special training, qualify for advancement to more important and more responsible work at a greatly increased salary, or prepare to establish yourself in your own business.

It means that if you are now in other work, but would like to get into building construction, you can start immediately. The best plan is to take up the study of that branch of building which interests you most. Devote your spare time to it. In a surprisingly short while you will have learned to do some one definite kind of work that most men cannot do at all. And in almost every community you will find builders or contractors or architects who will be glad to pay you well for doing that special work for them.

And remember, that what you learn makes you worth more every year the rest of your life. No investment of time or money in all the world pays such large dividends as special training.

There is a simple, easy, fascinating way by which you can prepare for a good position, at good salary, in the building trades or the work of your choice, whatever it may be. You can do it right at home, in spare time, no matter where you live, through the International Correspondence Schools.

There is no question—no doubt about this. For thirty years the I. C. S. has been training men for advancement in the building trades and in more than three hundred other business and technical subjects.

A recent investigation of 13,298 students enrolled in I. C. S. Building Trades Courses showed that

1291 had become Architects
246 had become Designers
494 had become Chief Draftsmen
2827 had become Draftsmen
1845 had become Contractors
211 had become Assistant Foremen
4030 had become Foremen
2354 had become Superintendents

IN every instance these students reported salaries or independent incomes far greater than when they took up their studies. Many have shown increases of 300% to 500%. Some have incomes as high as $25,000 per year.

The Equitable Building, New York, largest office-building in the world, was erected under the direction of I. C. S. Student H. S. Gardner, then Superintendent of Construction for the Thompson-Starrett Company.

The Classical High School, Lynn, Mass., was built by I. C. S. Student George H. Stowe.

The Kansas State Memorial Building, Topeka, was designed and erected by I. C. S. Student C. H. Chandler, then State Architect of Kansas.

The Pacific Building, San Francisco, largest reinforced concrete building in the world, was built under the direction of I. C. S. Student Erik Holman.

George A. Grieble, who was a stone-mason by trade, decided to win success in construction work and took up an I. C. S. Course. Today he is a member of the Grieble Company, Cleveland, earning $12,000 a year. In one year his firm erected buildings worth $6,000,000.

These men won success under conditions less favorable than those that surround you today. Now there is a need for skilled men more urgent than the building trades have ever known.

Your chance has come

You *can* have the position you want in the work you like best, an income that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the luxuries you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, or your means, you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark the work you would like best in the coupon below and mail it today. There is no obligation and not a penny of cost. It takes but a moment, but it is the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

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Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, "**Who Wins and Why**," and full information about the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below.

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☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Plumbing Inspector
☐ Structural Draftsman	☐ Foreman Plumber
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Heating and Ventilation
☐ Electrician	☐ Sheet Metal Worker
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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Offices in leading cities throughout the United States and Canada

What if you had to do it all yourself?

You go out to dinner, sit down at a table, glance at a menu, decide you want a steak, order it, and it presently appears, succulent, savory, firm, tender, appetizing.

Aladdin had nothing on you!

What if you had to get that steak yourself before you could eat it! Corral a steer, dress it, divide it into its various cuts! (To say nothing of cooking the steak afterward.)

You wouldn't starve to death, of course, for want of a steak, but it would be a man-size job to get one, and you couldn't do much else that day.

When you sit down to your steak at luncheon or dinner, divert yourself a moment to think of the men needed to get that steak to you; their skill, industry, and good faith in raising the cattle, taking care of them, and preparing them for market. Think of the far-off farms and fields where thousands of cattle, specially raised, are maturing, and of the hundreds of freight cars, carrying them to market every day.

In the packing plants, scientific, sanitary, swift methods carry the animal through the dressing department and into the cooling room. The modern marvel of refrigeration keeps the meat at even temperature through time and distance until it finally reaches the broiler.

Swift & Company feels a great responsibility and a great satisfaction in the service it performs. Its recompense for this service—an average profit from all sources of a fraction of a cent a pound—is made possible only because of the large quantity handled.

Man is Made of Meat

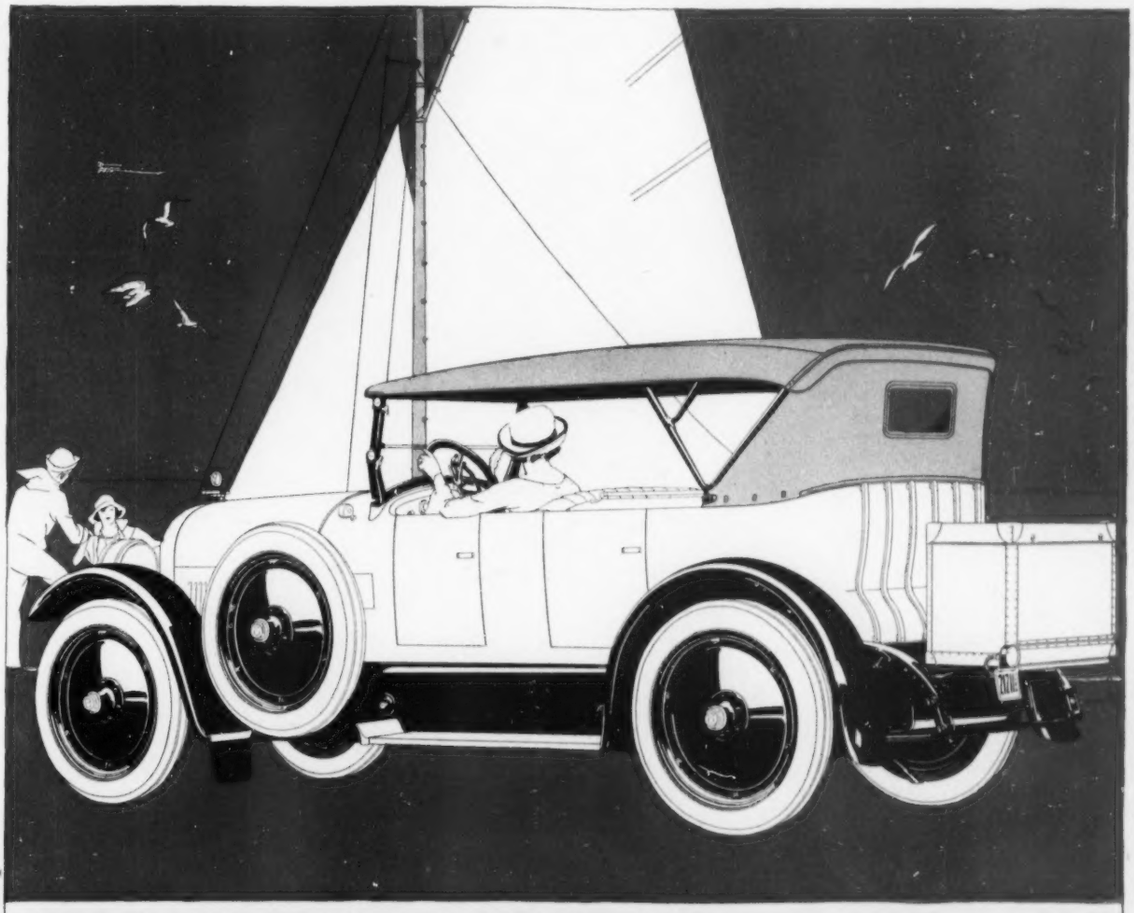
The composition of man's body is similar to that of meat animals. His muscles are composed largely of protein and water. The protein of meat is the best kind for building and repairing the body protein.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT



THE NEW IMPROVED FOUR PASSENGER HAYNES 75 TOURISTER

For those who desire a car for touring which is dependable in power and impressively proportioned, and yet wish the seating to be conversationally convenient, Haynes engineers and designers have evolved the new, improved, four door, four passenger Haynes 75 Tourister.

The whole car is correctly eloquent of smartness, from its new design, searchlight type head lamps to the serviceable trunk carried at the rear. The slope of the windshield, the three-quarter-length running boards, the spare tires riding beside the commanding hood, the trim, ebonized handles of the four convenient doors, the stylishly French-plaited leather upholstery over deep, resilient cushions—every detail appeals to those who appreciate discriminative completeness.

Like all Haynes 75 models, the Tourister has the pick-up, the get-away, the steady, trustworthy, quiet power, which is the gift of Haynes manufacturing experience, in the famous, Haynes-built six cylinder 75 motor. No wonder Haynes dealers are having such a great volume of requests for this Tourister. We recommend that your order be placed promptly to assure delivery.

$2395
F. O. B. FACTORY

Cord tires and wooden wheels are standard equipment on all six cylinder Haynes 75 models. The Haynes 75 Blue Ribbon Speedster has cord tires and six wire wheels as standard equipment. ***Disc wheels are optional at no extra charge.*** *All models, except the Speedster, equipped with six wire wheels, prices on application*

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Try These Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt.
3 tablespoons shortening.
1 cup milk.

Will make 12 medium sized biscuits.

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, cut in shortening, add liquid slowly and pat out on floured board to about 1 inch thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

WANT some baking powder biscuits?

The kind that butter melts into the minute it touches them?

Your biscuits will be always white, light, flaky and delicious too if you follow our recipe and use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—it's best for every baking purpose.

If interested in other recipes, write to *Educational Division,* WASHBURN-CROSBY CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR